

ACI 23 SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1970 ESTD. 1880

PRICE 85 PAISE

The Illustrated Weekly of India

THE GOAN PARADISE



ILLUSTRATED

Readers Write



Fleecing the Tourist

Sir—I am distressed to read R. K. Narayan's article "Fleecing the Tourist" (WEEKLY, May 10).

I have been in the travel industry for the past decade and a half and have fought many a battle with the Government and Industry to bring about a revolution in this particular industry. I am sorry that Mr Narayan has selected one isolated hotel example to make such sweeping statements.

The repercussions which this article will have on the world (don't forget that the WEEKLY is prominently placed in all the Indian Tourist Offices and Embassies all over the world, on board both Air-India and Indian Airlines) will be nothing short of disaster for the Tourist Trade.

Mr Narayan, whose literary talent is world renowned, with all due respect, is certainly not an authority on tourism. In fact, one of the biggest problems of Indian Tourism has been that it has never been tackled by any professional in a professional manner. Everybody makes it his business to "give advice on tourism".

Mr Narayan believes that every tourist who comes to India is an intellectual like himself, pursuing tourism at the higher philosophical level. The overwhelming majority of tourists travel for pleasure and only partially for broadening their own horizons. An average tourist wants neat and clean hotels, many seek inexpensive hotels and quite a few look for accommodation in a luxury bracket. The occupancy ratio of the expensive luxury hotels is much higher in cities like Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Varanasi and Jaipur than the relatively less expensive hotels.

The prices in some of the luxury hotels are far out of reach of an Indian. Why must we stay in such hotels?

India is one of the least expensive countries to travel in. Where in the world could you rent an air-conditioned chauffeur-driven car with petrol for less than 20 cents a mile, a non-air-conditioned large car for around 11 cents a mile and a small one for less than 9 cents? Where could you travel (a thousand miles) in an air-conditioned sleeper coach by train for less than \$39? To top this a tourist gets 15% concession on this. The "Taj Express" for 125 miles only charges \$6.50 for air-conditioned and \$3.50 for a First Class seat. Take even our domestic air carriers. Our per mile rate by Caravelle jets is one of the lowest in the world. You could fly a distance of over a 1,000 miles from Bombay to Calcutta for \$54. Even for hotels we have good accommodation for as low as \$6 a day, air-conditioned, with attached bath.

Yes, India is a bit of a paradox for hotel rates. We have some of the best buys in the world and some very expensive hotels.

A tourist wants basically three types of evening entertainment. Number one, some sophisticated cultural or *Son-et-Lumiere* type, secondly, a light, somewhat modern entertainment in the hotels or night-clubs where he relaxes with his drink. This unfortunately is the only kind of entertainment our hoteliers have attempted so far. Once again due to prohibition laws the economics of restaurant business prevents our hoteliers from presenting better entertainment of the same type. Thirdly, a tourist wants some soft background music, local and international, while he has his lunch or a quiet meal in an exclusive restaurant. This type is being successfully developed by hotels like Ashoka and Taj.

New Delhi

INDER SHARMA

The Guide

Sir—There will be Hiltonism and five star hotels. Why not? It is only when the tourist has no choice that there is fleecing. If any tourist feels cheated, it is the Department of Tourism that is to blame, and not the hoteliers.

I have yet to find a helpful or useful tourist bureau at our railway stations or airports. Most of the information made available is fictitious or misleading. Most of the so-called tourist guides are ill informed, occupied with their own importance and awed by the good fortune of escorting foreign tourists.

Madras

M. SATYENDRA

Sir—The Department of Tourism does not seem to pay any attention to publicising Indian music, dance, painting, etc. During March 1970 I had the honour to work as interpreter and guide with Signor Carlo di Plama and his colleagues. We flew all over India for shooting local scenes. In Jaipur we had too much time to spare and the manager of our hotel suggested a place of entertainment *a la Europa!* The Italians calmly said, "We can have that in Europe. Why come to India?"

Perugia (Italy) AMARJIT SINGH TAJ

Those Magnificent Women In their Flying Machines

Sir—On March 29 you published a photograph of Kamal Uppal with the caption, "Lady Flier and Marshal". May I bring to your attention another lady pioneer in flying? In 1929, when the Flying Club was founded in Bombay, Mrs Urmila Parekh qualified as the first Hindu lady pilot. It was a creditable feat for a woman to handle flying machines which were neither pressurised nor had the safety devices of today's planes.

Mrs Parekh is the wife of a barrister and the mother of one of the present judges of the Bombay High Court.

New York

SUDHA PAI

Sir—Hijab Intiaz Ali, one of the foremost Urdu short story writers of her time and wife of the famous Urdu playwright, the late Syed Intiaz Ali Taj, became the first Indian Muslim woman pilot when she qualified as an aviator from the Flying Club, Lahore, in 1935.

Calcutta

RASHIDA KARAMAT

Dadasaheb Phalke

Sir—Mr B. D. Garga's article on Dadasaheb Phalke (WEEKLY, May 3), while not bringing out anything that has not been said before about this pioneer, also suffers from several slips of a factual nature.

The role of *Raja Harishchandra* in India's first feature film was not played by any Dube but by D. D. Dabke, who later took to camerawork. Each quarrel of Phalke with his financiers did not lead to a period of retirement, invariably in Banaras, as Mr Garga puts it. There were only a couple of such occasions. Though Phalke had differences with his partners, he kept making films in the spirit that the show must go on.

Mr Garga says that Phalke lost his vision and regained it in 1910, before seeing *Life of Christ*, and then contradicts himself by quoting Phalke's own words, which state that he lost his eyesight after seeing *Life of Christ* in the Christmas of 1910. Mr Garga says that Phalke shot *The Growth of a Pea-Plant* in "slow motion", whereas actually such films can only be done on the principle of time-lapse photography and not in slow motion. The story about Phalke advertising his film as containing so many thousand photographs is one of those fibs not found on record in any of the Phalke memorabilia. Moreover, if *Raja Harishchandra* was just 3,700 feet, how could it be a one-and-a-half-hour show? (Its running time was only forty minutes.)

Finally, Mr Garga says that Phalke, after remaining in the wilderness during the war years, produced *Lankadahan*. This is in strange contrast to Mr Garga's own article in *Panorama of Indian Cinema* (published during the recent International Film Festival), where he said that, "between 1913 and 1918, Phalke produced twenty-three films". Could Mr Garga be so kind as to name these 23 films in the interest of authentic film history?

Bombay

J. UDESHI

CORRECTIONS

The article on Dr C. R. Rao ("Weekly", May 24) was by Jagjit Singh. The omission of the by-line is regretted.

In the feature "Some Eminent Personalities" which appeared in the same issue the last sentence in the caption under the picture of Dadasaheb Gaikwad should read, "Dadasaheb Gaikwad was awarded the Padma Shri in 1968" and not Dr Ambedkar.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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A Swedish Hippie Couple At Calangute Beach—by Jitendra Arya

The Illustrated Weekly of India

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	Local	Inland by post	Foreign by sea mail
12 months	Rs 44.20	Rs 49.00	Rs 75.00
6 months	Rs 22.10	Rs 24.50	Rs 37.50
3 months	Rs 11.05	Rs 12.25	Rs 19.00

RETAIL SELLING PRICE

foreign countries £ 0.1.11

Available from all agents of The Illustrated Weekly of India or direct from The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay 1; 13/1 & 13/2 Government Place East, Calcutta; 7 Bahadur Shah Zaffar Marg, New Delhi 1.

NEXT WEEK

VOL. XCI 24 SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1970 ESTD. 1880

PRICE 05 PAISE

The Illustrated Weekly of India

THE JATS



Cover by Dharamjit Singh

Community of the Week

THE JATS

K. Natwar Singh portrays the history and lives of this brave and hardy people. With photographs in colour and black and white.

Plus pen-portraits of distinguished Jats, a photo feature on A JAT VILLAGE and a tribute to THE JAT REGIMENT.

ARAB-JEWISH RELATIONS—PAST AND PRESENT: Qurratulain Hyder traces the complex background of the creation of Israel and the consequent displacement of the Palestinians.

ISRAEL: David Mandelbaum visits Jerusalem and records his impressions of the problems and how they are being solved. With photographs in colour.

UHMLANGA—DANCE OF THE VIRGINS: Swaziland's incredible primitive strip-tease. Described and photographed in colour by Arun Gandhi.

An Interview With Goa's Chief Minister

by A. S. ABRAHAM

Much of what Mr Bandodkar says deals with plans and proposals. It is rather like a party election manifesto. But he is generally able to back his proposals with facts, figures and specific details.

make tourism one of the main props of the Territory's economy. Not a main prop, he replied, but an important one, certainly. He then went on to outline some proposals he had in mind.

He had been very impressed by what he had seen in Japan where sites around springs, waterfalls, canals and lakes had been extensively developed for tourists. He hoped to do something similar in Goa; he was keen to shift the emphasis from developing the coastal areas for tourists to developing the interior. This would involve building roads and bridges, setting up hill-stations, improving communications, putting up tourist shacks in different architectural styles, and so on. Plans had already been drawn up and would be taken up for implementation shortly.

What about the towns, where tourists found little or nothing to do in the evenings? Did he favour the opening of casinos, night-clubs and other places of entertainment? Yes, he did. In fact, private groups had already submitted proposals and he was considering them.

I questioned him a little more about plans to construct more bridges without which any development of Goa cannot but be lopsided. He said many of them would be built soon so that getting around in Goa, at present a rather exasperating business, would be much easier.

Where Is The "Latin Culture"?

I then moved on to politics. This was by far the most interesting part of the interview. The Chief Minister spoke quickly, agitatedly and in earnest. The passion with which he answered questions was as revealing as what he said.

Did he believe that Goa had a special "Latin culture"? He dismissed any such notion with a contemptuous snort. The Portuguese, he said, had not made any impact on the masses. It was only a small minority of about 5% which had taken to their way of life because they were servants of the ruling power. Even 90% of the Catholics had no "Latin culture"; they had never even heard of the term. They had the caste system, there was little intermarriage among the different castes, their marriage and other ceremonies had much in common with those of the Hindus, and they did not consider themselves to be in any way different from the people among whom they lived.

How, then, did Goa have the image of a place where Eastern and Western cultures had met and formed a synthesis? That,

he said, was the result of "propaganda" by the influential and the wealthy.

Merger Issue — a dormant volcano

Did he consider the merger issue to be dead or alive? He seemed a trifle annoyed at the very suggestion that it might be dead. It was, he said rather picturesquely, like a dormant volcano. It was quiet now, but it would erupt when the time came. So it could never be considered a dead issue.

Why did he continue to favour merger with Maharashtra? For economic reasons, mainly, he replied. In fact, he wanted Goa to merge not for the sake of Maharashtra, but because of Bombay. Goa had always had such close ties with Bombay; such a large proportion of its people worked there. More and more young men were being educated and were looking for jobs. All of them could not be absorbed in Goa. Bombay, with its vast employment market, could take in many of them. Otherwise, as happened in Kerala, conditions favourable to the growth of communism would be created in Goa. If it became part of Maharashtra, then Goans would have no problem in going to Bombay to find jobs and there would be no discontent.

Would he agree that public opinion on this issue was still divided largely on religious lines, with the Hindus generally for merger and the Catholics generally for maintaining Goa's separate identity? I don't think he even heard the question in full because he irrelevantly launched almost at once into an explanation of why he did not get enough votes at the opinion poll held in January 1967 to decide the Territory's fate.

Opinion Poll Was "Bogus"

He made numerous and sweeping allegations of how Hindu names had been deliberately omitted from the electoral roll, how Hindus had been prevented from voting by being asked to go from a polling booth in one village to another two or three miles away, how Catholic voters did not have such obstacles and how, in fact, some of them voted six or seven times, how the United Goans had received money from various sources, in short, how the poll was "bogus, completely bogus".

Did he have evidence to support all these charges? Very categorically, he said yes. Then why did he not get the Centre to reopen the issue? He gave two answers. Firstly, he said, the Centre told him to go to court if he wanted to contest the result. Secondly, he maintained that the Centre had said it could not reopen the issue because then it would have to reopen similar issues elsewhere. So it had been shelved. The results of the poll, he repeated emphatically,

GOA'S Chief Minister, Mr Dayanand Bandodkar, lives in Panaji's affluent hilltop area appropriately called the Altinho (which may be translated as the Heights). Outside the bungalow stand armed guards who suspiciously quiz all visitors. Inside, on the ground floor, secretaries, officials and numerous factotums bustle about with an air of self-importance.

When I arrived at 10.30 in the morning for my scheduled interview, I was quickly shown into the C.M.'s presence. He lay reclining in an old-fashioned armchair, the type that is so common in homes all over Goa. He had what seemed a somnolent appearance, but it was benign and paternal.

I pulled out the sheaf of questions and notes I had got ready. This jerked him into action. He sat up suddenly and said, interrupted by a telephone call, that we should go upstairs where it was quieter. "Upstairs" was a large living-room, thickly carpeted in red and with heavily brocaded tapestry covering huge, sinking armchairs. On one wall hung a portrait of the Chief Minister, in dark, almost grim colours making him seem shrewder and more calculating than he looked in the flesh.

He came in suddenly from a door in the rear and sat down in the nearest armchair. The interview began. He spoke in broken, halting English and was obviously not at home in using the language. But with help from me, his secretary and my wife (who was taking notes), he got across what he wanted to say. His understanding of English was perfect; he often began reacting to questions even before I had finished posing them. He was rarely evasive and spoke, especially on political issues, with a frankness and vehemence that somewhat surprised me.

Tourism — a lesson from Japan

I began innocuously by asking him whether, in view of what Goa had to offer the tourist both historically and by way of natural beauty, the Government intended to

were not a true reflection of the people's wishes.

I then told him how in my travels in Goa, I had heard numerous complaints that Liberation had not benefited the common man in any way, that prices had gone up and were going up all the time while wages remained constant, that the Government was weak and ineffective, that taxes were high, and so on. How, I asked, would he say the common man had benefited from Liberation? Rather angrily, he asked me to define who the common man was.

Liberation—Who has benefited by it?

Before I could even properly begin to answer, he said that to see how independence had benefited Goa and the people, one should go to the villages. I said that I had been to some and had heard complaints even there. He retorted, unhelpfully, by asking me to go through the Lieutenant-Governor's last budget speech. Then, finally, he came to the point.

The people who were dissatisfied, he said, were mainly urban, middle-class Catholics and Hindus living on or near the coast. In the past, when the Portuguese ruled Goa, they received money from relatives working in Bombay, the African countries and other parts of the world. This money they spent in Goa, where imported goods were cheap and available in plenty.

Alternatively, they had ancestral property which they did not bother about. Nevertheless, they enjoyed the fruits of the labour put in by tenant-farmers who actually worked the land. Previously, tenant-farmers had to pay 50% of their produce as rent to the absentee landlord. Shortly after the Maharashtra Gomantak Party came to power in December 1963, however, it was reduced to one-sixth of the produce. This was another cause for resentment of the Government among the propertied classes.

The result of the slavish imitation of the Portuguese way of life by the middle-classes was to destroy their "character". Their notion of a good life was singing, dancing, gambling in casinos, drinking in bars and clubs, and otherwise "wasting time". There was no incentive to produce since it was cheaper to buy imported goods than to make goods locally. Over a period of 450 years, this "decadent" way of life became deeply ingrained in them. That is why they had not been able to reconcile themselves to change and lounged about criticising the Government for what it was doing in the larger interests of the masses.

Is MGP's support mainly Hindu?

Would he say that his party, the MGP, still commanded mainly Hindu support? No, he was quite sure that in the next elections, the Catholics would support him. Why did he think so? Because, he answered, more hopefully than factually, they knew his "political intentions". He was trying to win (and had to some extent already won) their confidence by deeds; the land reforms and the development plans he had introduced and would be introducing would convince them that he meant well by them.

He hastened to add that he looked at all problems as a Goan. He was in politics,

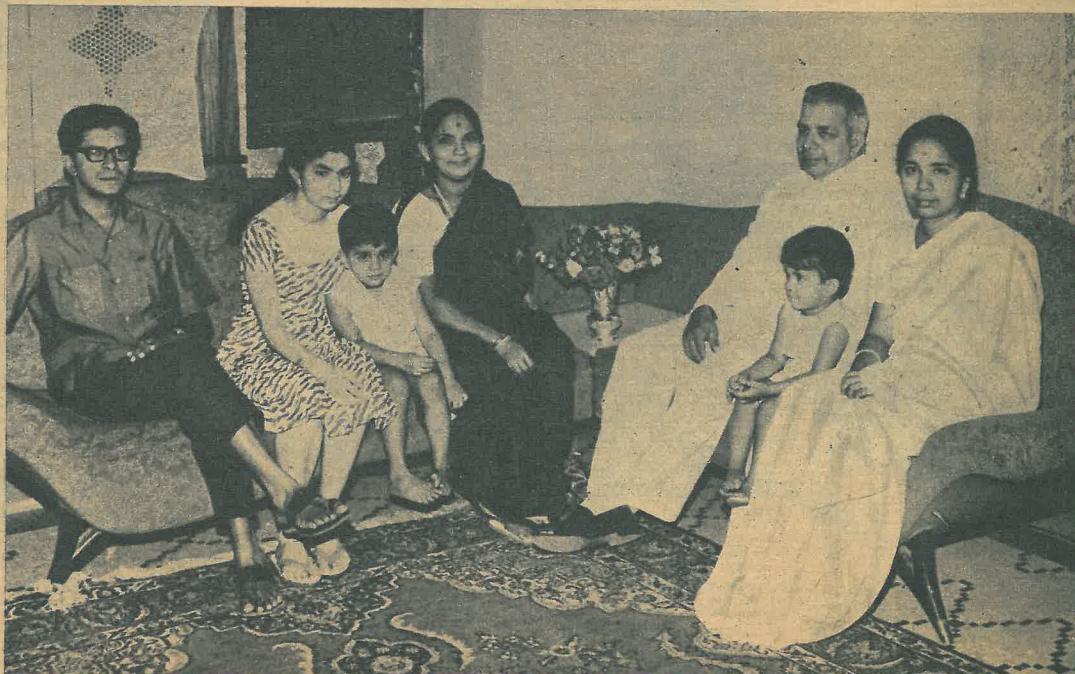
not to win power for himself, but to help develop Goa and to make the Goans happy and prosperous. He did not see people as Hindus or Catholics, but only as Goans.

After the high tide of political controversy, the interview subsided into a comparative calm. On his relations with the Centre, Mr Bandodkar tended to hedge. Goa, he said, did not get aid from the Centre in proportion to what it gave the country (about one-third of India's iron-ore comes from Goa's mines). Nevertheless, specific requests were as a rule granted and he had no complaints. He was not interested in the political manoeuvrings at the Centre; he was concerned only with Goa's development.



Mr Bandodkar, himself a wealthy industrialist, believes completely in the virtues of private enterprise. When I asked him if he intended at some stage to nationalise the private bus services in Goa, he said no. They employed some 10,000 people and there was no point in the State taking them over. Without the motive of self-interest, nothing could really work.

WITH HIS FAMILY. From left: son-in-law Gurudatta Kakodkar, daughter Jyoti Yateen, grandson, wife Sunanda, Chief Minister Bandodkar, grandson Samir, and daughter Shashikala (Mrs Kakodkar), who is a Member of the Legislative Assembly.



Considering that today everybody in the country swore by socialism, was he contemplating taking steps to disperse ownership and control of industry in Goa, which now rested in a few private hands? No, he said again, without private enterprise, progress would be halting. Did he not at least agree that there should be some regulation of private industrialists' activity? Yes, of course, but he believed in fiscal measures, not nationalisation, and such measures he was already in the process of taking.

Private Initiative not to be killed

He was very enthusiastic about developing fisheries in Goa. Unlike other parts of the country, which had unsuccessfully tried deep-sea fishing, he would approach it in a different manner. Government assistance and advice would be plentiful, but Government interference and control would be minimal. He felt that whenever the Government stepped in, private initiative was destroyed and an industry didn't grow. So he would invite private groups to go in for fisheries and would encourage the formation of autonomous cooperatives. He was also keen to develop special fisheries in artificial river-beds like those which have produced such good results with trout in Kashmir.

Much of what Mr Bandodkar said dealt with plans and proposals. It was rather like a party election manifesto. But he was generally able to back his proposals with facts, figures and specific details. He was more than optimistic about his political future, and it is difficult to say how much of the optimism is justified. It is apparent even to the most casual observer of the political scene in Goa that politics there runs broadly on religious lines. The Hindus by and large support the MGP and the Catholics, the UGP. As the elections draw near, Goa's politics are going to heat up, and the elections alone will show whether Mr Bandodkar has really won, as he claims to have won, the hearts of all Goans, both Hindu and Catholic.

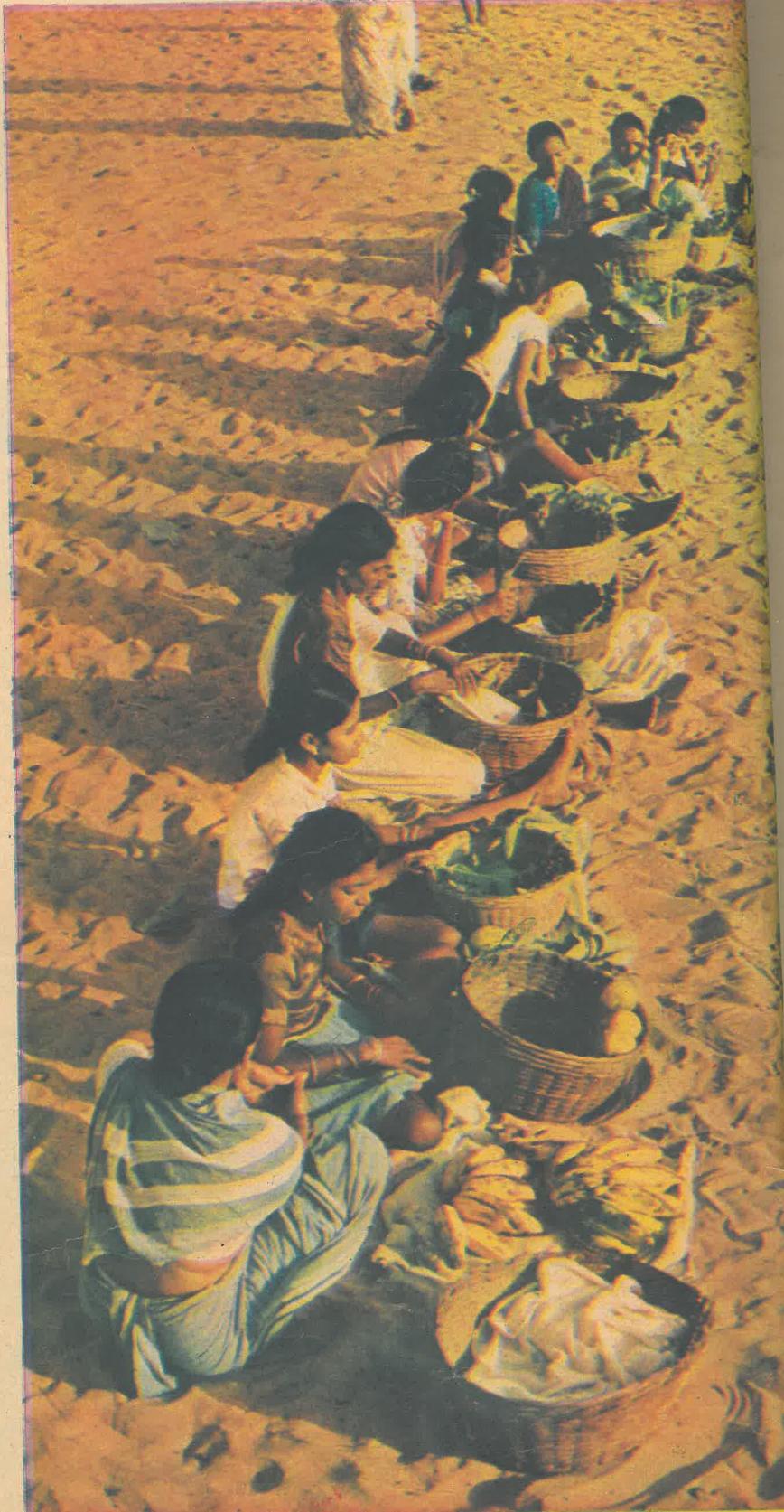
The Golden Sands Of Calangute

by NAOSHERWAN "ANZAR"

To Goa and its wide stretch of beach have come flower children—from the world over. They spend their hours here, smoking *charas*, making love and discussing the Hereafter. Some Goans approve; some do not.



SHEDDING CLOTHES AND INHIBITIONS. The hippies have cast off the trappings of worldly life and materialistic societies. Normal mores of dress and "the done thing" do not apply to them.



FRUITS FOR THE FLOWER CHILDREN. Bhelpuri you will not find on the soft white sands of Calangute, but you can have as much fruit as your heart desires.



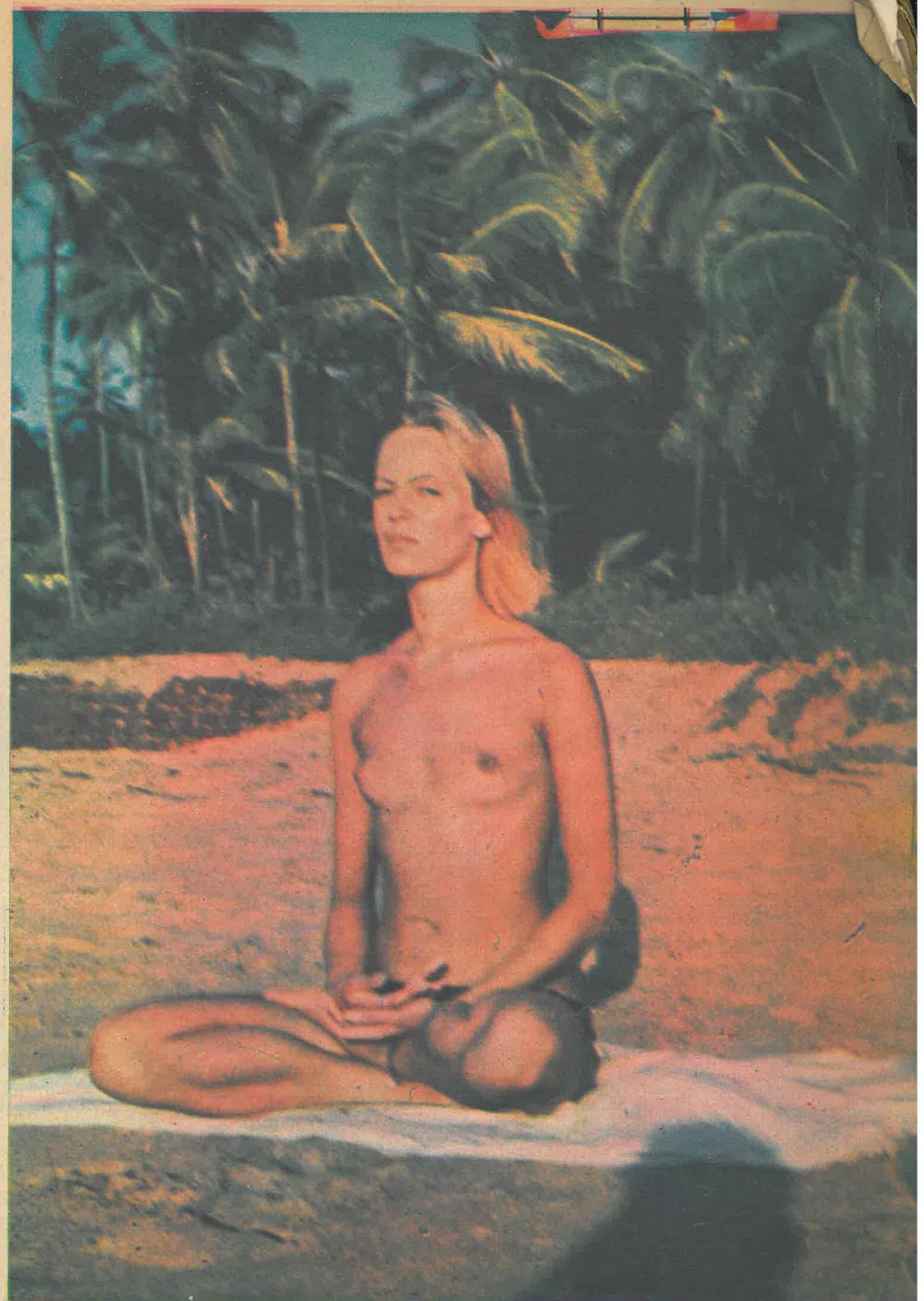
ILL TAKE INDIA, SAYS SWEDEN. Gustaf and Eva Lindh were art teachers in Stockholm. They have come to India to find peace. Gustaf smokes "charas" through a "chillum" against his own mural of Shiva doing the same.

YEARS have rolled on and with them the waters that touch Calangute. The beach has been ravished by the clammy steps of intruders, it is cajoled by the moistened hands of those who inhabit it, but to me it still remains virgin in spirit.

May and winter winds are not compatible. But when our little boat breezed into Panjim harbour, our skins felt the caress of this strange admixture. The waters lapped the boat's edge in lyrical monotony while the sailors scampered on the deck in preparation for the landing. Flamboyant trees on the bank shot into bloom and punctuated the turquoise horizon with fire.

This was the gateway to Goa and an invitation to the pleasure-seekers to drench themselves in a surfeit of abundance. The distance between Betim, where we landed, and Calangute is a steady four miles. A bus, a remnant of the Portuguese regime, clanged along the dusty roads. On either side, small cottages with protruding awnings stood still like tired phantoms on a hot afternoon.

Traditionally, Goans adhere firmly to their beliefs. And Sabbath Day in Goa adds



PADMASANA. The hippies dabble a lot in yoga and other spiritual and occult exercises. Their authors include Ginsberg, Meher Baba, Lobsang Rampa and Khalil Gibran. At night they gather around camp-fires and talk of Nirvana, the Vedas and allied subjects.

a distinct touch to the atmosphere. Tall padres in black cassocks and wide-brimmed hats are seen leading winding processions of devout Catholics. The hymns rise to a crescendo.

A far cry from this conservative setting is the habitation on Calangute. The soft, white sands are delightfully trampled by the flower children. They swim, sing, dance, smoke and meditate.

Jenny comes from Tompkins Square Park in New York City. As we sprawl on the beach, she takes out a quaint carved pipe from her cloth bag, cuts out a piece of charas from a larger whole and starts, matter of fact, with the operation.

"It sure is wonderful here. The vibrations are good. I love it. It's fantastic." She speaks in clipped, short sentences.

She does not know how long she will stay in Goa. "Maybe, maybe for ever. My friend Rick is with me. He's swimming. The water here zaps me." She removes tobacco from an Indian brand of cigarette, lights a match and sets the charas on fire. "My father is a business man. He's a good man. My mother.



A SWISS SARDAR? All the way from Switzerland has come Peter who doesn't shave his beard nor cut his hair.

Photographs by Jitendra Arya (2), Joseph St Anne (2), Albert de Sousa (1)

Mother's good too. But they are always at me. I can't do my thing. I went to school. School was okay. One day Rick asked me out. I like Rick. He took me to a park. Bought me ice-cream and soda and we liked being together." Jenny stopped filling the pipe.

She was obviously thinking. She had a faraway look in her eyes. Several hippies passed by us, unconcerned. "Then Rick asked me if I loved him. I said 'yes'. We live together. Once I went out with Rick's friend and he did not like it. It was endsville. But we sorted it out."

A "Groovy" Trip

Her face glows in the sun. She has freckles on her nose and a few pimples on her cheeks. Her shoulders are sunburnt and a sarong covers her buxom torso.

"Then one day Rick went with Maggie and I sort of liked it. We had squared up."

Marriage? "No, not for me. We like being together."

Drugs are a sacrament with the hippies. The potent drug, Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD-25), is consumed for consciousness expansion. Other drugs include DMT, STP, Methedrine and a variety of other drugs which are either injected or swallowed.

Arthur does not have a surname. His "pad"-pals call him Art, and he likes it. Neither does he confess that he is a drug-addict. He uses the word "groovy" to describe nearly everything.

"LSD is groovy. It is an inside experience. It's, it's fantastic. When I go on a trip I see colours, lights. I then start floating in the air, and fly like Superman. On a party day I took STP. I got ZONKED. Real zonked. I sat on the chair and I knew I was seeing faces, faces swimming around me. They told me I was stoned. The party ended late in the morning, but I was too stoned to know when. That time I freaked out real. But the trip was groovy while it lasted."

It is now proved that psychedelic drugs damage chromosomes and even cause mental derangement. From a spiritual viewpoint, even the hippies confess that LSD gives them "a glimpse of the false reality". In London, where Art is a drug pedlar, the number of hippies have increased. He makes easy money. Art likes Goa because it is "cheap and beautiful". The hippies do



THE BOOGALOO is a discotheque on the beach patronised by hordes of local youth and hippies. It was started by an enterprising young Goan, Eurico Ribeiro. A live band, "The Spiders", caters to the wild way-out tastes of the clientele.

not tolerate external intervention and like "doing their thing".

A large number of these flower children are attracted to hippiedom because of the freedom of sex which it permits. Many hippie couples bear children without having solemnised a ritual wedding.

"Four of us live together. Bob, Sarah, Ian and myself," says Lucy. She is a rebel. She left home in protest. She says it all happened during her undergraduate days. She joined an Anti-Viet Nam rally and the Dean wrote to her parents. Her mother slapped her. Lucy walked out of the house and stayed in a "pad" with some friends.

"I like discos (discotheques). We all met at a disco. I took a "cube" and was so worked up that I stripped and danced. We all stripped and it was a groovy evening. Late that night Tim Leary addressed us and asked us to be continually 'turned on'. We then sang bhajans, Krishna bhajans."

Lucy is fond of animals. She has with her a pariah puppy. She caresses it. It retorts. Growls. She inserts her fingers in the puppy's mouth. "I hate my parents. They have now disowned me. I like living in a commune. Like a family. We share whatever we get. We are not jealous. We are not selfish. Bob and Sarah have a baby boy. We all love the baby. At times I too feed the baby."

Lucy confessed that she had some sexual perversions. She makes no bones about discussing them. She uses four-letter words often. "My friends call me a "queer". At times I can't help it. Men are so cruel. I like Ian. He has beautiful vibrations. I like Sarah

DUTCH FLUMMERY. Marguerite from Holland demanded Rs 10 for photographing her but came down to 5. She poses in the "Boogaloo". The mural is by Gustaf, who has been commissioned to do a number of paintings for this discotheque. (Photographs by Jitendra Arya)

too. We like fondling each other. She now spends a lot of time with her baby."

This generation exists in the Now. They exude a feeling of detachment and non-involvement. They read a great deal of poetry. Their authors include Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Corso, their range extends to Meher Baba, Lobsang Rampa and Khalil Gibran.

Nights in Goa, and particularly on the sands of Calangute, are marked by strains of soft flute music. The hippies, at least some of them, are talented. They compose songs and sing them to the accompaniment of guitars and flutes. Their conversation is divided over a variety of subjects. Nirvana, the Vedas and allied spiritual topics are uppermost in their discussions. They gather round a campfire and exchange notes. They detest all forms of modernisation. Cameras and tape-recorders are looked down upon and the idea of amassing wealth is despised. As one hippie in the United States remarked: "I'd rather be an independent garbage collector than, you know, number twenty-seven in some mammoth corporation."

The hippies parted ways when the Goans in the summer of last year took umbrage at the flower people sun-bathing nude on the beaches, and made a representation to the Chief Minister asking him to take action. A large number migrated to Peru in South America, but in their place a still larger number have arrived. They now help fishermen load and unload their catch and some have helped decorate the discotheque, "Boogaloo", that has come up on the beach.

At Calangute, the beach reaches out to the sea as fishing boats leave their moorings and drift out to the vast expanse, just as the flower children watch the world drift by, their consciousness away from the jangle of civilisation.

I returned to the din of the city with my heart-strings still attached to the melody of nature that pervades the atmosphere at this land's-end.

Goans And Western Music

Experiments in synthesising Western and Eastern music have been made by Goan composers who have used the *raags* as a basis.

by

NORMA CARNEIRO ALPHONSO

EVERY Goan village child is initiated into the rudiments of solfeggio by the church choir master. At the parish school he is taught to scrape the fiddle. Such has been the nursery of many of our well-known names in music. For music is in the blood of Goans, woven into the very fabric of their lives.

In Goa itself two organised centres encourage and nurture talent for classical music—the Music Academy in Panjim, whose director, Antonio de Figueiredo, trained in Lisbon, conducts the Goa Symphony Orchestra and the School of Music in Margao, run by "The Music Circle" with Fr. Camilo Xavier, Maestro of the Institute of Sacred Music of Rome, as its Director. The "Goencho Nad", a choral group dedicated to folk music, manddos and dulpods of Goa, maintains a balance between the best in the West and our own heritage.

Chamber Ensembles

For the musicians leaving Goa, Bombay has been the Mecca, and the first symphony orchestra had, for the most part, Goan leaders, namely Dominic Pereira and Sebastian Vaz. The Bombay Madrigal Singers' Organisation was founded by Victor Paranjoti, but when after a few years he left it to found his own society (BALOS), Caesar Coelho, a very capable Goan musician, took over for the many stage productions of the BMSO. He conducts opera and oratorio. Two excellent chamber ensembles have been formed by Goans, the Dorian Quartet and the Gibbs Quartet.

Many ensembles have been playing light classics at major hotels, led by men like Mauro Alphonso and Mickey Correa and, in the days of yore, Dominic Pereira (his Grand Hotel Quartet was carried on by his son for many years). A veteran of this genre is Ethel Athayde, pianist. Other ensembles manned by Goans have been the AIR Orchestra and the Films Division Orchestra and Arnaldo Andrade's "Tuna Portuguesa" that specialised in Portuguese songs.

Of the soloists who have excelled here and abroad, the greatest is surely Mme. Olga Craen (nee Athayde), pianist.

Finest Violinists

Our finest violinists have not remained in this country; Sebastian Vaz and his son, Dominic and Alexander D'Souza left India many years ago, while Oscar Pereira, left last year, and found appreciation of his talents abroad. Vere da Silva, a lawyer by profession, has conducted the Boyd Neel Orchestra at the Festival in the Albert Hall in London.

There have been many other good string players, most of the violinists having at some time or other led orchestras and chamber ensembles: Josic and Myra Menzie who devote much time to training children (Josic also teaches wind instruments and compositions), Joachim Menezes, who received his training in Calcutta and Michael Martins who has also done much research in traditional Goan folk music. Joseph D'Lima, too, besides accompanying Mehli Mehta, often appeared with visiting foreign artists.

Our finest vocalist, who has been able to hold her own with veteran foreigners in grand opera, is Celia Lobo. She combines histrionic ability with a fine and powerful voice. Settled in London and appearing in stage productions and TV is our bass, Olegario Frank, whose figure and voice are re-



CATCH 'EM YOUNG. Music is a vocation and a means of livelihood. Josic Menzie conducts a children's orchestra.

miniscent of Paul Robeson, the great Negro singer. Other singers are Leopoldina Figueiredo, who studied at the St Cecilia Conservatoire in Rome and has sung in Europe, Mercedes Lobo, who was trained in London and appeared in the BMSO's "Faust", Neville Monteiro, Joseph D'Souza, Imelda Lobo, Bernadette Pinto and Colin and Ena Rosario. Some of them have also appeared in light opera and oratorio.

Choral music is very popular. Fr. J. B. Fernandes in the Goregaon seminary and later with the Newman Institute Choir made a fine art of singing early religious *a capella* polyphonic music.

In the world of entertainment, Goans predominate in dance bands, combos and the mod beat groups that are so popular in our night clubs. Names like Chic Chocolate, Mickey Correa, Johnny Baptista, Joe and Chris Perry (who has also Konkani records to his credit) are well known.

Experiments in synthesising Western and Eastern music have been made by Anther Lobo and Anthony Gonsalves who in their compositions have used the Indian *raags* as a basis. Other notable composers have been the late Prof. Franz (also violinist and teacher) and Michael Martins, who believes in the inherent vitality of our own folk music.



THE GOA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA and the School of Music are two institutions which train and nurture talent for classical and choral music.



IN DANCE BANDS, combos and mod beat groups in the night clubs, Goans predominate. A large number of them also assist in the background music for the Indian films.

SOME EMINENT PERSONALITIES

GOANS have distinguished themselves in almost every field of human endeavour. Take music for example: the name of Lata Mangeshkar, the playback singer, is known to millions of people all over India. There is Maestro Figueiredo in classical Western music; Michael Martins, Anther Lobo and many other Goan instrumentalists and vocalists have earned international fame.

In sculpture, P. Kamat was the first Indian to bag the Blue Riband and Gold Medal of the London Institute of Fine Arts. A. P. D'Cruz won the coveted prize awarded annually by the Berlin Academy. In painting, Goans have many famous names. Newton Souza is the only Indian to have held an exhibition of his paintings at the United Nations. Laxman Pai is another distinguished artist. Angelo Fonseca, Angela Trindade, Jose Pereira are some others whose work is widely appreciated in Europe and America.

In literature Goans have won many laurels, as for instance the Hawthornden prize won by the famed poet Dom Moraes—the first Asian ever to receive the coveted honour. B. B. Borkar is one of the foremost poets of India and author of more than 25 works. R. V. Pandit, who writes mostly in Konkani, was recently awarded the degree of "Doctor

of Leadership in Poetry" by the International Academy of Leadership. Dr Manohar Sardessai (D. Litt., Sorbonne) is a leading Konkani poet.

In the domain of fiction, Lambert Mascarenhas's novel in English *Sorrowing Lies My Land* ranked second in a competition held in New York, while Orlando Costa's novel in Portuguese, *Urdu the Spell of Ire*, won some of the topmost Portuguese literary awards.

M. G. Rangnekar, writing in Marathi, is a noted playwright. Goa has produced one of India's greatest journalists—Frank Moraes, Editor-in-Chief of *The Indian Express*. Another is Aquinas Furtado in Brazil.

In education, the names of Prof. Armando Menezes and Correia Afonso are famous.

Administrators

There have been outstanding administrators among Goans. Y. N. Sukhtankar, who retired recently as Governor of Orissa, is an example. In 1910 Caetano Gonsalves was made Governor-General of Angola, a post temporarily occupied also by another Goan, Dr Santana Godinho. Twice Cupertino Andrade was similarly honoured as Governor-General of Mozambique.

Bernardo Peres da Silva (1775-1844) was in a sense an

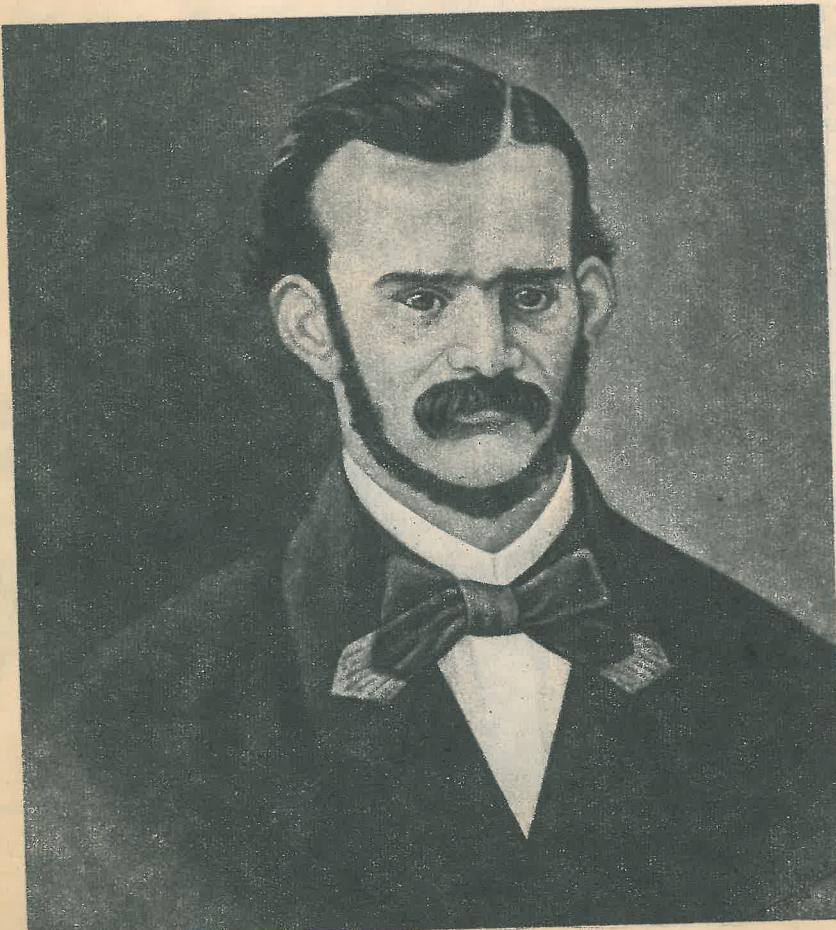
early freedom fighter. He led the popular insurrection against the Portuguese Viceroy in 1820. Two years later he was elected an M.P., but before he arrived in Lisbon, Parliament was dissolved and an absolute monarchy established in Portugal. He continued his opposition to the Government and in 1827, after the re-establishment of a liberal Government, he was again elected an M.P. from India against the very Governor who was also a candidate for the seat. But, once again, he found that Parliament had been dissolved when he arrived in Lisbon. When a constitutional regime was re-established in Portugal, he presented a memorandum demanding freedom to the people of the Portuguese colony. In 1834 he was appointed Prefect of the State of India, a post corresponding to that of Governor. His introduction of liberal laws earned him enemies among the powerful classes. The military revolted against him, took him prisoner and exiled him to Bombay. After many vicissitudes he returned to Goa and was again elected an M.P. He took his seat for the first time in the House and vigorously defended the interests of India and other colonies.

Several Goans have rendered signal service as I.C.S. officers—Joseph Vaz, P. M. Lad, former Secretary to the Ministry of In-

formation and Broadcasting in India, A. L. Dias, formerly Secretary to the Ministry of Food and Agriculture and now Lt-Governor of Tripura.

Parliamentary life has claimed not a few stalwarts from Goa. Ernest Soares was elected from the constituency of Barnstaple to the British Parliament. He rose to become Junior Lord of the Treasury and Parliamentary Secretary to the British Labour Party at the time of Gladstone. In 1822, during the Liberal regime, three Goan M.P.s were elected to the Portuguese Parliament. In 1835, another Goan, Bernardo da Costa, was elected to the same Parliament. He was the first to think of industrialising Goa, prepared a plan to harness the Dudhsagar waters, founded the first paper of *Goa O Ultramar*.

In 1860, a brilliant parliamentarian, Dr Francisco Luis Gomes, evoked admiration from French and British intellectuals like Victor Hugo, Lamartine and Stuart Mill who appreciated his treatises on agriculture and economics and his forthright pronouncements on liberty. He was the author of the first Indian novel, written in French, *The Brahmanes*. In recent times, Tristan Braganza Cunha worked so relentlessly in the field of politics that he was called the "Father of Goan nationalism".



Dr FRANCISCO LUIS GOMES (1829-1869), a military doctor by profession, was a distinguished economist and parliamentarian. He wrote a famous novel in French called *The Brahmanes* in which he championed the cause of the underdog throughout the world. In his maiden speech in the Portuguese Parliament on January 18, 1861, he said: "I belong to that race which composed the *Mahabharata* and invented chess—two works which bear in them something of the eternal and the infinite." He fought against caste in India and against all kinds of tyranny in all parts of the world. He was a pioneer of Indian nationalism. In 1865 he made this remarkable statement in the Portuguese Parliament: "The old revolutions destroyed the feudal lords, the privileged, the strong, the powerful; future revolutions will lift the small, the humble... Past revolutions emancipated the classes; future revolutions will free the masses by emancipating the industries..."



KASHINATH TRIMBAK TELANG (1850-1892) was famous as a lawyer, judge, politician and social reformer. He was distinguished for his deep knowledge of Hindu Law and contributed towards its liberalisation. At 36 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University—he was the first Indian to hold that office. He was associated with men like Pherozeshah Mehta, Badruddin Tyabji and Dinshaw Wacha and with them established the Bombay Presidency Association. Telang worked as General Secretary of the Congress for some years, but he retired from politics on his appointment as a judge of the Bombay High Court at the age of 38.



Dr GAMA PINTO (1853-1945) was an internationally famous ophthalmologist. After extensive research work in various European centres, he was appointed Professor of Ophthalmology at Heidelberg University in 1886. The Portuguese honoured his memory with a commemorative stamp.



Msgr SEBASTIAO RODOLFO DALGADO (1855-1922) was an eminent Orientalist, philologist and linguist. He was Domestic Prelate to the Pope, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London, and of the Academy of Science, Lisbon. He was Professor of Sanskrit, Lisbon University. In spite of his physical handicap (both his legs had to be amputated) he worked hard and made contributions in various fields of knowledge. He was greatly devoted to the Konkani language and compiled a Konkani-Portuguese dictionary and a Portuguese-Konkani dictionary.



VISHWASRAO DATTAJIRAO CHOWGULE (b. 1915) is a fascinating figure in Indian industry. He has risen from clerk (earning one and a half rupees a day) to industrial tycoon (perhaps the richest man in India). How did he do it? In his early twenties, when he—along with his brothers—succeeded to his father's small clearing and forwarding business, he discovered Goa's iron ore potential and the best means of exploring, mining, processing and transporting it to the Japanese market. Today, apart from mining, his company has built up a vast complex of industrial concerns ranging from steamships to food canning. They provide employment to 5,000. The iron ore and iron ore pellets shipped by Chowgules from Mormugao amounts to Rs 9.5 crores a year. V. D. Chowgule is a director of many bodies including the Maharashtra State Financial Corporation.



VASANTRAO S. DEMPO (b. 1916) is a leading industrialist of Goa with extensive business connections abroad. He was a teenager when he took charge of his family business of import-export. In 1941 he founded his own enterprise, V. S. Dempo and Company Ltd. Today the company exports over a million tons of iron ore worth about Rs 4 crores a year. After the liberation of Goa in 1961 Dempo's activities became more broad-based. Dempo Steamships Ltd was formed and, over a period of four years, it acquired a total tonnage of one lakh DWT. Other Dempo enterprises: The Navhind Times, Goa's first English daily; a paint factory; a civil engineering construction company; and a carbon

factory. V. S. Dempo is one of the trustees of the Mormugao Port Trust on behalf of the Indian Steamships Owners Association.



Dr VERO P. DE SA (1898-1961) was an eminent dental surgeon. He founded the Nair Hospital Dental College, Bombay, in 1933, and is remembered as the "father of operative dentistry".

SHANTILAL KHUSHALDAS GHOSALIA (b. 1913), though not a Goan by birth, has been associated with Goa for a long time. Like many other men in business and industry he too started small, and his field was import and export. Again, like other Goan tycoons, he became attracted by the mining business. His various companies today export over a million tons of iron ore, earning thereby about Rs 5 crores in foreign exchange. Credit for the exploitation of bauxite in Goa should go to him. He has plans to install an alumina and aluminium plant in Goa.



Dr ERNEST J. BORGES (1909-1969), an outstanding surgeon and cancer specialist, was the Chief Surgeon and Superintendent of the Tata Memorial Hospital, Bombay.



PASCOAL J. MENEZES started his career in his father's chemist's and druggist's store. After the merger of Goa in India he blossomed into an industrialist. With the approval of the Government of India he started joint ventures with foreign firms for the manufacture of pharmaceuticals and cosmetics. The production units are situated at Curti, Ponda, in well-laid-out factory buildings.

MAESTRO ANTONIO DE FIGUEREDO (b. 1903), the distinguished composer, has been Director of the Academy of Music, Panjim, since 1953. He organised the Goa Symphony Orchestra in 1952.

—Continued

In the domain of science, Goans have done original research. Even in the scientific centres of Europe some Goans attained great distinction. Abbe Faria is the acknowledged founder of Hypnotism. His masterpiece on the subject, *Du Sommeil Lucide*, pioneered the work of Charcot and Freud. Abbe Faria was also a great nationalist and was involved in the famous Pinto's Revolt in Goa—the first attempt by Goans to overthrow the colonial yoke. He had to flee to France where he took a leading part in the French Revolution. Another to claim the attention of prominent French and German scientists in mid-19th century was Agostinho Vicente Lourenco—the first Asian to preside over the International Congress of Chemistry. The foremost ophthalmologist in Portugal was again a Goan—Dr Gama Pinto—and the biggest institute of ophthalmology in that country is named after him. In later years, Dr Froilano de Mello did original research work in leprosy.

At present several Goans are carrying on research in medicine, atomic energy and electronics. One of them is Miss Beatrice Braganza whose work on cobra venom as an anti-cancer drug has brought her fame.

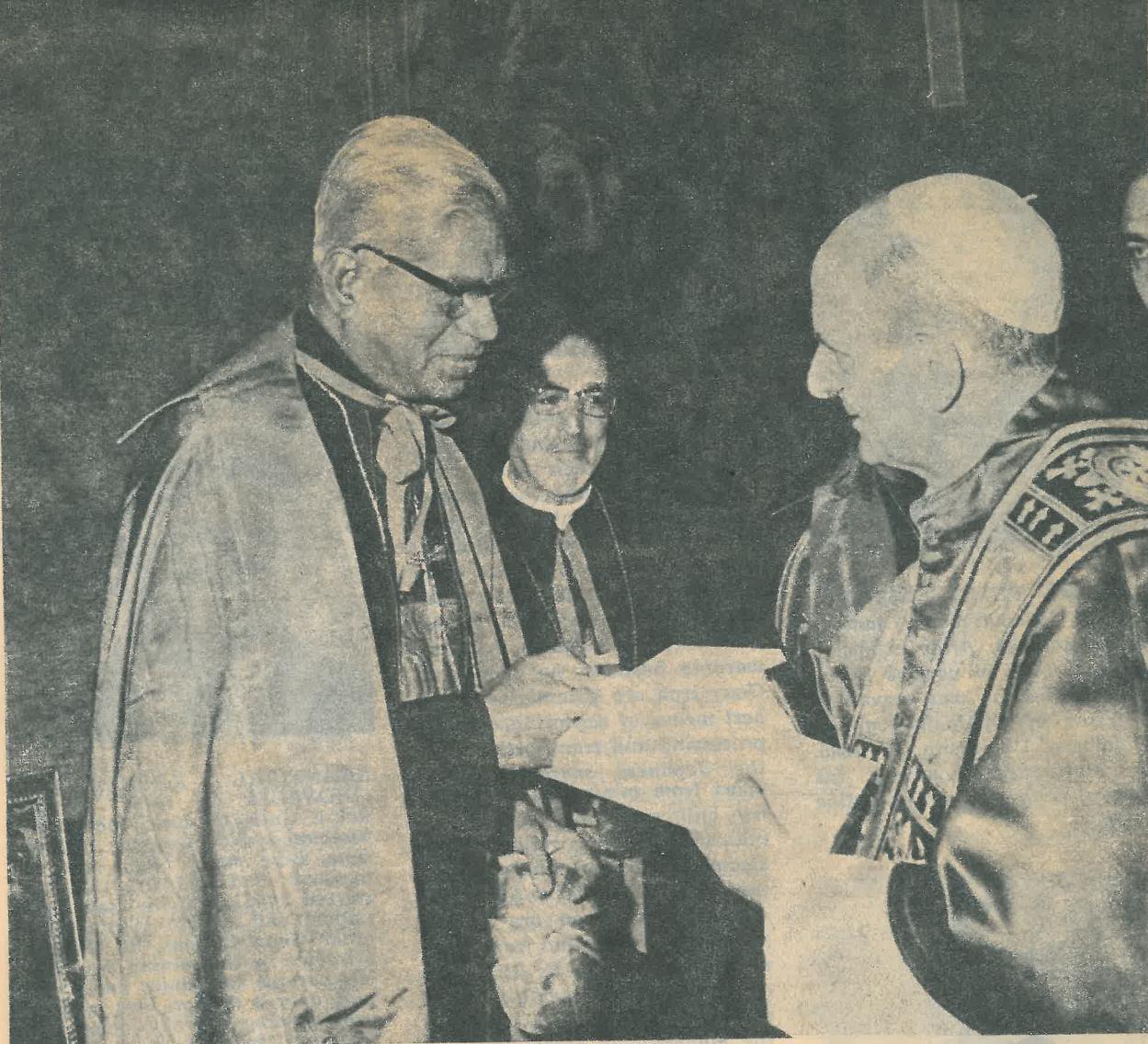
Scholars

Dr Ramakrishna Bhandarkar, Monsignor Rudolf Dalgado and Varde Valaulikar are Orientalists of repute, whose original studies in philology have evoked worldwide admiration. Dharmannand Kosambi, a Buddhist and Pali scholar—besides being an eminent mathematician—is in a class by himself. Dr George Moraes, Prof. A. K. Priolkar and Dr P. S. Pissurlemkar are some of the noted Goan historians.

Goan engineers and architects have established themselves in various parts of India. The Khadakvasla Academy was conceived and executed by N. X. Mascarenhas. Aluiso Colaco built the Gloria Church, Opera House and Harkisondas Hospital in Bombay. A. C. Augusto built the Bombay Town Hall. Charles Correa is one of India's leading architects.

Goans have proved to be good soldiers and sailors. General Dhargalkar and the late Air Vice-Marshal Pinto are names that come to mind. In the Portuguese armed forces also there were some Goan generals—J. V. Godinho, A. E. Flores and M. Pinto. One even rose to the rank of admiral—Hopfer Gomes.

A. M. VIEGAS



VALERIAN CARDINAL GRACIAS WITH POPE PAUL VI in the Consistorial Hall, Rome. The Cardinal (b. 1900) became in 1950 Bombay's first Archbishop and, three years later, India's first Cardinal. It was he who in 1964 organised the International Eucharistic Congress in Bombay and it was through his efforts that Pope Paul made his historic visit to the city.



FRANK MORAES (b. 1907) with son DOM. The father, formerly Editor of The Times of India and now Editor-in-Chief of The Indian Express, is India's leading journalist. The son (b. 1938) is a poet who "has a rather new and very beautiful style, a new poetic accent..."



LATA MANGESHKAR (b. 1929), the eldest daughter of the Marathi stage celebrity Deenanath Mangeshkar, has been the most popular voice on record for over twenty years now. She is also perhaps the most recorded voice of our time, with over 16,000 discs to her credit. This puts her among the top ten in the world. Regarded by composers and listeners alike as a musical phenomenon, Lata has sung in a variety of languages, ranging from Hindi to Tamil, Marathi to Kannada. Her silver jubilee in films was a big musical event in 1968. An even bigger event: her being awarded the Padma Bhushan last year.



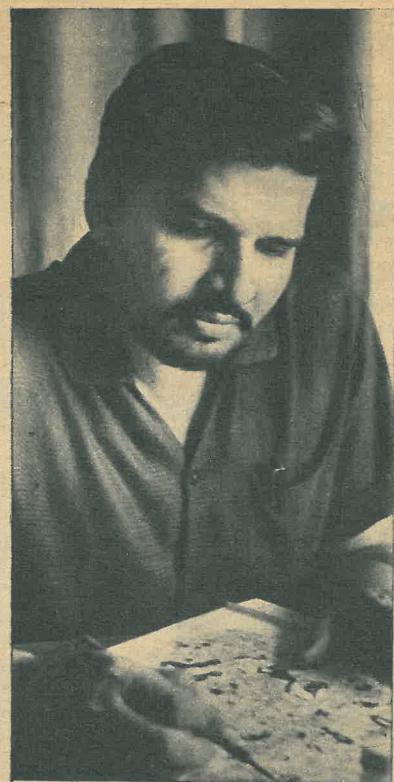
BALKRISHNA BHAGWANT BORKAR (b. 1910) began his career as a teacher and had a spell in the Goan freedom struggle. In 1955 he was appointed Spoken Word Producer of All India Radio, Poona—he is now at Panjim station. He is a prolific writer and is justly famous as a poet. Apart from numerous Marathi poetic works, he has a number of novels and short stories to his credit. Under preparation is his *Goa through the Ages* in English. Winner of the Padma Shri in 1967, he received the Maharashtra State awards for Anandabhairavi, Chitraveena, Anandyatri Ravindranath.



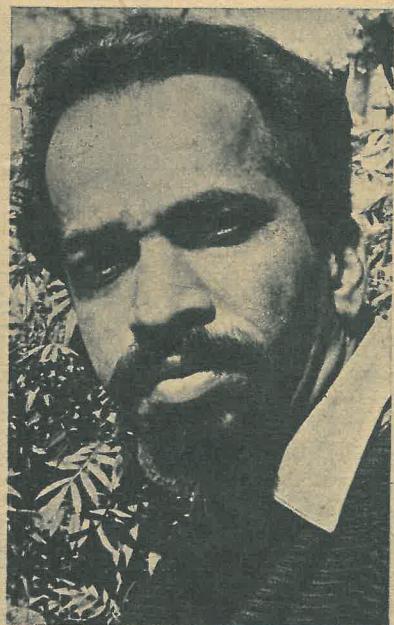
Dr PANDURANG SAKARAM PISSURLEMKAR (1894-1969) was a well-known educationist and historian. He was Director of Historical Archives and was associated with various historical and archaeological bodies. He represented the Portuguese India Government in the Congress of History of Poona (1935) and of Hyderabad (1941). He made many contributions in the field of historical research.



F. N. SOUZA (b. 1924) is one of India's most gifted artists. "I can confidently say that I am not influenced by anyone and that I am not experimenting," he says. "A work of art cannot be an experiment and it must be unique." His work, noted for its "harsh, passionate utterances", compels attention. Few Indian artists have such a worldwide reputation as Souza has.



MARIO MIRANDA, whose cartoons and sketches enliven many of the features and stories appearing in the WEEKLY and other Times of India publications, belongs to the village of Loutolim. After graduating from St Xavier's College, Bombay, he went to Europe and was awarded the Gulbenkian Art Scholarship in Lisbon. For some time he worked for commercial TV in London. His contributions have appeared in various European magazines. *Goa With Love*, *Sketchbook*, *A Little World of Humour*—these are his publications. As a cartoonist and illustrator, Mario has very few peers.



LAXMAN PAI (b. 1926), despite Western influences, has sought inspiration from things Indian. *Gita Govinda*, *Ramayana*, *The Life of Gandhi*—these are some of the themes he has tackled in his paintings. "I hear music when I see a painting and see a painting when I hear music," he says, and he has given his own visual portrayals of a number of ragas. Pai is prolific and is among India's more significant artists.



REITA FARIA was crowned Miss World in London in November 1966, when she was 23. She was the first Indian girl to be elected a world beauty queen—there has been no second. The distinction brought her fame and trouble. She became the centre of a controversy by signing a contract with Bob Hope to entertain U. S. troops in Viet Nam. The Government of India was opposed to this, and the United States resented the pressure brought on her to give up the tour. Reports came that she had also dropped her plan to visit Viet Nam, and in India there was applause for her "patriotic decision". But during the Christmas of 1966 she did go to Viet Nam, as scheduled, with Bob Hope. Later she dropped her fiance, Osborne Lobo. Was there another young man in the picture, someone called Lalvani, a young Sikh? They were just good friends. And then came reports that she was going to marry an American lawyer called David Gorton. Reita is as temperamental as is expected of a beauty queen—she went to the extent of resigning her regal title. She returned to India after spending two and a half years abroad. She had to resume her medical studies.

Carnaval And Life

Goa has neither slums, nor beggars. Through the open doors of its many beautiful mansions, you can often see the interiors gay with potted plants, banana trees and bougainvillaea. Winding lanes are often like those of Mediterranean towns.

FIESTA! FLAMBOYANT, HOT AND GAY. The Carnaval has lost much of its old charm and spontaneity. On those three days preceding Lent, the Goans let themselves go—singing and dancing in the streets. The Goan "phels" (funny plays and dances) are very popular. This is an occasion when the underdog has a fling at his landlord or his boss.





FISH OR NO FISH, the fisherwoman has a ready smile. Simple and sturdy, they carry their heavy load of fruits of the sea in baskets from the beach to the nearest town.



NOT A FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS. But there is modesty, dignity and grace. Village girls do the most arduous chores, and still preserve that touch of genuine beauty.



POTS, POTS EVERYWHERE. Pots for water, for cooking or just for storing money that untrusting grandmas like to keep safely instead of in the banks.



NOOSE IS TIED, TILL DEATH DO US PART. A Christian wedding combines Western ceremonial with local custom. There is a big feast: everyone, including the poorer of the village, are welcome.



AWAY FROM IT ALL. The cool of the stream and the vast panorama combine to make Goa an idyllic paradise.

Photos by T. N. Mehrotra (3), Jitendra Arya (1), Joseph St Anne (1), and D'Souza (1)

CUSTOMS OF OLD

by BENEDICT COSTA

sketches by MARIO

WITH the chiming of Angelus, the aged, wrinkled, half-bent women in Goan villages come into their own.

They make pious gestures and beat the breasts in prayer, holding in their hands a rosary with large beads, an outsize crucifix and a wide assortment of medals and medallions of saints to match the degree of their faith. Seated in the balcao they give themselves airs of importance while telling little children stories about ghosts.

They will swear by any promptly available sacred book or image that they have seen the ghost of so-and-so cross the road. That they succeed in their basic aim of frightening small kids is no small tribute to their art of spinning yarns.

When they run short of phantom stories, the grandmas will not waste a moment to relate some of the strange superstitions, old

Simple Goan folk dread the "evil eye". They are particularly suspicious of grandmas making tender enquiries about children or crops.

customs and ceremonies which may or may not be prevalent today.

The hooting of the owl in the dead of the night is a bad omen to the villager: it is normally associated with a sickness in the family or parched crops.

If a dog barks listlessly you may rest assured that an evil spirit is crossing the lone, dark road in front of your house. Nor does the wail of a stray hyena on a moonless night augur well for women in an advanced state of pregnancy.

Divine Sanction

In the tranquillity of an agricultural existence, the little Goan village has become a repository of superstitious beliefs and peculiar customs. For the credulous villager, born amidst verdant vegetation, not a

bough stirs, not a leaf withers or a fruit falls without some sort of divine sanction.

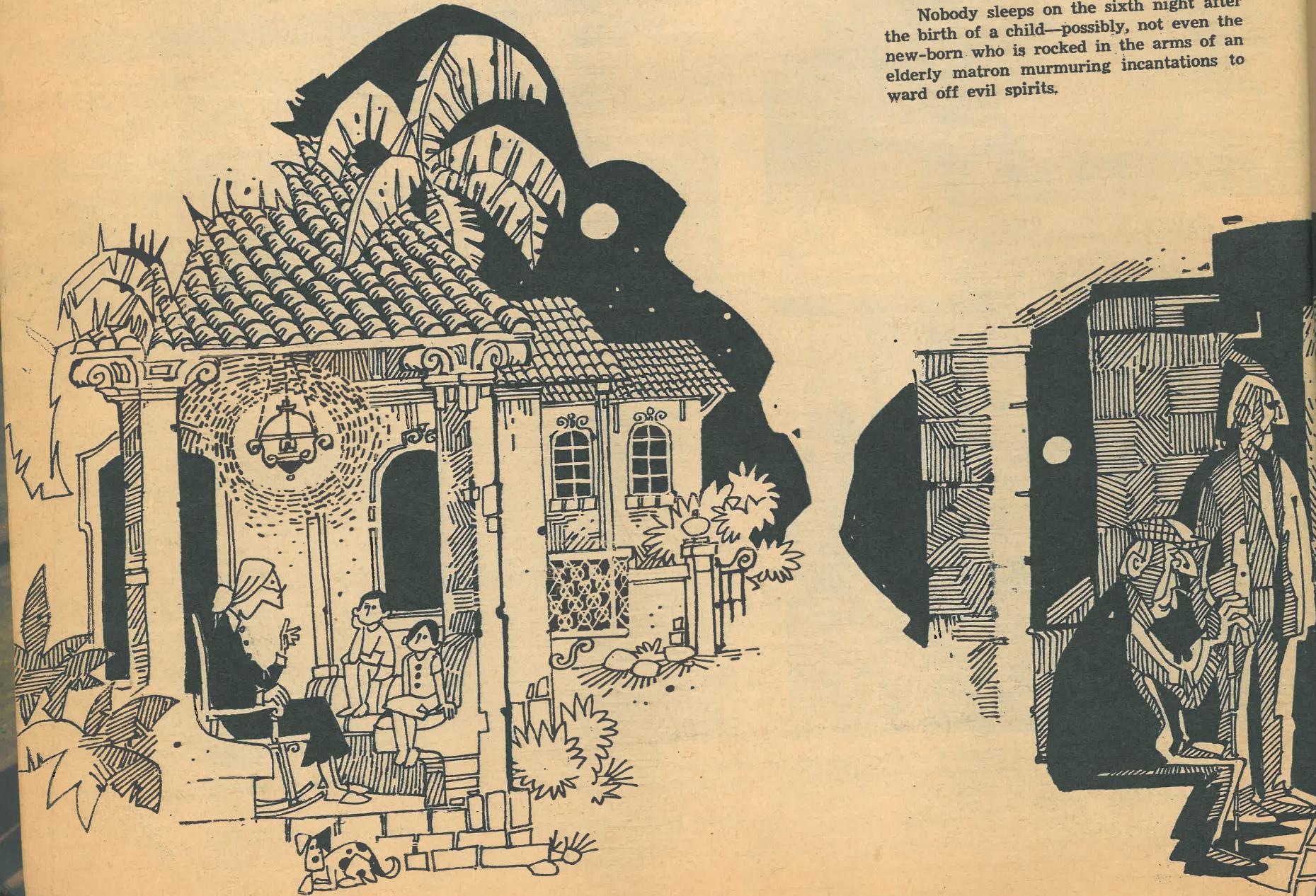
There is no greater talker than this lonely villager, across the wine-table, in the local taverna, when after a day's toil in the fields he joins his comrades for a glass or two of strong caju or feni.

His habits are often an outlet from an otherwise drab and dreary existence which becomes exciting only when somebody is born, married or dead. Most of the Goan tales and beliefs are therefore associated with these three great phases in the life of the rustic Goan.

Birth

The birth of a male child is a good omen and it is normally announced to the world at large with a generous burst of crackers. Where the new-born is kept, the superstitious folks will drum on a metal vessel with a heavy stick—apparently to knock all the fear out of the infant.

Nobody sleeps on the sixth night after the birth of a child—possibly, not even the new-born who is rocked in the arms of an elderly matron murmuring incantations to ward off evil spirits.



The birth of a girl does not bring much happiness in the rural home, for economic reasons. If three daughters are born in succession, the misery of the villager is complete, his fate sealed as he has to provide dowry for all of them.

Marriage

Despite the prevailing scarcity, marriage is still an occasion when everybody enjoys himself without any restraint. The cellar is thrown open and, as the saying goes, "it must never run out". All types of wine and foods are stocked for this festive occasion. The sole concern of the villager is to see that every friend, relation and neighbour partakes of good food and good wine *ate dizer basta*, which means, till he has had enough.

Naturally, huge loans are taken for the festivities and by the time the wedding is over the poor villager has to make *novenas* to Our Lady to win a lottery or have a bumper crop to repay the loans.

Besides the numerous relations who park themselves in the house of the bridegroom or the bride, a week in advance, the villager does not, on this occasion, forget the poor of the village. A grand dinner, locally known as *buim jeon*, is thrown for the poor which is washed down with a generous supply of *feni*.

On the actual wedding night there is singing to the delightful rhythm of the *gummot*, a contraption to make loud thumping sounds. Some villagers, known for their ready wit and practical jokes, are special invitees at these weddings.

Jokes About Landlords

These versatile singers compose lyrics, on the spur of the moment, about their landlords or *batcars*. The more experienced young males sing songs of love and lust to inculcate the spirit of courage into the shy bridal couple who might feel somewhat embarrassed on their first night.

Nobody takes offence at the pleasantries, not even the landlords who are normally the butt of their jokes. But the relations of the bridal couple are supposed to reply to the witticisms and set the record straight. All this is done in a spirit of fun, dancing and music, with extra doses of *feni* for particularly hoarse voices.

The whole ceremony comes to an end ten days later with a farewell party given by the friends and relations of the bride. The morning after, the married couple move round the village to seek the blessings of the aged and the infirm who were not able to attend the wedding feast.

And when the hustle and bustle is over, the newly-weds quietly disappear on a honeymoon trip, thus bringing to a close a major episode in their lives.

The Goan villager who prefers to reconcile himself to a dull existence rather than break away from routine takes solace in the fact that the kingdom of heaven has been promised to those who toil and suffer. This sense of helplessness is evident from his restricted outlook. It has introduced an element of rustic humour which enables him to laugh at himself.

Death

Death has given rise to some strange practices. After the funeral, a big meal is laid out to the relations. There is no feasting as such and those who have been very close to the departed soul are supposed to resist the temptation of eating even a morsel of food. There is much sobbing and beating of the breasts, and professional wailers somehow do not fail to make their appearance on such occasions. For nine nights, a wick light is burnt in the room where the deceased used to live in the strange belief that his soul becomes free from the mortal coils only after that period.

The local *cunbbis* keep a bowl of rice beside the grave in the pious hope that the soul may need some food on its heavenward journey. A woman who dies in childbirth is known to haunt the house in which she died. The elders therefore sprinkle grains of rice as far as the cemetery, in the

belief that the luckless woman will keep herself busy picking up the grains.

The simple folk are mortally frightened of the evil eye. They are particularly suspicious about old women making tender enquiries about children or crops. Children are protected against the evil eye by tying an arm-band or smearing the face with mud or paint. In the paddy fields, old pots and scarecrows are raised from a bamboo pole to prevent old women from casting the evil eye. A more practical reason however is to keep crows and other birds from damaging the crops.

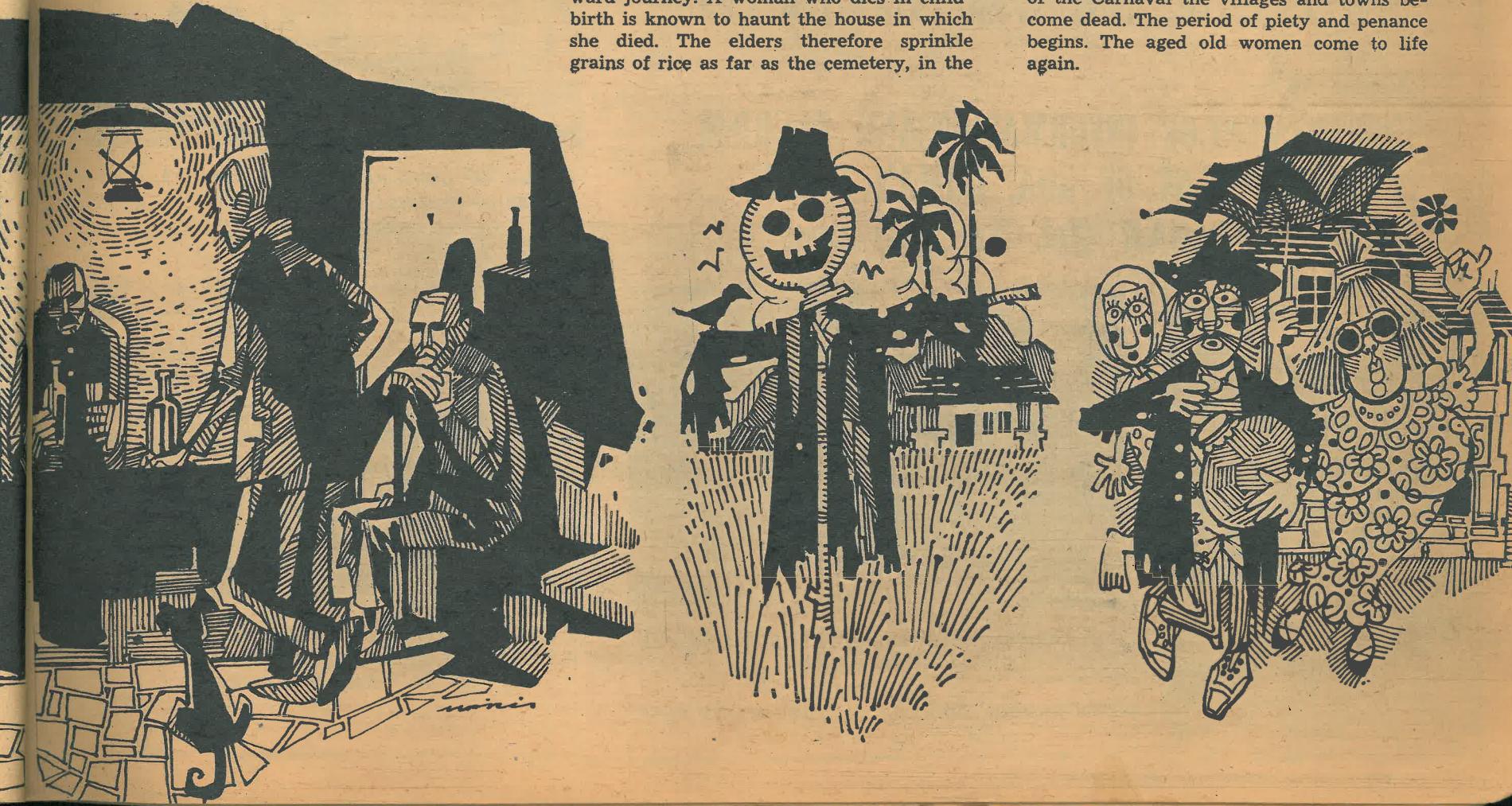
Evil Eye

The evil eye however can supposedly be removed through a ritual that is preceded by the recitation of the Credo. Blazing hot embers are placed on a curved roof-tile. After some incantations, dry, red chillies, salt and alum are thrown into it along with a few strands of hair of the afflicted person. The burnt remains are then placed near the house of the person suspected of having cast the evil eye.

The evil eye, ghosts, parched crops... all this is forgotten during the three big merry days of the Carnaval just before Ash Wednesday. In those glorious days of fun, frolic and singing they make up for whatever they will miss during the rigours of the abstinence of the forty days of the Quaresma (Lent).

The revellers wear masks, dress themselves in clownish attire and go about singing and dancing. It is customary to throw face-powder on unwary damsels on the roads or aim the more painful *cocotes* (cylinder-type paper bags filled with sand and saw-dust) at the boys. The merry-makers move about in bullock-carts and open cars, singing the traditional Goan *manddos* and *dulpodas* and doggerels. Those romantically-disposed dust their old guitar and sing *serenadas* to their beloved.

And on the midnight of the last day of the Carnaval the villages and towns become dead. The period of piety and penance begins. The aged old women come to life again.



TOURISTS! DISCOVER PICTURESQUE GOA

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GOVERNMENT OF GOA, DAMAN & DIU
PANAJI (Tel. No. 773)**



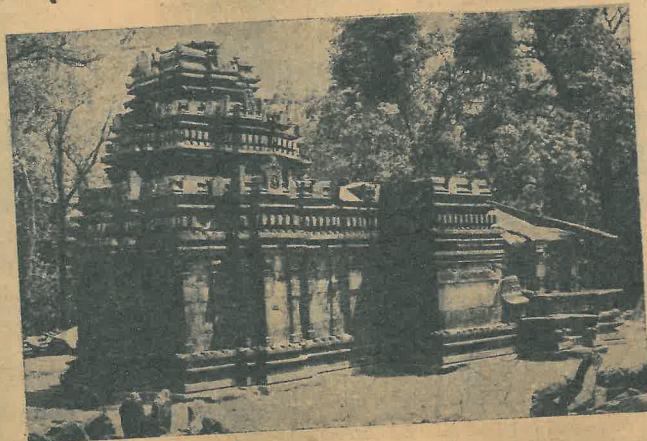
COLVA BEACH NEARLY 8 KMS. FROM MARGAO



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MANGUESHI TEMPLE AT PRIOL IN PONDA TALUKA

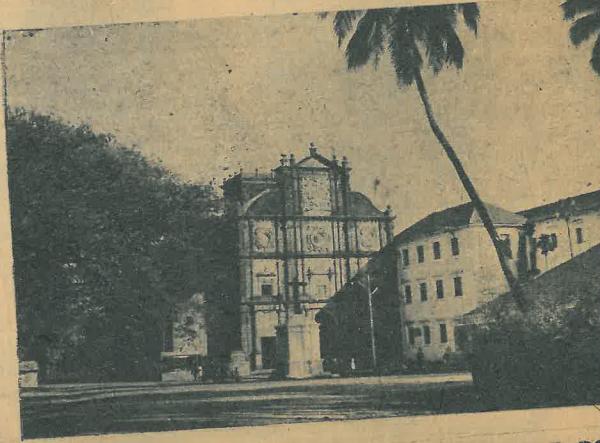


A VIEW OF DONA PAULA, ONE OF THE SCENIC PLACES OF TOURIST INTEREST ABOUT 10 KMS. FROM PANAJI

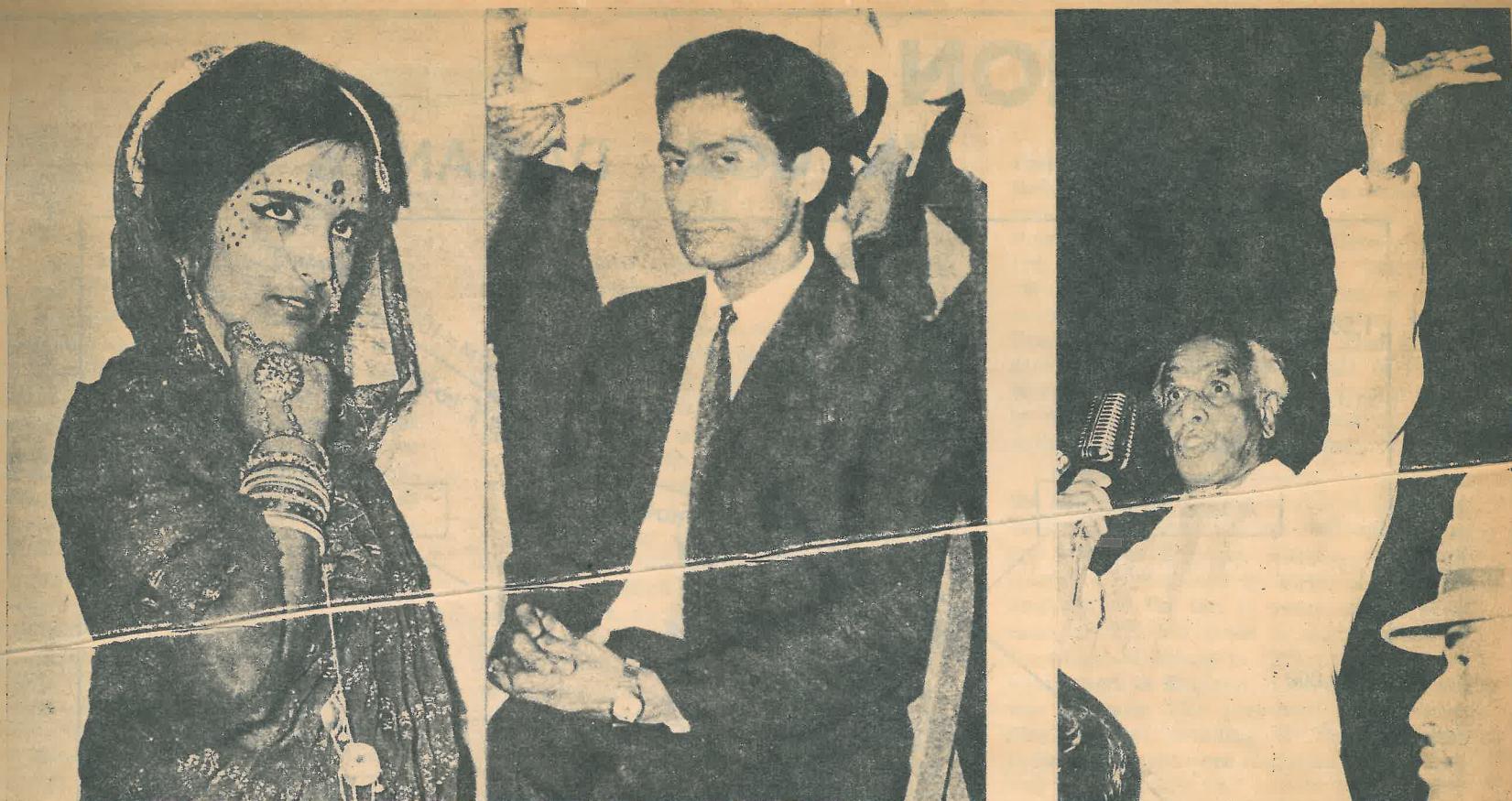


THE ANCIENT TEMPLE AT TAMBDI SURLA IN SANGUEM TALUKA

← THE FAMOUS DUDHSAGAR WATERFALLS NEAR COLEM IN SANGUEM TALUKA



A VIEW OF BASILICA OF BOM JESUS IN OLD GOA WHERE HAVE BEEN ENSHRINED THE REMAINS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.



SEVEN DAYS LATER SHE WAS DEAD. Meena Tandon (left) was found dead under suspicious circumstances in Delhi last June, a week after her marriage. Her husband Gulzari Lal (right) has been charged with her murder.

ABRACADABRA—WHOOSH! See The American Menace Disappear As The Spinner of Slogans Utters The Magic Words. V. K. Krishna Menon addresses a Delhi rally against the U.S. invasion of Cambodia. He was not so exercised by the Russian intrusion into Hungary (1956) nor the rape of Czechoslovakia (1968).



WHICH BEAUTY CATCHES THE CONNOISSEUR'S EYE? Indeep Gujral, Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting, admires a sculpture by Usha Rani Hooja, who has executed many assignments for the Rajasthan Government. The Minister is the brother of Satish Gujral, the renowned sculptor-painter.



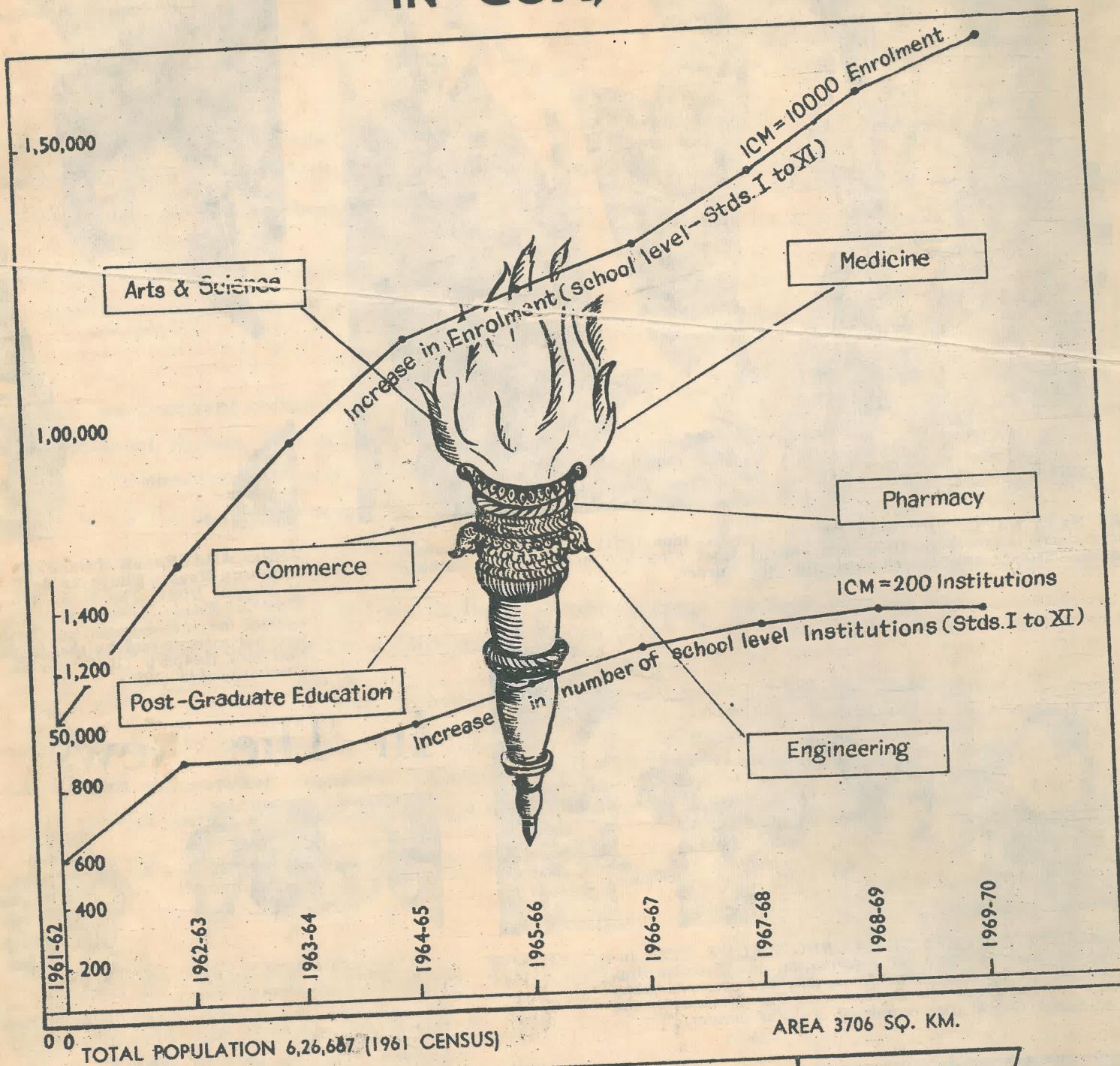
WASTE IT. WE WANT IT. "Sanjivani" is a Bombay organisation, founded by H. C. Mehta, which collects left-over food from the ostentatious parties of rich men. The good food from the kitchens is distributed to institutions for blind people, orphans and the destitute and to hutment dwellers.

In The News



LAID TO REST is Union Law Minister P. Govinda Menon who died on May 23. Vice-President G. S. Pathak pays his last respects. Panampilly was the only Congressman to be elected to Parliament from Kerala.

EDUCATION IN GOA, DAMAN & DIU



Year		1961-62	1965-66	1969-70
Primary	Inst.	476	856	932
	Enrol	43244	95138	113550
Middle	Inst.	—	140	217
	Enrol	6058	18308	32382
High	Inst.	79 (Mid.&High)	129	170
	Enrol	3130	9415	16911
Collegiate	Inst.	—	8	11
	Enrol	—	2356	4600

Issued by

DIRECTORATE OF EDUCATION, Govt. of Goa, Daman & Diu, Panaji-Goa.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Oh, to be in England Now that Powell's there!

FOR over a year I have been hearing stories of the treatment in England of Indians and Pakistanis: the English cannot tell one from the other. I have seen with my own eyes the reception they get on their arrival at London Airport. British Passport Control have in their employ a number of India-retired Army and Police officers to check the credentials of incoming passengers. The coloured man is treated as a case apart. If he is an intending immigrant he is put through a gruelling cross-examination. At the best of times few Englishmen cared to learn any Indian language well. After a 23-year-break their Hindustani has rusted beyond aural belief. And most of the people they have to question are peasant-folk whose dialects are often incomprehensible to urbanite Indian ears. It is presumed that Indians and Pakistanis are liars and everything to which they have appended their thumb impressions needs verification. Since the one remaining loophole in the new Hadrian's Wall forbidding the entry of coloured people into England are dependants of those already there, most of the questioning is directed to disproving that status by impugning claims of age or marital status. Old people are often made to strip and submit to an examination of their genitals. A young girl claiming to be a wife may have fingers probe her privates; if she is a virgin she will be asked the reason why her marriage was not consummated. Sometimes these unfortunate people have to stay at the airport for many days peering through glass-panels vainly looking for their relatives on the other side. Many are turned back. Since most have sold everything they owned to raise passage money, they return to India or

Pakistan with nothing except the clothes they are wearing.

The fate of Asians coming from East African countries is in some respects more tragic. Their contribution to the prosperity of the countries in which they lived is greater than that of the Whites who ruled or the Blacks who are now rulers. Some years ago they were given the choice of opting for either African or Commonwealth citizenship. They sought the advice of Indian Embassy officials. Mr Apa Pant, who was then the High Commissioner in Nairobi, advised them, no doubt in good faith, to opt for the Commonwealth. With the rising tide of African nationalism Asians were made to feel unwanted. They tried to avail themselves of their option. England started to back out of its promises. By the Immigration Act of 1968 the door has been virtually slammed in their faces. An undefined "grandfather" clause debars anyone who cannot prove he had a white father and grandfather. It is only the Asian whose British passport bears the damning insertion "Subject to Immigration Control". Whether or not he or she will be allowed to enter is for all practical purposes decided by Passport Control. Few have the means or the energy to go to court or appeal to Parliament.

This is the sorry state of affairs of Indians everywhere. In Africa they are hostages to fortune. African leaders take delight in insulting them in public speeches. They are being squeezed out of business. Assaults in streets are not uncommon and are seldom punished. Protestors are summarily packed off. It is evident to thousands of those who

opted for African citizenship that their turn will also come soon. It is no longer good enough to be an African national; you have to have good African blood uncontaminated by Asian strains running in your veins.

Let's return to England. Paky Bashing (beating up of Pakistanis—the description includes Indians) is a favourite pastime of what are known as Skinhead gangs. Enoch Powell has many ugly faces. Gerald Naborro, M.P., asks over British Television: "Would you let your sister or daughter marry a Buck Nigger?" The record of the Trade Unionist is even worse. That all this should happen under the regime of Harold Wilson's Socialist Government should finally disillusion those who equate Socialism with progress, equity or justice.

Perhaps the best person to speak on the subject is one who has shared the agony of being coloured in the no-longer green and pleasant England. Mariyam Mahmoud Harris, a Hyderabadi by birth, has lived in England for the last 17 years. She is a sociologist and has made a special study of the plight of Asians in Africa and of Asian immigrants in England. A fortnight ago she was in India. She presented Raja Dinesh Singh a note detailing all the indignities Indian nationals were subjected to in Africa and England. The ball is now in our court. How long will we suffer discrimination and humiliation at the hands of Black African nationalists and white racist Englishmen without retaliating?

Ten years ago an Indian passport was an Indian's most valued asset. Today, for good reasons, it is as devalued as the rupee.

Let me speak for myself. England has been my second home and as dear to me as my own mother country. It was in England that I grew to manhood, experienced the stirrings of love and passion. I have more English friends than Indian. Every time I was invited to Europe or America, I eagerly accepted the offer so I could spend a few days in England. Now I feel privileged to slap my passport in the hands of the Control Officer in London and proclaim, "I am in transit."

Haro, Haro, Japan Honeymoon

One result of Expo 70 will be the massive exposure of Japan to the rest of the world. Everything about the Japanese is impressive save their galling inability to learn foreign languages (a Japanese Hullo becomes a Haro) and their queer sense of humour. They take their pleasures very sadly. See them at their Pachinko parlours grimly pouring metal balls in slot machines and you will know what I mean. Their favourite game is to pile matchsticks on the mouth of a bottle. They seldom laugh, but when they have had their quota of Sake (it takes very little to light them up) then they roar. They find a hole in a sock irresistibly funny. Their jokes have a quality of their own. Here is a Jap version of a honeymoon joke. In the middle of the first night of his honeymoon the bridegroom (married on his 25th birthday) was roused by the telephone: "It's me, your mother. Happy birthday."

"Thank you, Mama. But why did you have to wake me up at 2 a.m.?"

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AGRICULTURE IN GOA

The total land area of Goa is 361113 hectares, of this area only 35.73 per cent is under Agricultural crops while cultural wastes and barren lands account for 29 per cent, the rest are forests and pastures.

The areas under important crops are :—

Paddy	44,000 hectares.
Cereals, millets & pulses	24,000 "
Coconuts	18,000 "
Arecanut	1,720 "
Cashew	32,500 "
Other fruit trees like mango, pine- apple, bananas, etc.	7,000 "

The annual production of paddy was estimated at the time of liberation to be at about 50,000 tonnes, which has increased to 101,000 tonnes as a result of improved cultural practices, involving high yielding varieties and proper use of manures and fertilizers and insecticides.

Since liberation, cash crops have received special attention and the areas are expanding.

Coconuts 4,02,820 seedlings distributed.

Cashew 44,93,112 "

Pineapples 4,72,500 suckers.

Bananas 87,527 suckers.

Mangoes 25,954 grafts.

Other fruits 13,280.

The area under sugarcane from 150 hectares at the time of liberation has gone up to 675 hectares.

IRRIGATION :

6070 hectares of rice received irrigation during the rabi season, while 1890 hectares of arecanut, sugarcane, and vegetables get irrigation throughout the season, thus 67% of the area come under irrigation.

This area is increasing since last two years with distribution of pumpsets to farmers at subsidized rates, and setting up of lift irrigation projects. So far 18 lift irrigation projects have been taken up.

SOIL CONSERVATION :

Since liberation 184 kms of embankments have been benefitted.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE :

Under medium and long term loans Rs. 52,12,877 lakhs have been distributed to cultivators since liberation.

**GOVERNMENT OF GOA, DAMAN AND DIU
DIRECTORATE OF AGRICULTURE
PANAJI-GOA**

The India Of My Dreams—1

We all know what is wrong with our planning, polities, youth—everything. Now it is time to stop criticising and to act positively to change and improve the condition of the country. This is the first of a series of articles—written by eminent men and women in various spheres of public life and literature—showing what the Government and the educated public can do to help realise our dream of a greater India.

by NANDINI SATPATHY

ALL Indians—not only the educated ones—carry the heavy responsibility of strengthening the foundations of a free, progressive, democratic India and rapidly taking the country forward. Educated Indians should not be divorced from the mass of our people. But they can, perhaps, play a more effective role in the political field since they can act as pace-setters and give a lead to the rest of the country.

It should be the concern of all Indians to see that the politics of opportunism is replaced by the politics of commitment and involvement. Ideas and principles must prevail over personalities and prejudices. A great change is coming over the Indian scene. There is the promise of a new direction and new hope for the toiling millions of India. But the problems too are formidable, and, if this hope is not to turn sour, the people must guard against a slide-back, against a continuation of group and clique politics, against the substitution of principles by horse-trading and closed smoke-room type of politics. If educated Indians firmly reject this old path and all those who continue to drag us onto it, the country will take a great step forward. They can exercise an immense influence in enforcing a commitment to principles and policies and programmes by the entire society as well as by politicians and political parties.

Bridging The Gap

Half the battle for building a better, happier India will be won by the support of educated Indians for all that liberates the people and all that minimises the gaping inequalities and promotes the uplift of all sections of society. Their support for enlightened policies and enlightened politics will surely ensure a large measure of acceptance. They have to be the carriers and promoters of socialist ideas and values, not only in their political and economic context but in their social dimensions also, so that the great mass of the people can be freed from superstition and ignorance.

It is not only the politics of commitment that must be the goal in the political field but also the politics of sincerity. Without basic sincerity, integrity and consistency, our political life will remain fouled by lack of principles and by the absence of any political philosophy. Differences of opinion, ideas and ideology among people and groups of people are normal and inevitable, but ideas and opinions must be held honest-

ly. Only a higher loyalty to one's political philosophy, no matter what it is, will bring about a healthier and cleaner political life. Educated Indians—and particularly our youth—have a special responsibility in this matter; they must not only practise the politics of sincerity themselves but must also ensure their observance by all political leaders and parties, regardless of their ideological hues.

Only thus can clarity of thinking be brought about in our political life so that people can exercise meaningful choices. If our educated youth do not show the way in this regard—if they inherit only the legacy of feudal loyalties, group and regional commitments, personalised functioning and the seeking of patronage; if they do not create a climate for integrated and principled conduct in political, social and personal life; if they do not refuse to make caste, community, clique and regional considerations the criterion for political affiliations, public appointments and social ethics—then it will be extremely difficult to realise the India of our dreams. The process of change must work through all levels, and youth can help most to set it in motion.

Rational Discussion

Together with the politics of commitment and of sincerity, the politics of reason must prevail over the politics of violence and hate. If the ballot, and not the bullet, is to be the arbiter, then all issues must be debated and reasoned out and the judgement of our people, as expressed freely in a democratic manner, should be final. The struggle for a better India must take place in an atmosphere of free and rational discussion and peaceful change. Preaching of hatred against any Indian community, or chauvinistic aspersions on the bona fides and loyalties of any section of our society, or the frequent recourse to the lathi rather than to reason and peaceful agitation pull the country down into the mire of violence, bloodshed and dictatorship. Educated Indians have no mean a role in establishing and enforcing reasonable norms of conduct and behaviour for the discussion of political, economic and social issues by the public as well as by political parties.

Their contribution to the welding together of all communities, linguistic minorities, religions and people of all States into a united India could be enormous. National integration does not mean the mere ab-



—R. B. Bedi

THE AUTHOR (39) is Deputy Minister attached to the Prime Minister. She has worked on various social uplift projects in Orissa, her home State. Mrs Satpathy has also established herself as a noted Oriya short story writer and poet. Both she and her husband are active workers of the Sri Aurobindo Society. They have two children.

sence of communal and sectional conflicts and explosions. It does not mean that every Indian should think, feel and worship alike.

The essence of national integration is the equality of involvement and opportunity for all individuals and communities and the willingness to adopt democratic, peaceful means for the attainment of all their demands. It means that all the various parts and areas of India and all the various groups and faiths should be drawn into the vortex of our national life and should share alike the fruits of achievement and the burden of challenges and problems. It means security, equality, honour and involvement. It also means that even while they pursue their legitimate individual, regional and community interests, they still function as Indians in the larger interests of the country. Above all, it means that all the people of India, no matter where they live and what faith they profess, regard all others as fellow Indians and respect their persons and rights.

If educated Indians exercise vigilance and shoulder their responsibilities in this regard, their influence on the rest of the country will be great and no party or group will be able to ignore the emergence of this new force. The difficulties are immense, but the opportunity and the challenge are also there. Educated Indians will have to decide whether they measure up to this challenge.

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PANAJI — GOA

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We undertake to provide you all the facilities you need to start an industry in Goa, Daman or Diu. We have two industrial estates at CORLIM and MARGAO. We have also earmarked select areas for industrial development. You can get suitable factory sheds and developed plots as per details given below. We assure facilities of roads, water supply and power. We will look after your requirements... study your problems... and take prompt action to render satisfaction in all respects.

CORLIM INDUSTRIAL ESTATE

Type of shed	Overall Size	Industrial Area (Developed plots)
A - Type	21.00m x 10.00m	4 plots 57.00m x 42.00 m
	With office-cum	
	WC Block	4 plots 22.00m x 18.00 m
	6.00 x 4.30	
C - Type	21.00m x 10.00m	
	Office within	
	the shed	

MARGAO INDUSTRIAL ESTATE (St. Jose de Areal)

Type of shed	Overall Size	Industrial Area (developed plots)
A - 1 type	36.30m x 12.60m	54.651.00m ²
A - 2 type	24.45m x 10.20m	
A - 3 type	15.30m x 10.20m	

Note : All these sheds are self contained with office and WC block located within the shed itself.

We say it again. Come to Goa and show your enterprise.

For further details please contact :

R. P. WAGH, The Chief Executive Officer,
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Chandra Sadan, Menezes Braganza Road,
PANAJI—GOA.



The practice of witchcraft in India can be traced to historical times and several are the weird tales from various regions.

IN ANCIENT India, witchcraft, known as *kharkhoda-vidya*, was frowned upon by the State, but still its practice continued unabated for centuries.

The main objectives of witchcraft were to secure success in seduction, gain riches by theft or deception and to cause bodily harm of a permanent nature to opponents. For this purpose particular deities had to be appeased: Bali, son of Virochana; Shambara, acquainted with "a hundred kinds of magic"; Bhandirapaka; Naraka; Nikumbha and Kumba. Oblations were also to be offered to Narada, Manu, Savarnigalava, Aliti-Paliti and to Tantukachchha "the great demon". Somdeva, the author of *Kathasaritsagara*, tells us how witchcraft was employed for the purpose of enchanting women, reviving dead persons (especially women), offering human sacrifice to Durga or to undertake superhuman adventures such as flying to distant places in a chariot. He further reveals how the votaries of witchcraft used to frequent the crematorium at night and, under a *simsapa* tree, invoke a demon. There were some acknowledged adepts in this black magic. He refers to one Muladeva as "master of magic arts". Such experts appear to have had in their possession a pill which, if placed under the tongue, could enable one to change oneself into an old person, a youth or a lovely woman.

According to a Pashupata ascetic one could aspire to master this knowledge under water. "While the aspirant is muttering spells under the water," he explains, "the science creates delusions to bewilder him,

so that he does not attain success. Falsey deluded, he does not remember that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring this science. But whoever he may be, when he reaches the age of twenty-four, he is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor and, being firm of soul, remembers his real life." He further adds that, if this knowledge was communicated to an unworthy person, the teacher himself would lose his mastery over it.

The actual practice of witchcraft can be traced to historical times. Kalhana, a Kashmiri poet of great distinction, refers to the case of a brahmin widow, who complained against a brahmin sorcerer in the court of King Chandrapida. The brahmin, with his knowledge of charms, had murdered her husband. She threatened that, if no adequate punishment was meted out to him, she would starve herself to death. The king adjourned the case for three days and then caused the suspect to be brought to the courtyard of a Vishnu shrine, which had earlier been sprinkled with rice-flour. At night, the sorcerer was made to walk across the courtyard. If the footprints of Brahma-hatya (brahma-slaughter) were noticed, he was to be punished as a sorcerer. After this test, he was found guilty and punished—not with death, as he was a brahmin. (Tarapida was however eventually destroyed by means of black magic by a group of brahmins.)

During the reign of King Gopalavarman, his minister, Prabhakaradeva, had fallen in love with the royal mother and had misappropriated funds from the treasury. Fearing the king's displeasure, he persuaded a relative, Ramadeva, well-versed in witchcraft, to bring about the king's death, though he had reigned for only two years. When this crime became public, Prabha-

Ancient Sorcery

by R. N. SALETORE

By uttering some secret spells, the sorcerer caused the vast expanse of water to dry up and the king saw to his amazement...

karadeva dreaded punishment and committed suicide.

Chippatajayapida (Brihaspati) was also destroyed through sorcery. When Yashakara was the ruler, in the 10th century, a brahmin ascetic, Chakrabhanu, was penalised for some improper conduct by being branded with the mark of a dog's foot on his forehead. This infuriated his uncle, Viranatha, a magician, who, in collusion with a disgruntled minister, slew the monarch by means of witchcraft. The notorious Queen Diddha, by the same device, killed her son and two of her grandsons.

During the rule of King Jayapida, a subject Naga chief appealed to him to save him from the threats of a Dravidian sorcerer, who wanted to drag him and his family from his lake domain and sell them in a desert tract. The king sent for the magician who invited the ruler to witness his incomparable powers of magic. The ruler accompanied the sorcerer to a huge lake where the Naga lived. By uttering some secret spells, the sorcerer caused, after shooting four arrows in the four directions, the vast expanse of water to dry up slowly till the king saw, to his amazement, wriggling in the slimy mud, a human-faced snake, a span long, together with many such serpents. When the Dravidian inquired whether he could take away that Naga king and his family, Jayapida forbade him. The magician obeyed and, by muttering again some incantations, he slowly caused that vast lake to resume its original state of fulness.

According to Marco Polo, the Kashmiris had an astonishing acquaintance with the "devilries of enchantment". He relates that they had the power to make an idol speak, bring about changes in the weather, produce sudden darkness and were adepts in a number of tricks which had to be seen to be believed.



FOUR HUNDRED TEN-TOLA BARS worth their weight in gold: Rs 8 lakhs in the black market. It is gold of the highest purity, forming the contents of four jackets. The largest haul in India was in the

Zai Creek Case: 59,000 tolas of gold valued at Rs 1,20,00,000. The contraband was hidden in a muddy bed of the Zai Creek, in the Dahanu-Golwad area, 80 miles north of Bombay.

OPERATION GOLD - 2



A SMUGGLER'S PARADISE is this little fishing village in North Bombay. Several seizures of gold, wristwatches and other luxury items have been made here. On occasion the hut in the foreground has been used for storage, before transhipment

to waiting cars and trucks. The nakhwa (owner of the fishing boat) by the landing agent anything between Rs 15,000 and Rs 20,000. [Photographs by courtesy of author]

In the issue of May 24, we had an insight into the finance and the influence at work to make "Operation Gold" a major racket. In this article the author tells us how officers of the preventive services set about outwitting smugglers at their own game—a game in which the stake is 100 long tons of gold a year worth Rs 200 crores in the black market.

by ANJALI CHANDA

"A SMUGGLER is a person who, though no doubt highly blamable for violating the laws of this country, is frequently incapable of violating those of natural justice, and would have been in every respect an excellent citizen, had not the laws of this country made that a crime which nature never meant to be so." Thus wrote the English economist, Adam Smith, who was also a Commissioner of Customs.

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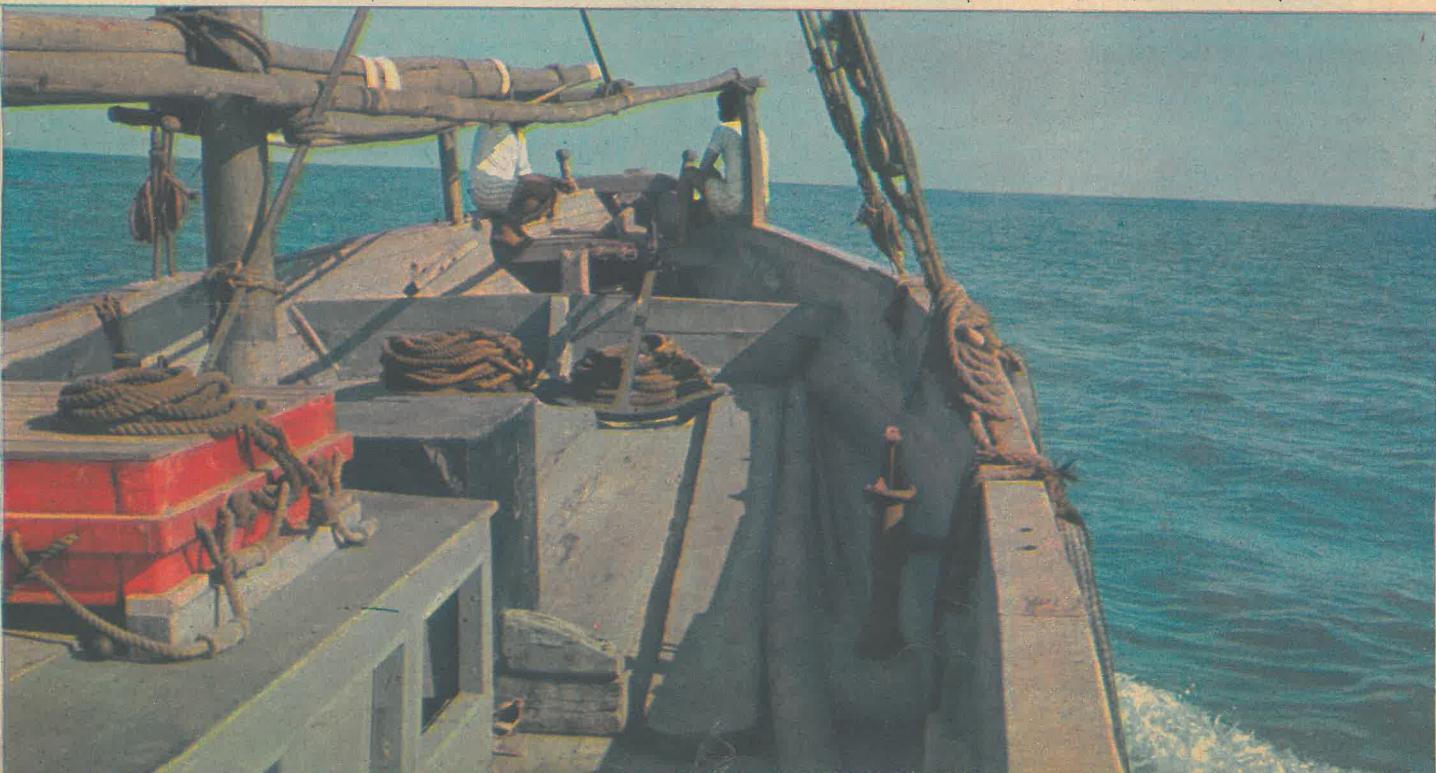


THE FRAIL INDIAN MECHANISED FISHING VESSEL which meets the Arab dhow out at sea—usually beyond the Customs water limit of 12 nautical miles. This craft, whose cost ranges between Rs 40,000 and Rs 1,00,000, has a diesel engine capable of a speed of five to seven knots. Smuggling is a fiscal and not a cognisable offence. Thus the maximum penalty is five years, and that only when the contraband is worth over Rs 1,00,000.



IMPOUNDED TRUCKS (right) AND ARAB DHOWS (above) RUST, awaiting disposal by the authorities. It is a process that may take years, so that, by the time they are moved, they are often only fit to be sold as scrap. The reward given for information regarding contraband is quite attractive: 10% of the smuggled gold.

THIS IS THE FORWARD DECK (with the engine room in the left foreground) of an Arab dhow. It has large oil- and water-storage tanks. Drums of oil are also kept on deck, so that the dhow need not stop anywhere to refill.



This is true of the gold smuggler, who is not a criminal (unlike those who deal in narcotics) and would prefer not to add crime to his fiscal offences. Top gold smugglers all over the world carry on this trade under cover of their business as exchange dealers, import and export merchants, travel agents and allied forms of legitimate business. But, when cornered, the mildest human can and will fight back with all the means at his disposal—particularly when the stakes are as high as in this racket.

Central Excise and Customs officials are empowered to take action against smugglers, carry out further investigations and initiate court proceedings. The Directorate of Revenue Intelligence, which draws its officers from both these departments, itself carries out anti-smuggling activities, investigations and court work. It coordinates the all-India work of Customs and Excise and is generally concerned with cases which have countrywide ramifications. In October 1966, Mr C. J. V. Miranda, then Director of the Anti-Corruption Bureau and Prohibition Intelligence of the Maharashtra State Police,



THIS SWEETMEAT CONTAINER was employed by a smuggler of taste for stacking away gold bars, gold chains and other jewellery. Gold smuggling is an everyday operation in Bombay. Only a couple of weeks ago, gold worth Rs 94 lakhs was seized from a boat on the foreshore off Juhu-Kolivada. The contraband was made up of 4,200 ten-tola slabs, all bearing foreign markings.

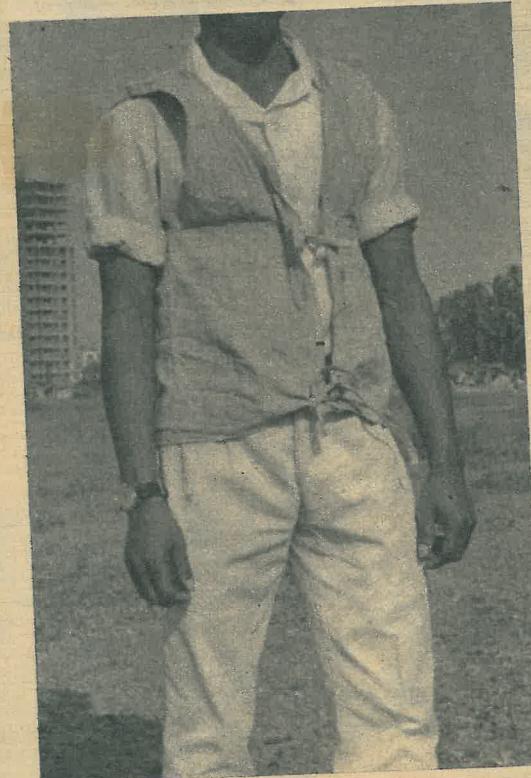
Bombay, formed an anti-smuggling squad. Contraband seized by this department is handed over to the Customs or Central Excise for follow-up.

The Central Bureau of Investigation, which is purely a prosecuting and investigating agency, sometimes, takes up cases which concern more than one department, where large organised gangs are at work and when the case has international ramifications. The impounded gold remains in the custody of the Central Excise and Customs, before being sent to the Mint, which holds it on behalf of the Government of India.

Smuggling is a fiscal (pertaining to public revenue) and not a cognisable offence. Under Section 135 of the Customs Act 1962, the maximum sentence for smuggling is five



"GOLD-DIGGERS" WITH A DIFFERENCE: (l. to r.) Central Excise officers J. S. Wagh and P. A. Pujari with Customs officers J. N. Ramchandani, R. C. Dutt and D. B. Bhappu. They have all been recipients of awards for distinguished records of service. Wagh has been responsible for the detection of as many as 58 major cases, including the largest gold haul ever made—in the Zai Creek Case. To Pujari goes the credit for the largest seizure of silver: 221 ingots weighing 6,705 kilograms, valued at Rs 34 lakhs, in the Nagla Bunder Case. Ramchandani's numerous "catches" include one of Rs 60 lakhs in the now famous Gaokar Case. Dutt, on the job for ten years now, was instrumental in seizing stones worth Rs 12 lakhs in the West End Hotel Diamond Case. Bhappu's captures may have been smaller but they add up to a name that smugglers dread.



A SMUGGLER'S JACKET is made of coarse canvas slotted to hold 100 ten-tola bars worth Rs 2,00,000. The weight of the jacket is enough to put an average man off balance. Thus an inexperienced smuggler sporting the jacket tends to walk with a stiff unnatural gait and is easily detected by officers of the preventive services.

years R.I., when the contraband is over Rs 1 lakh in value. The punishment should be more severe in the case of seasoned gold smugglers who offend time and again and are often let off rather lightly. More often than not, they appeal to the higher courts, meanwhile obtaining bail and freedom to continue their activities. In a big case detected in 1959, the final verdict of the Supreme Court was given only in 1969. Apart from a deterrent sentence, legal action should be much swifter. Unlike a murderer, who may be released on bail and is unlikely to commit another crime, the passion for smuggling is a deeply ingrained characteristic and can only be eradicated or suppressed by stern measures. The smuggler has tremendous financial resources backing him, so a heavy fine is not likely to have the desired effect.

Officers of the preventive services have to outwit the smugglers at their own game. Since it is the smuggler who chooses his time and place, the officers depend heavily on informers, who are usually those involved either directly or indirectly in the smuggling racket. They are disgruntled persons who have fallen out amongst themselves for one reason or another. The local fishermen and members of the landing gang are generally the main informers. The *nakhuwa* or the owner of the Indian mechanised fishing craft is paid anything between Rs 15,000 and Rs 20,000 per trip by the landing agent. He distributes some of this money to the fishermen who accompany him out to sea, but often



K. RAMESH CHANDRA, at present with the Directorate of Revenue Intelligence, has been awarded an appreciation certificate for exceptionally meritorious service. Ignoring personal safety, he gave chase to a craft carrying contraband, leapt aboard, overpowered the crew and brought the boat to shore, with the smuggled cargo intact.

keeps the larger portion for himself. Thus the fishermen are dissatisfied with their cut and turn informers. Also, members of the landing gang and others all along the line (like truck drivers) get only a rupee for each tola of gold they move. Since there are so many of them, their share often amounts to a sum that they consider incompatible with the risks they take. So they also turn informers, since the reward given for information regarding contraband is very attractive: 10% of the value of the smuggled goods. Some informers, to escape identification, employ a second or third party to lodge information and give details to the preventive officers.

While it cannot be denied that there is considerable corruption within the ranks, there are several officers and men in the preventive services who are incorruptible. They have rare courage and a fine spirit which impels them to obey the call of duty, no matter what hour of day it be. They belong to a vanishing generation which bred men and not mice. They place their work before their family and other ties—they leave their homes for days on end at a few minutes' notice. Sometimes they stay out five nights in a week, watching, waiting and chasing in sun, wind and rain. They wage an unceasing guerrilla warfare against the smugglers, and to all intents and purposes are on twenty-four hours' duty. After a full night out on surveillance or a raid, they are back at their desks next day.

These men are desperately short of equipment to fight the smugglers. They have a negligible number of cars and jeeps—often they have to borrow transport to carry out their duties. The Central Excise and Customs on the west coast have four launches between them which are out of commission most of the time. Even when seaworthy, these ancient vessels are easily outstripped by the sleek swift dhows. Arms and ammunition are outmoded and look as if they have been left over from the Indian Mutiny. The wireless equipment provided is negligible and the walkie-talkie sets are like what children play with in America.



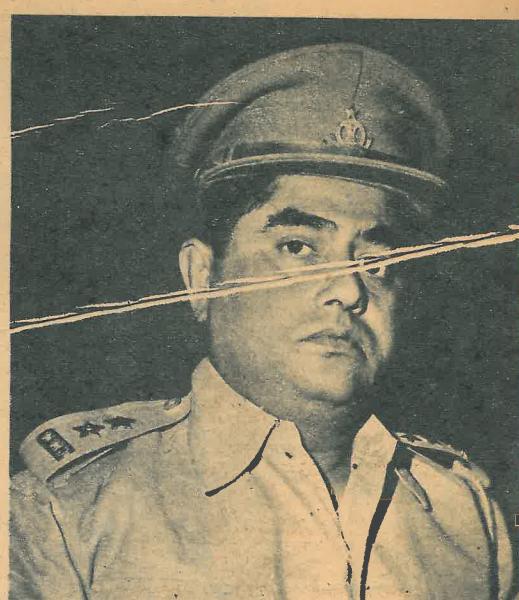
CUSTOMS SEPOY BHAPPU LAXMAN has received an award for effecting a number of gold, currency and opium seizures running into lakhs of rupees. The preventive services generally act on information received from local fishermen and members of the landing gang who are not satisfied with their share of the smuggled cake.

Manpower is limited, both in officers and men. India has a coastline of 5,689 kilometres, with 184 ports, 95 Land Customs stations and 14 Customs airports open to international traffic. Thus it is hardly surprising that smuggling flourishes like a hydra-headed monster.

For the first time in 1963, a scheme of awarding certificates of appreciation to officers and men of the Central Excise and



"SOLID GOLD CADILLAC"? Under cover of night, the gold is brought into the city. The boot of the vehicle, too, is full of gold and there is barely enough room to manipulate the controls of the car. The driver is usually the sole occupant and the car has a specially modified engine by which, even when moving at high speed, it does not look as if it is heavily laden.



T. K. KALPAVRIKSHA, winner of a certificate of appreciation, was assaulted by two smugglers but managed to fight them off and seize the booty. The daring and initiative of these men, who effect seizures in the face of enormous odds, remain largely unknown and untold, though in recent years India has become a smuggler's supermarket.

Customs was instituted. It is rather strange, however, that these men in uniform (though they are in plain clothes) receive only citations and no medals. Notwithstanding the honour, a piece of paper cannot give satisfaction, nor does it focus public attention on those who have distinguished themselves by outstanding courage and devotion to duty.

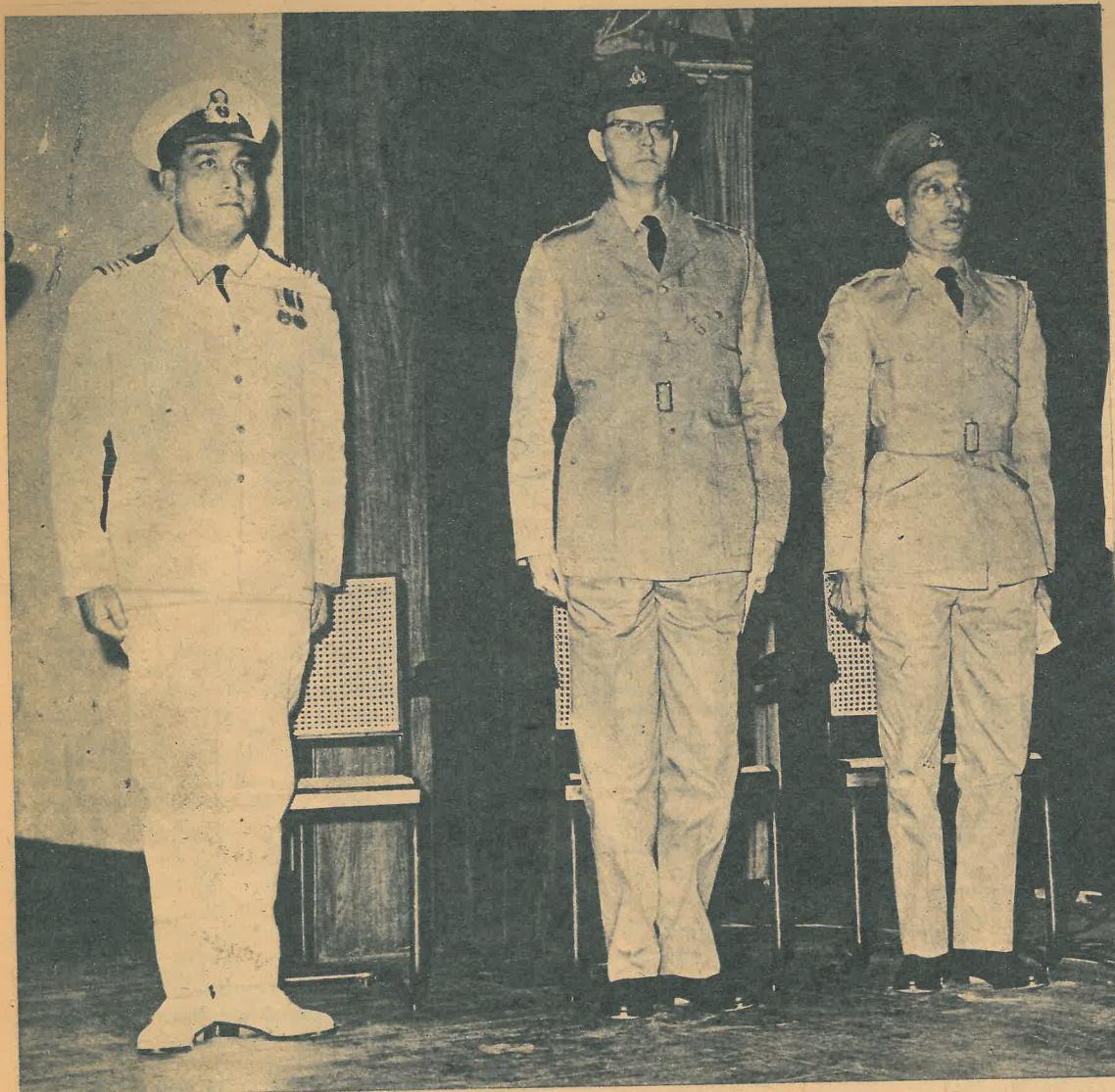
In Bombay, Central Excise officers T. K. Kalpavriksha, B. K. Ranadive, J. S. Patole, W. J. Robb and K. Ramesh Chandra, now on deputation with the D.R.I., and P. E. Sommers of the Customs have won this award over the past seven years.

The daring and initiative of these men in effecting seizures in the face of enormous odds remains largely unknown and untold. Equipped with barely seaworthy vessels, they have braved choppy seas and stormy weather to give chase to fast-moving dhows and other craft, and succeeded in most cases in capturing them. So also on land, outnumbered in difficult and hostile terrain, they have smashed large gangs and seized contraband worth crores of rupees. They have dived into the sea to recover smuggled goods, towed craft single-handed, carrying contraband to shore. They have faced physical assault, attacks with knives and other lethal weapons. These men are not young—most of them are in their later forties or early fifties, yet their appearance is youthful and they seem to be endowed with endless reserves of stamina and vitality.

Jayant Sitaram Patole's posthumous citation is a tragic one. In 1967 he was an Inspector of the Flying Squad at Srivardhan. He received information that a smuggler had landed from a dhow and was making arrangements for the transhipment of goods. This man was about to leave by a State Transport bus for Bombay. Patole with his men rushed to the bus-stop, detained the smuggler and seized some documents from him.

In the mean while, Patole received further information that more smugglers

—Continued



THE "MIDAS TOUCH" they bring to bear on the job is at considerable risk to their own lives. Three more winners of appreciation certificates seen here are (l. to r.) Customs officer P. E. Sommers and Central Excise officers W. J. Robb and B. K. Ranadive. Sommers, in an Indian fishing vessel, chased a gang of smugglers and boarded and captured their Arab dhow laden with gold. Robb, with three men, challenged a band of twenty smugglers, capturing seven of them along with a truck and two craft carrying contraband. One of these craft had broken loose from its moorings but Robb dived into the sea, in pitch darkness, and retrieved it single-handed. Ranadive, for his part, did not flinch in the face of a knife attack by a desperate smuggler when he was rounding up a gang. Keeping a cool head, Ranadive managed to disarm the man and seize the gold on him.

were ready to disembark from the dhow in search of Ahmed Siddique, the arrested man. Patole formed two parties to keep a watch by the seashore and saw four people arrive at Darga. He immediately challenged and arrested two of the smugglers, but the other two ran away. Patole ran after them, followed at a distance by his Sub-Inspector. He overtook the two smugglers in the adjoining jungle and there was a scuffle. One of the smugglers opened fire and Patole returned the fire. Finally, one of the smugglers shot him in the stomach, took away his revolver and escaped with his accomplice. Patole was rushed to the hospital, but succumbed to his wounds, having given his life in the execution of his duty.

In the Customs, Bhappu Laxman, Sepoy No. 255, received an appreciation certificate on Republic Day, 1963, for a distinguished record of service. This sepoy has been responsible for effecting a large number of gold, currency and opium seizures worth several lakhs of rupees. Central Excise officers J. S. Wagh and P. A. Pujari and Customs officers S. B. Patil, J. N. Ramchandani, R. C. Dutt, D. B. Bhappu and D. G. Mugve, at present with the D. R. I., have received this award in Bombay. P. A. Pujari was responsible for the largest silver seizure to date—in the

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Officer C. D. Bhesadia of the Anti-Corruption Bureau, Bombay, has been largely responsible for the major seizures of contraband by this department, running into several crores of rupees. In 1969, the largest gold haul of the year was brought off by this department, when two cars carrying 55,000 tolas of gold worth about Rs 1 crore, 18½ lakhs were seized in the Mafatlal Park, Bhulabhai Desai Road. This officer was granted accelerated promotion and awarded a bar to the police medal in recognition of his work in anti-smuggling activities.

The largest gold haul in the country to date was effected in January 1968, by Central Excise Officer J. S. Wagh and his men. Wagh was informed that a powerful gang of smugglers had landed and hidden huge quantities of smuggled gold in a muddy bed of the Zai Creek, in the Dahanu Golwad area, eighty miles north of Bombay. With his men he waded through thick mud and slush, located the gold and carried it to shore. As they inched their way to firm ground, they were challenged by a furious mob of nearly 2,000 villagers, who had gathered there to prevent the gold from being removed. The operation was successful and 59,000 tolas of

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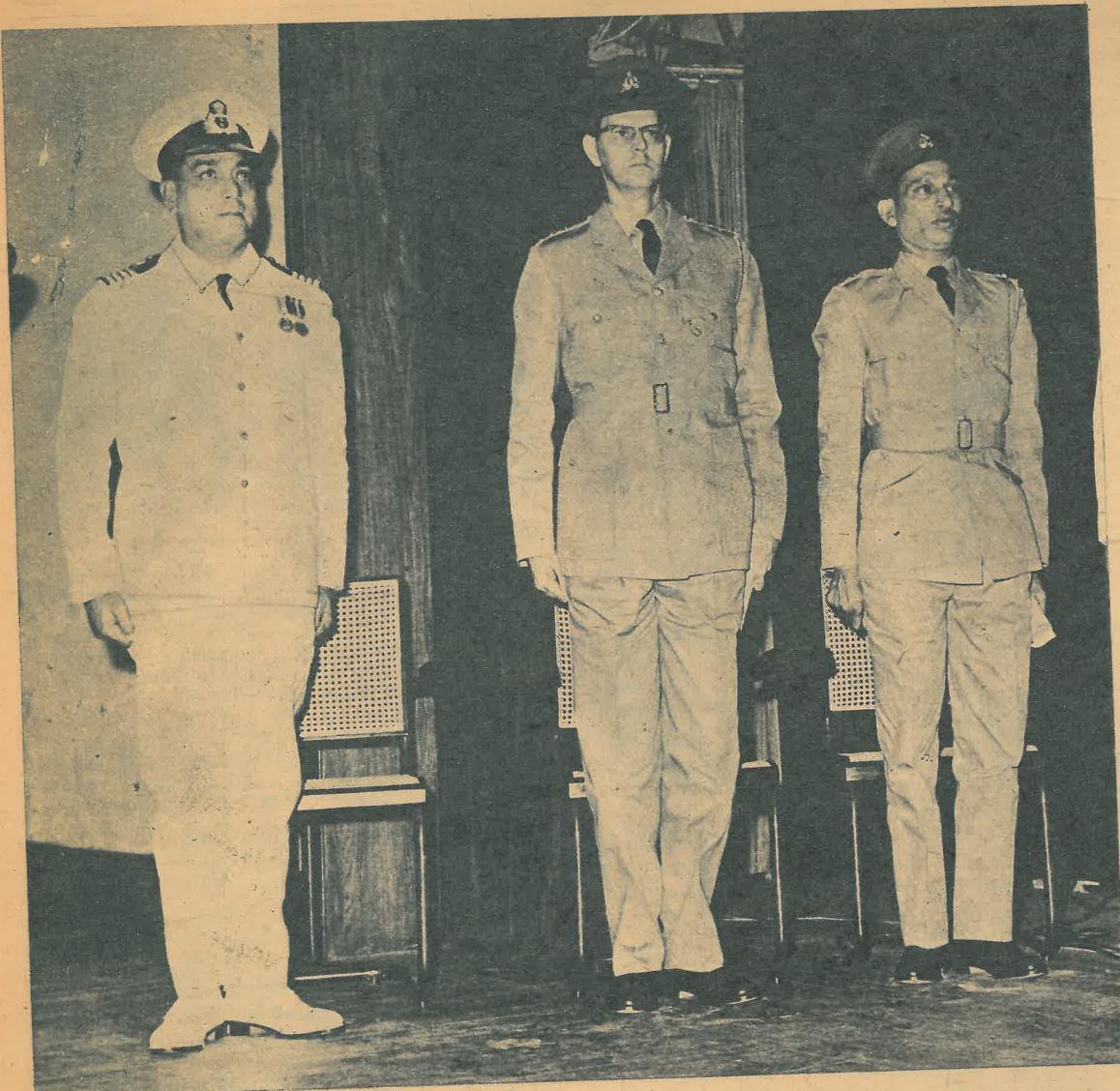
In recent years, India has become a smuggler's supermarket and a convenient base for international crooks like Walcott and Donze, who had successfully evaded the police of several countries, flying in and out of India freely on their smuggling missions, until they were finally laid by their heels in Bombay. They smuggled all possible contraband, from arms to gold and diamonds. Walcott is a suave, smooth-looking man who has the appearance of a successful business man, which guise is evidently his stock-in-trade. Though shifty-looking, Donze is undoubtedly the brains of the partnership. At present the pair, one American and one French, are serving their sentences, spending most of their time in jail, thinking up pretexts for appealing to the court on some ground or other. They argue their own cases—Walcott does the speaking, prompted and guided by Donze—and do not employ the services of



SHOES AS GOOD AS GOLD. Any boot-black shining this specially designed pair of shoes could collect invaluable gold-dust—that is, if he knew that each boot carries a gold slab a "foot" in length! It is on a war footing that "Operation Gold" is conducted nowadays, since smugglers have begun to arm their dhows with machine-guns to protect their cargo from seizure by the ever vigilant preventive squad.

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Recently the most spectacular case was the arrest and prosecution of Tukaram Gopal Gaokar and his twenty-two associates on charges of large-scale gold smuggling. Gaokar was a Sub-Inspector of Police who retired eight years ago on an invalid pension of Rs 62 per month. Within the eight years of his retirement he bought houses and property in Lonavla and Bombay, two Mercedes Benz cars, an Austin Cambridge, a Volkswagen, a Fiat and fifteen racehorses registered at the Turf Clubs of Bombay, Bangalore, Madras and Calcutta. Cash and jewellery worth Rs 1,00,000 were found at his residence. Gaokar's second-in-command, Gregory Leo Almeida, once a taxi-driver and bootlegger, bought a factory worth Rs 6 lakhs, three flats and owned or financed seven cars. Other members of the gang also bought property, flats and cars. They had a new jeep with hidden cavities to carry gold from Bombay to Madras. The decoding of their account-book showed that in 1966, over a period of five months, they smuggled gold worth Rs 6 crores into the country, out of which Rs 1 crore and 14 lakhs were



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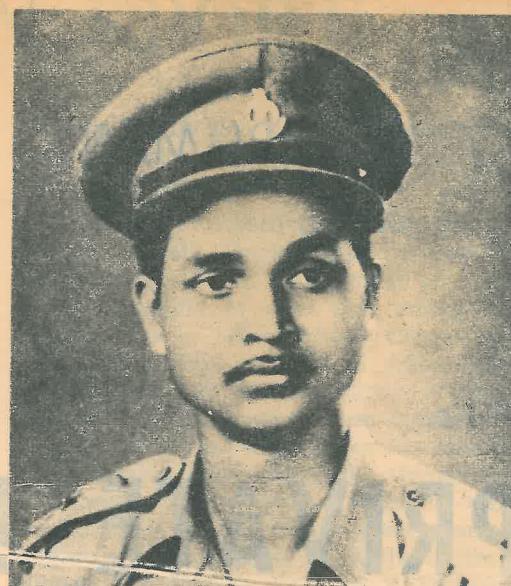
POLICE OFFICER C. D. BHESSADIA has had a big hand in the hauls of Bombay's Anti-Corruption Bureau. These include the seizure last year of 55,000 tolas of gold worth Rs 1,18,50,000. In recognition of his sustained good work in anti-smuggling operations, Bhesadia was granted accelerated promotion and awarded a bar to the police medal. The gold he seized usually bore French, Swiss or English markings, with each bar stamped "10 tolas"—making it clear that its destination was India.

recovered. This gang spread its tentacles all over India and its operations led up to the largest gold-smuggling case to be heard in the Bombay Court. The first arrests were made by officers of the D.R.I. and subsequently by Customs officials. This case was handed over to the C.B.I. for investigation and prosecution.

Though Gaokar was sentenced, he has appealed and is out on bail. He does not have the appearance of a powerful smuggler. He is a heavily built dour man who spent most of his time in court mopping his forehead and perhaps regretting his little lapse! His No. 2, Almeida, and No 3, Noronha, are sharper and more astute-looking, and possibly masterminded the operations.

Smugglers of gold and other contraband conduct their operations all over the country—in the most exclusive localities and in the most notorious areas. The finest network of their operations extend everywhere in Bombay. A report was recently received that a dhaw was sighted close to the Bombay coast with a machine-gun mounted on her deck. From this the inference may be drawn that the smugglers in Dubai are now arming their dhows to protect better their cargo against the efforts of officers of the preventive services. Other dhows have been seen as close as three nautical miles off the Bombay coast. Customs and Central Excise officials are now considering the use of more sophisticated weapons (such as automatics) and suitable training programmes.

The Government has recently created a new post and appointed Mr M. S. Mehta as Collector (Customs) Preventive, Bombay, in charge of anti-smuggling operations to coordinate the work of the Customs and the Central Excise in this field. It is to be expected that the next step, of providing preventive services all over India with fast seaworthy vessels, modern wireless equipment, aerial surveillance, up-to-date arms and sufficient land transport, will be taken.



JAYANT SITARAM PATEL, who gave his life in the execution of his duty, received a posthumous citation. At Srivardhan, Patole chased two smugglers into a nearby jungle. In the scuffle that followed, one of the smugglers opened fire. Patole returned the fire, only to be shot in the abdomen. He was rushed to the hospital but succumbed to his injury a few days later. Patole's is but one example of the courage and spirit shown by these men in combating the growing menace of smuggling.

A Hovercraft, which moves on a cushion of air both on land and water at a speed of 55-60 knots, was chartered from the UK and used for evaluation purposes on the west coast about a year and a half ago. During the few months that it was in use, it struck terror into the hearts of the smugglers, who named it *Shaitan*. Quite understandably the incidence of smuggling dropped considerably. In view of the impact of smuggling operations on India's economy



FOR CUSTOMS OFFICER D. G. MUGWE, a "racket" is nothing new, since he has had a "feel" of it from the time he represented India in Thomas Cup badminton. Handling a different kind of racket these last twelve years, Mugwe (winner of an award for a distinguished record of service) has been personally responsible for a number of spectacular captures. Only last week, at Nepean Sea Road in Bombay, he had a haul of 4,000 "gold biscuits" valued at Rs 88 lakhs, besides wristwatches worth Rs 12 lakhs.

and the severe drain on her foreign exchange, all anti-smuggling activities should be planned and run on a war footing.

It is only by investing large sums of money that the preventive services can be forged into an efficient and modern weapon for combating the growing menace of smuggling. But will our Government ever come to realise this and bring itself to act?

—Concluded



WISHING THEM "GOLDSPEED" was of no avail, as this Ambassador was intercepted on its way to Bombay, complete with gold jackets (seen in front) worth lakhs of rupees. Sometimes the police's informers employ a second or third party for the tip-off, so as to escape identification by those running the racket. The preventive services are, however, handicapped by the fact that they are desperately short of equipment to fight smugglers.

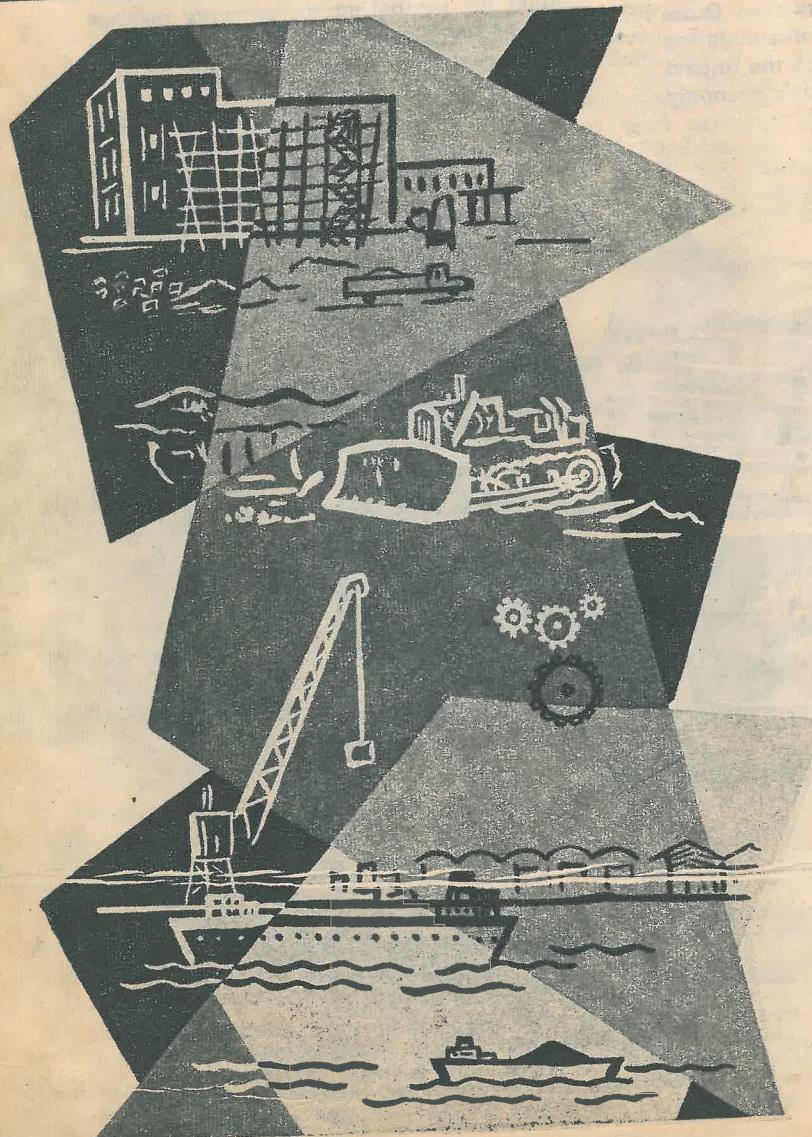
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Margao : Phone 252

GOANS IN SPORT

by FRED D'SOUZA

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN NO INDIAN HOCKEY OR FOOTBALL TEAM WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT A GOAN IN ITS LINE-UP. AND, NOT LONG AGO, THE FASTEST MAN AND WOMAN IN ASIA, LAVY PINTO AND MARY DE SOUSA, WERE BOTH GOANS. LOOK AT IT HOW YOU WILL, IT IS AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION THE GOANS HAVE MADE TO SPORT IN INDIA.

BEFORE the turn of the century, *Dhirrio* and *Sonnam* were popular forms of sport in Goa. *Dhirrio* was bullfighting—not man *vs* bull, as in Spain, but bull *vs* bull. *Sonnam* was played with the hard outer husk of the coconut and a stout stick. Since then Goans have come a long way and distinguished themselves in every form of sport, notably hockey, football and athletics.

ON THE ADMINISTRATIVE SIDE OF THE GAMES, GOANS FIGURE PROMINENTLY IN THE VARIOUS COMMITTEES THAT RUN THE SPORTS ASSOCIATIONS. THE NUMBER OF REFEREES AND UMPIRES IN THE VARIOUS GAMES IS LEGION. AND, WITH THEIR NATURAL FLAIR FOR NARRATIVE, THERE IS A STRONG REPRESENTATION OF GOANS AMONG THE SPORTS-PRESCRIBERS IN THE LEADING PAPERS OF BOMBAY.

THE FAMOUS GOAN SPORTSMAN AND ORGANISER, THE LATE ANTHONY S. DE MELLO, OF ROSHANARA CLUB, DELHI, AND THE M.C.C., ENGLAND, WAS BORN IN KARACHI IN 1900. TONY (AS HE WAS KNOWN) CAPTAINED HIS SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEAMS IN CRICKET, HOCKEY AND FOOTBALL AND CARRIED AWAY MANY A PRIZE IN ATHLETICS. HE WOULD HAVE GONE ON TO EARN HIS BLUE AT CAMBRIDGE BUT FOR HIS ENFORCED RETURN ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDER BROTHER, WHOSE SHIP WAS TORPEDOED ON ITS WAY TO INDIA.

COMING BACK TO INDIA, TONY SOON BLAZED A TRAIL IN INDIAN SPORT. HIS WAS THE GENIUS THAT TURNED THE QUADRANGULAR INTO THE PENTANGULAR CRICKET TOURNAMENT. HE CAPTAINED THE REST IN THE PENTANGULAR FOR THREE YEARS. IN 1928, HE FOUNDED THE BOARD OF CONTROL FOR CRICKET IN INDIA; AND, IN 1929, HE SECURED AFFILIATION FOR INDIA TO THE IMPERIAL (NOW INTERNATIONAL) CRICKET CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

In Cricket

IN 1933 HE FOUNDED THE CRICKET CLUB OF INDIA, FOR WHICH THE GIGANTIC BRABOURNE STADIUM, ONE OF THE BEST CRICKET VENUES IN THE WORLD, WAS COMPLETED MAINLY THROUGH HIS EFFORTS IN 1937. THEN, IN 1948, HE FOUNDED THE ASIAN CRICKET CONFERENCE, AT WHICH HE PRESIDED. A YEAR LATER HE LAUNCHED THE NATIONAL SPORTS CLUB OF INDIA, FOLLOWING IT UP BY BUILDING THE NATIONAL STADIUM IN DELHI, WHERE THE FIRST ASIAN GAMES WERE HELD IN 1951. THE SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL STADIUM IN BOMBAY CAME NEXT.

THE SAME YEAR HE ORGANISED THE WORLD TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS IN BOMBAY—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION TO BE HELD IN INDIA. IN CRICKET, THE RANJI TROPHY FOR THE NATIONAL, THE ROHINTON BARIA TROPHY FOR

INTER-UNIVERSITY AND THE COOCH-BEHAR TROPHY FOR INTER-SCHOOL ARE THREE MORE OF TONY'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE FIRST ORGANISED GOAN CLUB WAS THE AURORA BOREALIS CRICKET CLUB, STARTED BY GOAN STUDENTS. IT HAD A FORMIDABLE TEAM AND IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT AMONG THE LEADING PLAYERS WERE ALTINO CALACO AND UBALDO MASCARENHAS, BOTH OF WHOM LATER ADORNED THE HIGH OFFICE OF MAYOR OF BOMBAY. THE REAL INSTITUTE OF LUSO-INDIANS AND A COUPLE OF OTHER CLUBS FOLLOWED. REGULAR MATCHES WERE HELD AGAINST THE GYMKHANAS OF BOMBAY. AMONG THE OLD STALWARTS WERE DR ALBAN DE SOUSA, THE BROTHERS STANLEY, AUGUSTUS AND GEORGE DE SILVA, THE BROTHERS MICHAEL AND FILU DE MELLO, J. F. PAIS AND J. P. BRAGANZA, TO MENTION ONLY A FEW.

AFTER ABOUT TWO OR THREE DECADES, GOAN INTEREST IN CRICKET FLAGGED, OWING TO VARIOUS FACTORS. IT WOULD BE REMISS, HOWEVER, NOT TO MENTION A FEW GOANS WHO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES. WALTER DE SOUSA CAPTAINED THE WILSON COLLEGE TEAM, JUNOT FARIA PLAYED FOR THE GRANT MEDICAL COLLEGE (BREAKING THE RECORD FOR THE HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORE), AND, LATER ON, ANTHONY DE MELLO (DELHI), J. LEON DE SOUSA (BOMBAY) AND P. P. FERNANDES (KARACHI) PLAYED FOR THE REST IN THE BOMBAY PENTANGULAR. WALLIS MATHIAS FIGURED IN THE PAKISTAN TEAM IN 1965.

In Football

FOOTBALL TODAY IS THE MOST POPULAR GAME AMONG GOANS. AT THE CROSS MAIDAN AND THE OVAL IN BOMBAY, ONE CAN SEE ANY NUMBER OF BOYS KICKING THE BALL TO THEIR HEARTS' CONTENT. THEY THEN GRADUATE INTO THE NURSERY CLUBS, CHIEF OF WHICH IS THE GOAN SPORTS CLUB UNDER THE ENTHUSIASTIC MANAGEMENT OF ANICETO FERNANDES. THEN COME THE INTER-VILLAGE TOURNAMENTS, THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR LEAGUES OF THE WESTERN INDIA FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION, THE RAILWAY TEAMS, THE COMMERCIAL FIRMS' TEAMS AND, FINALLY, THE CHANCES FOR REPRESENTING THE STATE OR THE COUNTRY.

SOME EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, THE YOUNG GOANS TOOK BOMBAY BY STORM. PITTED AGAINST A CRACK LOCAL SIDE, THEY THRILLED THE PACKED STANDS BY THEIR SUPERB PLAY IN FOUR DRAWN GAMES. EACH PLAYER WAS PRESENTED WITH A SPECIAL MEMENTO BY THE ASSOCIATION.

NEVILLE DE SOUSA, AN OLYMPIAN IN 1956, WAS THE FIRST INDIAN TO SCORE A HAT-TRICK AT MELBOURNE. NEVILLE IS NOW AN ALL-INDIA SELECTOR. FORTUNATO FRANCO MADE THE OLYMPIC TEAM IN 1960. OTHER INTERNATIONALS ARE ANTHONY AYRES DE SOUSA, ANTHONY FERNANDES, ANDREW DE SOUSA, MENINO AND MARIO ROCHA. AMONG JUNIOR INTERNATIONALS WE HAVE ERNESTO GOES, JEROME FERUS, TIMOTHY PEREIRA AND G. DOURADO. SAUDE GEORGE IS A KENYA INTERNATIONAL.

AT HOCKEY GOANS HAVE MADE HISTORY. THE LUSITANIAN SPORTS CLUB WAS FOUNDED IN JULY 1909, AFTER A GOAN TEAM HAD ENTERED THE AGA KHAN TOURNAMENT THE PREVIOUS YEAR. WITH ASSIDUOUS PRACTICE AND GREATER EXPERIENCE, THE LUSITANIANS IN 1911 MADE FURTHER STRIDES, LOSING TO THE WINNERS OF THE AGA KHAN, THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT, IN THE SEMIFINALS. IN 1913 THEY MET THE XIV HUS-

SARS IN THE FINAL AFTER A GRUELLED PASSAGE. THE BETTING WAS ON THE HEFTY MILITARY SIDE OF THE CRACK BRITISH REGIMENT, BUT CONTRARY TO ALL EXPECTATIONS, AFTER THREE DRAWN ENCOUNTERS, THE GOANS PROVED BETTER IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF THE GAME. AT THE FOURTH MEETING, THE LUSITANIAN TEAM RAN RINGS AROUND THEIR OPPONENTS AND WON THE COVETED TROPHY 3-1, AMIDST SCENES OF WILD ENTHUSIASM AND EXCITEMENT. A CONGRATULATORY MESSAGE CAME FROM LORD WILLINGDON, THE THEN GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

Since their advent the Lusitanians have won the Aga Khan Cup five times, been runners-up five times and Provincial Champions five times. They won the Bombay Gold Cup in its inaugural year and in 1960. Away from Bombay, they have won the Madras Gold Cup and been finalists in the Brighton Cup of Calcutta.

In Hockey

FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, THE LUSITANIANS HELD THEIR OWN AND THEIR CLUB WAS THE GREATEST NURSERY FOR HOCKEY IN BOMBAY. IN SUCCEEDING YEARS, ALMOST EVERY LOCAL TEAM HAD IN ITS RANK PLAYERS WHO HAD GAINED LAURELS AND EXPERIENCE IN LUSITANIAN TEAMS.

AMONG OTHERS, I MUST MENTION DOMINIC FERNANDES (CAPTAIN OF THE 1939 CUP-WINNING TEAM), WHO WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR TRAINING THE YOUNG ONES AND KEEPING THE LUSITANIANS TOGETHER. HE IS TODAY ONE OF OUR TOP HOCKEY REFEREES.

AT THE TIME OF THE 1932 LOS ANGELES GAMES, THE BEST FORWARD IN BOMBAY WAS JOHNNY PINTO. IT IS VERY UNFORTUNATE THAT HE NEVER FOUND A PLACE IN INDIA'S OLYMPIC TEAM. WALTER DE SOUSA (BACK), MAXIE VAZ (HALF), LEO PINTO (GOAL), LAWRIE FERNANDES (WING) AND P. P. FERNANDES (WING) PLAYED IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES FOR INDIA. FRANK CORREA AND VENICIO CARVALHO SECURED NATIONAL HONOURS. VENICIO IS TODAY A HOCKEY COACH IN SPAIN.

FRANCIS DA GAMA WAS THE IDOL OF THE PUBLIC IN THE HALF-LINE AND SACRU MENEZES WAS ONE OF THE BEST GOALKEEPERS INDIA PRODUCED. SACRU PLAYED HOCKEY FROM 1934 DOWN AND ONLY RECENTLY RETIRED FROM THE GAME.

GOANS WHO HAVE PLAYED IN INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FOR KENYA ARE ALLOO MENDONCA (CAPTAIN AT THE 1960 ROME OLYMPIC GAMES), SAUDE GEORGE, LESLIE PINTO, REYNOLDS DE SOUSA AND THE FERNANDESES: SILU, EGBERT, EDGAR, HILLARY AND LEO.

FOLLOWING CECILIA DE SOUSA AND PAMELA DE SOUSA, WHO WERE SO PROMINENT IN THE OLD DAYS, THE TORCH FOR WOMEN WAS CARRIED BY MARY DE SOUSA AND EULALIA RODRIGUES IN INTERNATIONAL GAMES FOR INDIA AND BY BERTHA FERNANDES AND MITELIA FERNANDES FOR KENYA.

LET US ALSO NOT FORGET THAT AT ONE TIME THE FASTEST MAN AND WOMAN IN ASIA WERE GOANS—LAVY PINTO AND MARY DE SOUSA. OTHERS WHO HAVE REPRESENTED INDIA IN ASIAN AND OLYMPIC GAMES ARE, AMONG MEN, NICHOLAS FERRAO, ALEX SEQUEIRA, SERAPHINO ANTAS, OWEN PINTO, JOE CRASTO AND EDWARD SEQUEIRA, AND, AMONG WOMEN, STEPHIE DE SOUSA, MARY LEELA RAO, MARIE SIMOES, CECILIA PAIS AND PHILOMENA GOES.

IN TABLE TENNIS, ANTOINETTE DE SOUSA AND PRISCA NUNES HAVE EARNED CHAMPIONSHIP HONOURS.

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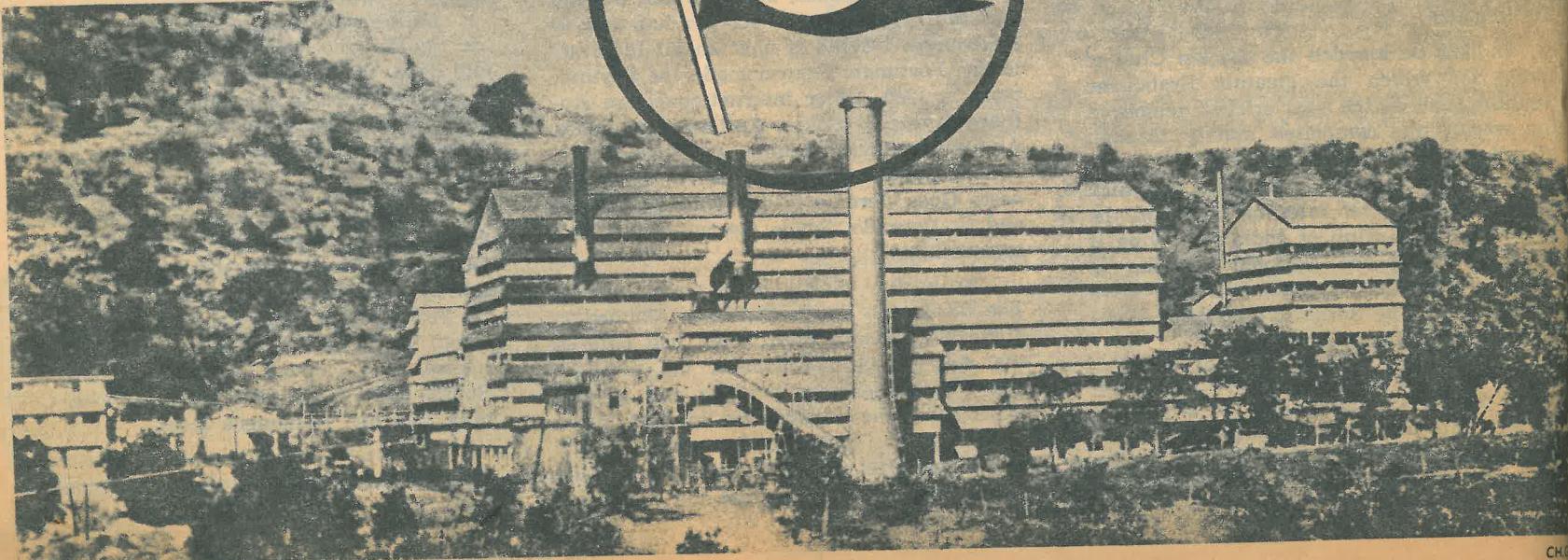
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SAHITYA AKADEMI AWARD-WINNERS



M. U. MALKANI

by GOPI GAUBA

"M.U.", as he is known, has won the award for his book, "Sindhi Nasr-ji-Tarikh".

THIS YEAR the honour of winning the Sahitya Akademi Award in Sindhi has gone to Professor Mangharam Udharam Malkani, 74, for his book, *Sindhi Nasr-ji-Tarikh*, which, to quote the author himself, "is the only history of Sindhi prose (there being a few on Sindhi poetry), from the earliest beginning up to Partition.

"It took me twenty years to collect the vast material from public and private libraries in Sind and India, to classify it, to make several drafts until it reached its present form and size of over four hundred pages," says "M.U.", as he is popularly known. "The genesis of the book lay in a series of lectures I delivered at the Theosophical Society in Karachi, under the presidentship of one of our greatest scholars, Lalchand Anardinalmal, the last of our writers with whose death, in Bombay, the classical era in Sindhi literature came to a close." "M.U." dedicated the book to Diwan Lalchand.

In fact, the book was completed in 1961 and Diwan Dayaram Vassanmal, who has written an interesting and comprehensive eight-page Introduction to Sindhi Writing,

did not live to see it in print. Professor Malkani, despairing of its ever seeing the light of day, brought it out himself in 1967 through Hari Motwani of Koonj Publications.

It is a monumental work and I have learnt a great deal from it. It contains almost everything that we need to know about Sindhi literature. In his Preface, Professor Malkani has mentioned his fierce pride when he suddenly realised that Sindhi writing is not as feeble as has been generally thought!

Withal, "M.U." has always been a shy person, reticent in expressing himself. As my Professor for English Literature, he was ever genial, ever eager to assist anyone who needed his help in research, in putting up a drama or arranging a literary function.

Born in Hyderabad (Sind)—my home town—in 1896, Mangharam Malkani attended the Government High School, where he won the First Prizes in English and History in his Matriculation Examination. Graduating from D. J. Sind College, Karachi, in English Language and Literature, he prepared himself for a Master's Degree, which idea he dropped to write a thesis on Modern

Realistic Drama. The manuscript, however, was ruined beyond salvation in a sudden and unexpected thunderstorm.

Throughout his school and college years, "M.U." had been vitally interested in dramatics, attending plays and taking part in them, mostly in female roles, as was the practice then. Suddenly, tiring of everything, especially of the hectic activity of city life, he went off into the interior of Sind—to live for five years on the family estates. Finding himself a misfit as a zamindar or a landlord and unhappy in rural surroundings, he accepted the offer of a Lecturership of English at his Alma Mater. There he soon became Assistant Professor of English and Sindhi, automatically taking up the same post at the newly put-up Jai Hind College in Bombay, after Partition. In that college, for many years, he was Head of the Department of English, as also a member of the Board of Studies of Bombay University, for English and Sindhi.

Professor Malkani's contribution to writing in Sindhi (and English) is extensive. He has tried his hand at poetry, essay, criticism, translation and drama. His *Sindhi Nasr-ji-Tarikh*—dealing with the Sindhi script and alphabet, short story, novel, drama (the best chapter), one-act play, essay and criticism, giving chapter and verse and the author's own views—makes an excellent bibliography and will be invaluable to research scholars of Sindhi literature. The style is lucid, idiomatic and easy on the ear. I found it fascinating reading and lingered long over it.

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New Scheme For Romanisation

"GazLiAt e GALib" edited by Professor Mujeeb and others (GALib Academy, Nizamuddin West, New Delhi 13; Rs 5)

India can boast of as many as fifteen hurdles to mutual understanding, commonly known as our regional languages. The situation is further aggravated by the large number of scripts through which these languages are expressed. Inspired by the unquestionable need for better communication between different linguistic groups, suggestions have time and again been made for a common (or second) script for all Indian languages. Roman has often been mentioned in this connection. However, Roman, not being a phonetic system, there

show that this is indeed a useful scheme for writing Urdu in Roman script. However, the propagators of this scheme are not content with this much. Mr M. R. A. Baig, Chairman of the Group, in his Foreword, hopes that this scheme "will give an impetus to wider use of Roman script for Indian languages as a step towards mutual understanding..." Mr Latifi also hopes to have some works in other Indian languages out by the end of the year. The question is: Can we satisfactorily write all the Indian languages, using Mr Latifi's scheme?

The scheme is faultless as far as vowels are concerned, though some acquaintance with the language may be necessary if one is a stickler for purity of pronunciation. Consonants, however, are not merely the forms our voice can assume, but are the actual sounds. The same sound can be produced in a different manner by different people, and herein lies the difficulty. To take just a few examples: Mr Latifi uses capital S for 'sh' (as in 'short'), and capital L for the L-sound (as in 'London'). Now both these sounds can be produced either by touching the palate with the tongue or by placing the tongue at the back of the teeth. In Sanskrit, thus, we have two types of 'sh' sounds, one in 'Syam' and the other in 'Krsna' or 'Varsa'. One does not have to be a purist to see that these are quite different sounds, though represented by the same letter in Mr Latifi's scheme. Similarly, in many languages, notably Tamil and Marathi, the L-sound is produced by touching the palate with the tongue, and it is very different from the L-sound in Hindi or Bengali. Some languages have in fact two letters to denote these different sounds.

Another omission of consequence is a peculiarly nasal sound, resembling the Italian 'n' (as in *Senor*) or the French 'gn'. In this sound, 'n' is almost inaudible, and is coupled with a 'y'. Many languages use it, and it is simply indispensable for Indological purposes.

It is apparent that, though Mr Latifi's scheme is commendable in many respects, it is also deficient in others. The peculiar sounds mentioned above do require the diacritical marks, if we wish to preserve their natural form, however eye-straining these marks may be. After all, dots and bars too can easily be supplied by the typewriter,

once one comes to have some practice.

P. C.

The West Side Story

"A Triangular View" by Dilip Hiro (Dobson; 25s.)

The three men in Dilip Hiro's novel, *A Triangular View*, are of the new generation. All of them, their eyes uncoloured by sentiment or patriotism, are hunters in England. They know what they want to get—but whether or not they get it is the core of this funny and observant novel.

For Dev Raj Verma, a draughtsman and refugee from West Pakistan, England is a glittering land of sex and affluence. The shop-windows are excitingly full of women's underwear, the streets are full of luscious emancipated females. None of the "curry crowd" for him, he decides emphatically. His time in England will be spent in coming to grips with the English, preferably with the young and female English. But how to do it? Despite his wheatish complexion, despite his motor-bike and dancing lessons, Dev finds the going hard. A hundred and two fruitless visits to dance halls go by before he acquires his first English girl-friend.

Nothing works out as he imagined. Racial prejudice rears its ugly head; the fine sentiments and moral principles of his friends turn out to be phoney; the girl he finally commits himself to has a fiance in the background. So, embittered, having discovered that the shop-windows stock only soiled and second-hand goods, Dev finally turns his back on England and leaves for America.

It is wiser, the author implies, to set one's sights low in the West. For his second figure, Tony D'Lima, has on the face of it integrated successfully. His home is flashy, his wife is English. But his wife is also unfaithful. Only Arjun, who stays firmly rooted in Indian culture, comes through unscathed. Determined attacks are made on his virginity, but he manages to get back chastely to Bombay, saying, with a sigh of relief: "Only our women are true and sane."

Dilip Hiro has a fine time in his book, attacking and overturning Indian shibboleths, and he does so with a gay lack of reverence. From Dev's initial decision to invest in skin-bleaching cream to the secretary of a lo-

cal Indian Association who, "flushing with pride, fired yet another shot from the armoury of the Indian Ministry of Information: 'Over the past ten years literacy rate up 51%, steel production up 125%, bicycles up 1,280%..." he pricks pretensions and pomposities with deftness, affection and accuracy.

N. K.

Voice Of Ghalib

"Ghalib and His Poetry" by Sardar Jafri and Qurratulain Hyder (Popular Prakashan; Rs 15)

In the spate of books on Ghalib published in the year of his birth centenary, this will rank among the better ones. Ali Sardar Jafri, a poet, and Qurratulain Hyder, a novelist, have drawn on their erudition and insights to produce it. The former offers an appreciation of Ghalib's work. "Ghalib's greatness lies in the fact that he not only encompassed the inner turmoil of his age, he also created new urges, inner agitations and demands. Breaking through the bonds of time, his poetry reaches out into the past and the future. To use the language of Eastern metaphor, Ghalib tested his personal experiences, born out of an exceedingly refined aesthetic sense, on the touchstone of human psychology and translated them into pure poetry. This gave him a universal voice, making him a poet who celebrated each individual moment of human life."

Qurratulain Hyder has translated excerpts from the poet's letters and some of his Persian and Urdu poems. The task has been ably accomplished and it is a joy to go through the volume and find translations of one's favourite pieces.

Of these, let me share two with the reader; they give the flavour of the whole. One is a letter to Mir Majrooh. "What do you want to know and what shall I write? Delhi meant the Fort, the Chandni Chowk, the daily bazar near the Jama Mosque, the weekly trip to the Jamuna bridge, the annual fair of the flower-sellers. These five things are no more. Where is Delhi now? Yes, there used to be a city of this name in the land of Ind."

And those unforgettable couplets:

When there was naught,
existed God,
If all turned Void, He'd still
be there.
Doomed am I, for I am,
Whatever could be if I were
not?

A. G. N.



were obvious difficulties in its adoption. Danial Latifi has recently put forward a new scheme for Romanisation which tries to counter these difficulties, and the Muslim Progressive Group has brought out this volume of Ghalib's verse, using his scheme, which has many commendable features.

In a personal communication, Mr Latifi thus enumerated the merits of his scheme: (1) it can be typed on any typewriter and printed in any press; (2) one sound—one symbol and vice versa; (3) a complete phonetic system for Urdu and other Indian languages.

This has been achieved by assigning an entirely new function to the capital letters. In Mr Latifi's scheme, these represent long vowels and peculiarly Indian consonants. To illustrate, BApU's favourite *bhajan* shall be written in this way: *raghupati rAghava rAjA rAm| patit pAvana sItArAm*. Long and short vowels could clearly be denoted thus, and a knowledge of Hindi is not essential to pronounce the words correctly.

Even a cursory glance through the volume under review will



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I FEEL GUILTY

by KRISHNA BALDEV VAID

AT the tip of the alley, scooped out of a wall, there is a betel-leaf shop. My father's favourite haunt. The betel-leaf seller is drowsy. Old. Like my father. A withered shade clings to the wall where he sits on a broken iron chair. My father. Reading a newspaper. His eyes close to the page. I stop at a distance. He can't see me. Perhaps I should go back. I have come after a long time this time. To pay my visit. I feel guilty. I approach him and stop. He is absorbed in the newspaper. It is near noon. The sun is fierce. I look at his old torn shoes. His trembling hands. His white cottony hair. I feel guilty.

He is looking at me now. My father. His eyes are empty. He places his hands on his knees and raises himself with difficulty. The newspaper has slipped off his lap. The chair creaks. His knees creak. I pick up the newspaper and put it down near the betel-leaf seller. He opens his eyes a bit and resumes his dozing. I put a hand in my pocket. He sees me doing that. My father.

—Continued



A pond and ever loving
A Moses, B.A., LL.B.
Superintendent, Nasik,
Division, 4th April, 1941.
Chauhan, cherry and full
of him can never have no hope
lovable and kindly mage.

PUNJABI—HOWLER is
on 24-4-1971 from Rev. Frs.
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Shivram, Shola-

measured memory of dear

Irao left us so lonely and sad on

the day

Mr. 1, 4, 6,

Prabhakar,

Kura and family

Sheshank, Suresh

TALEGAWKAR —

in memory of Mr.

Head Clerk to

Offices, Nasik

at Nasik

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Our heart

daughters

and loving memory

who left us on fourth

you will always stay

every day.

the family

Shivram, Shola-

measured memory of dear

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TALEGAWKAR —

in memory of Mr.

Head Clerk to

Offices, Nasik

at Nasik

A

F

ACK.

Our heart

daughters

and loving memory

who left us on fourth

you will always stay

every day.

the family

Shivram, Shola-

measured memory of dear

Irao left us so lonely and sad on

the day

Mr. 1, 4, 6,

Prabhakar,

Kura and family

Sheshank, Suresh

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Our heart

daughters

GOA OFFERS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRIALISTS

GOA HAS VAST NATURAL RESOURCES, A SOUND INFRASTRUCTURE, AN ATMOSPHERE OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE, AND A WIDE RANGE OF INCENTIVES FOR INDUSTRIALISTS. UNITS ARE ALREADY SPRINGING UP FAST. NOW IS THE TIME TO SET UP YOUR INDUSTRY IN GOA.

INDUSTRIAL ESTATES and areas have been set up near Panaji and Margao.

POWER AND WATER are readily available. For small scale industries power consumption is heavily subsidised.

COMMUNICATIONS are excellent. Goa has $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the national average of road length per Sq. Km. There are great inland water ways. Goa is connected to the rest of the country by road, rail, sea and air. It is connected to the rest of the world by the major port of Marmagoa.

FINANCE is not a problem. Quick assistance on easy terms is available to small industrialists. Larger loans, too, are provided for.

ANCILLARIES several larger units are coming up. You can get information about possible ancillary industries from us.

INFORMATION AND TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE are available to you right from the start.

INDUSTRY IS EASY IN GOA

For further information write to :

**THE DIRECTOR OF INDUSTRIES AND MINES,
Government of Goa, Daman and Diu, Panaji,
GOA.**

Perhaps I should give him the money and return. Perhaps that is what he would like too. But I can't. I have to go home with him. To face my mother. And the others. I feel guilty.

She is squatting in a corner. As usual. Grumbling. To herself about others. He bends down to her slowly and shakes her by the shoulder. My father. The mournful moans of my home. She looks at me. My mother. An old beggarly woman. I sit down on a clumsy bed. Clumsily. The stink of old age. Of old ailments. I feel guilty. She gets up from the floor and comes towards me groaning.

I drop my gaze at her feet. Bare and old and dirty. Like the old torn shoes of my father. I want to say something to soothe her. She is bending over my head. She is crying. Like the squeaks of a mouse caught in a door. My lips are pursed. I should not have come. My home is full of corpses. I should not have come. Why don't you sit down now? My father. I look at him sitting on the other bed. His head in his hands. His eyes are full of fear. And apologies. As usual. I want to assure him that I won't shout this time.

I WANT to apologise to him for the last time. I drop my gaze at his old torn shoes. She sits next to me. Too close. I move away a bit. She moves closer to me. He laughs sheepishly. My father. I look at him. He conceals his laughter in his cough. I glue my gaze to a corner of the room. She is caressing my back. My mother. The floor is littered with dirty utensils. Old shoes. Bunches of old hair. A crooked chair. Clothes clinging to walls like corpses. She is wiping her eyes. My mother. I feel guilty.

I have lost my appetite. I can't digest anything. My clothes are all worn out. Nobody talks to me. I would be happy dead. I have nobody but you to look after me. I am old and sick. You don't even come often enough. It is all my karma. I don't blame

Fictions

I bring you a flower. Look how
Between my thumb and finger the stem
Raises the bulb above everything in the
room.

Touch my hand lightly. Let my gift extend
Its breath into you before it passes from my
fingers.

When I name its colour, say
You have never seen so deep a red. Say it is
My giving makes it more a flower. Because
the moment
Your eyes complete my offering, no flower
need exist.

I once held out real flowers
To a girl who wanted love. In time her
manner
Of taking increased my loss of meaning.
Thereafter
Each failure meant fewer gestures to come
through to you.

With you it is easy to believe in
The flower that we create so beautifully
from our laughter.

SALEEM PEERADINA

anybody. When you come you don't talk to me. Your father spends all his time at that betel-leaf seller's reading his newspaper. Your brother is never home. Your sister is an eyesore. If at least she had been happy in her own home instead of torturing me with her impudence.

You were my only hope. There is no one I can talk to. I am old. I need attention. You are afraid of your wife. I miss my grand-daughters. But why should I blame anyone. It is my karma. I don't have long to live. I shall die some day and you won't be here. I feel guilty.

I must leave or I'll burst. I shouldn't have come. He is not looking at me any more. My father. Perhaps he has all those complaints too. But he'll never say. My father. I can't remove her complaints. I can. I can't. I am filled with disgust. She is still whimpering. I have no pity or remorse. It is pure disgust. No it is not. My father looks at me. He knows I am tense. He fears I'll burst. I am furious at his fear. I drop my gaze at her feet. I feel guilty.

A dirty child from the next apartment comes in. With the shy looks of a thumb-sucker. He beckons her towards him. With a smile. My father. Look Manno is here. He pushes Manno to my mother. I don't want Manno. I want my own grand-daughters. Why can't I see my own grand-daughters? But your wife won't let them even visit me. I love them. It would be easier to die with them around me. But I am an old woman. Nobody loves me. Why don't you take me with you and take care of me for the last few days of my life? I can't blame you. I can't blame anyone. It is my karma. She bursts into sobs. I feel guilty.

MANNO runs out of the room, scared. Will you stop this whimpering? He is shouting to assure me that he is not with her. I am not assured. I look at him. He does not look back. He has all her complaints. He won't ever say he has. My father. I am furious at his silence. I close my eyes. Her sobs sing hoarsely in the dark. I must get up or I'll burst.

I get up. My younger brother has just come in. I want to smile at him. He doesn't look at me. He too holds me responsible for her. And his own problems. I drop my gaze. I should not have come. With the coming in of my brother my tenseness has increased. I feel guilty.

In front of me there is a rickety bookshelf. In the middle of my brother's tottering books I see a picture. My own. The glass is cracked. Perhaps my father or brother picked it up in anger some day and smashed it to the floor. I stare at my shattered face. I am filled with self-pity. Then with anger at the self-pity.

I move towards the door. My eternally bereaved sister is standing there now. Are you leaving? I keep quiet. My mother is behind me. Her hand is on my back. Don't leave so soon. I keep quiet. I am about to faint. Don't leave. I keep quiet. My father is looking at me. I close my eyes. How are the girls? My sister. What does she care about them? My mother. She is full of venom against my sister. My sister is looking at me. I drop my gaze. I feel guilty.



With a jerk I step out of the room. Wrapped in the mantle of martyrdom. My mother is moaning as if she is being slowly slaughtered. My father's hand is on my shoulder. His bashed-in-old face is quivering. His eyes are full of fear. He points towards her. My mother. She is squatting on the floor. Keening. I turn back to her and touch her feet. She keeps keening. I straighten myself and look at my father. He does not look back.

I run out of the house. I look back. He is following me. His head bent. I slow down. He catches up with me at the betel-leaf shop. I stop. I take a few crumpled bank notes out of my pocket. I put them in his extended hands. They are shaky. The betel-leaf seller is awake now. He has watched the transaction. I extend my hand to my father's feet. I turn and run to the bus standing in the fierce sun.

Did you pay them your visit today? my wife asks. Yes, I answer. How were they? she asks. Fine. I say. What did they say this time? she asks. Nothing much, I answer. I don't believe you, she says. I keep quiet. How's their health? she asks. Not bad, I say. No complaints? she asks. None, I say. I don't believe you, she says. I keep quiet. How much did you give them this time? she asks. I keep quiet. Was the visit without an incident? she asks. Yes, I say. Then what's with you? she asks.

I keep quiet. Whenever you go to visit them you come back in this rotten mood, she says. I glare at her. I have told you a thousand times to send a money order or something, she says. I keep quiet. What's the use of visiting them if you... I gnash my teeth and shout: Won't you ever shut up! Our daughters look at me scared and surprised. I feel guilty.

(Translated from the Hindi by the author)

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS
FROM
D. B. BANDODKAR AND SONS
ALTINHO, PANAJI
GOA.

* * * * *

DEMPO STEAMSHIPS LIMITED
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An Encyclopaedia Of Stamps

IN March this year the International Publishing Corporation launched the world's biggest philatelic publication enterprise when it issued the first part of the *International Encyclopaedia of Stamps*. The Corporation had spent over £150,000 (Rs 27,00,000) on advance publicity.

The *Encyclopaedia* will cover more than 50,000 stamp references in about one and a half million words concerning every country, postal administration and even private letter company—whatever has put itself on the philatelic map by issuing stamps.

The postal history of every country is also discussed in detail. A great amount of background information is also recorded, enabling the collector to understand more fully the reasons which lie behind changes in postal rates, currency, political status, routing of mail and the like.

Apart from geographical entries, every technical term is fully covered. These range from purely philatelic nomenclature to technical aspects of stamp printing, paper production, the composition of paper and ink, and modern phenomena, such as fluorescence ("tagging" and phosphor bands), involved in the automation of letter-handling.

Extensive biographical notes are given on famous philatelists of the past, the artists who designed stamps and the companies which have printed them. A useful feature appended to each major country entry is *Collector's Items*, indicating the stamps which are worth looking out for.

The *Encyclopaedia* will be issued in 98 weekly parts at 4/6d each. The work has been edited by Mr James Mackay, curator of the philatelic section of the British Museum.

Incidentally, Messrs Robson Lowe Ltd., of London, had issued four volumes of the *Encyclopaedia of British Empire Stamps* some years ago.

A Great Portuguese Explorer

To mark the end of the celebrations of the Fifth Birth Centenary of Vasco da Gama, Portugal has issued a special set of four stamps, as illustrated.

The denominations issued are: \$1.00: portrait; \$2.80: coat-of-arms; \$3.50: route to India; \$4.00: the Fleet.

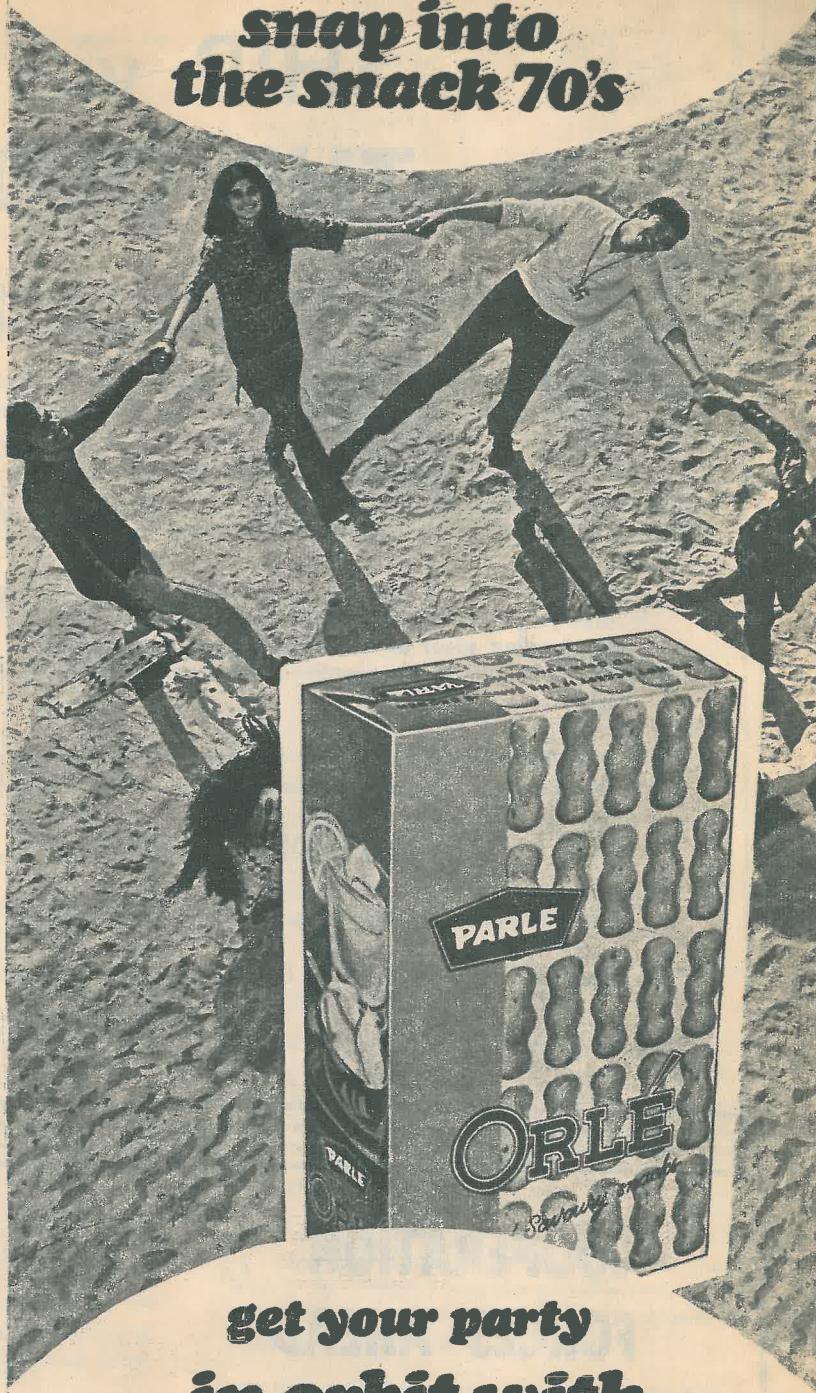
Though written as \$, Portugal's currency is called "Escudos".

JAL COOPER



VASCO DA GAMA'S birth centenary was celebrated last year. Portugal issued these stamps to commemorate the anniversary.

**snap into
the snack 70's**



**get your party
in orbit with**

ORLÉ
SAVOURY SNACKS

so crisp, so uniquely spicy



SHIP via MORMUGAO THE OLD NEW PORT

MORMUGAO IS AN OLD PORT, for its first wharf facilities were built in as early as 1888 — which was five years before the first Dock system of Calcutta was completed, and 25 years before the completion of the present Madras Harbour.

MORMUGAO IS ALSO A NEW PORT, for, otherwise, how could it remain the second leading Port of India in the total traffic or the Port with the largest export tonnage among all Indian Ports?

How else could vessels of over 60,000 dwt. visit the Port and go back with full load?

The last time this happened, the vessel had to spend only 12 days in Port, for the entire loading and other operations.

But even this will soon be an old story — for the target is to reduce this to just one day — by the year 1973. We are dredging the Port from a draft of 9.15 metre to 13.72 metre, in the first instance, and are also installing a huge mechanised ore loading plant of 8,000 tonnes per hour capacity. By 1973, there will also be newer and modern facilities for general cargo traffic, which quantity is also presently increasing at a rapid rate. All this is going to cost us an estimated Rs. 28.64 crores.

And this is no glib talk. For the contract for the capital dredging, the main part of our Development Project, has already been awarded to a Yugoslavian firm, work on which was inaugurated on the 7th of February, 1970.

WE ARE INDEED MODERN, BUT WE WANT TO BE EVEN MORE SO

For, the times are changing, and new challenges are coming up every day, not only for us, but for all ports;

And our motto is simply to be up with the times, so that we always remain —

THE OLD NEW PORT.

COOPERATION FORGES AHEAD

THERE ARE 385
COOPERATIVES IN GOA,
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SEVENTY PERCENT OF THE
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**THE REGISTRAR OF
COOPERATIVE SOCIETIES,**
Goa, Daman and Diu.

VAPI-INK 5:70

no more soap down the drain...

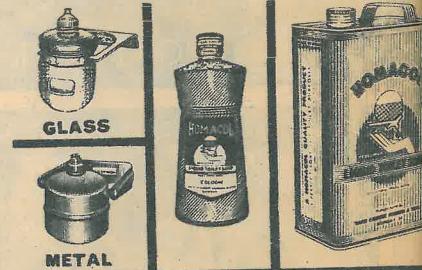


Aren't you tired of messy cakes of soap that become soggy and wasteful? Well, now here's a product that's

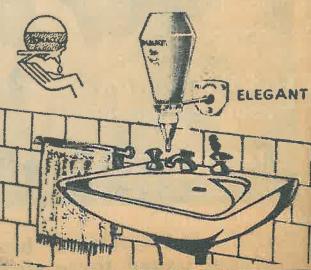
not only easier to use but pleasant too.

It is HOMACOL LIQUID SOAP. No wastage, no pilferage, no laborious lathering, no fuss...all done in a trice! You will like it for the ease and economy it ensures. Just choose your favourite perfume and you'll love it.

HYGIENIC HOMACOL



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"DISTRIBUTORS IN ALL IMPORTANT TOWNS REQUIRED"

TWO old girl friends met on the street after not seeing each other for several years. "Belle, my dahlings," shrieked one. "It's so good to see you. Tell me dear do you and your husband have those terrible arguments any more?"

"No," said Belle.

"What made you stop?"

"He died," said Belle.

AMERICAN: "On Broadway, in New York, we have one sign which has a hundred thousand electric lamps, red, white and blue."

Englishman: "My word! But isn't that a bit, er, conspicuous?"

REPEAT the words the defendant used," said the lawyer.

"I'd rather not. They were not fit words to tell a gentleman."

"Then," said the attorney, "whisper them to the judge."

Jest A Minute

MUMMY, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know. I've never met your father's people."

BUSINESS was pretty bad at Percy's Bargain Emporium. Then, to compound his troubles, Harry's on his right decided to run a big going-out-of-business sale and hung up a sign reading THE GREATEST GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE EVER. YOU COULDN'T GET BIGGER BARGAINS IF WE WERE REALLY GOING OUT OF BUSINESS. Then Everett, on Percy's left, decided to run a sale and hung up a sign reading FIRE SALE. YOU COULDN'T GET BETTER BUYS EVEN IF THERE WAS A REAL FIRE. Percy joined in the fun. He hung up a sign directly between the others reading ENTRANCE TO SALE.

IT'S considered improper and discourteous to walk out on your hosts before the party ends. Wait and be carried out with the rest.

MOTHER came to visit me in the little rural community where I had settled.

"They're nice people here," she said one day. "I don't see why you should complain about your neighbours. The man down the road asked about you today. He said you've been ill lately. Is he a friend of yours?"

"No mother," I said. "He's the undertaker."

HAD a hard day today," said the backwoods preacher as he sat down to his dinner. "Hadda baptise four adults and six adulteresses."

HAS this dog got a pedigree?" asked the cautious purchaser.

"Pedigree, lady?" said the vendor. "Why, if this 'ere dog could talk, 'e wouldn't speak to neither of us."

IF we get married, will you give up smoking?"

"Yes."

"And drinking too?"

"Yes."

"And will you stop going to your club in the evening?"

"Yes."

"And what else are you thinking of giving up, darling?"

"The idea of getting married."

YOUNG Hopeful: "Papa, what is a renegade?"

Politician: "A renegade is a man who leaves our party and goes to the other one."

Young Hopeful: "Well, then what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to ours?"

Politician: "A convert, my boy."



—From Punch

"I'm so glad we've become private patients. Here's Dr Baines with the prescription."

SMALL Boy (with his hands full of nuts, to old lady): "Say, can you crack nuts with your teeth?"

Old Lady: "No, indeed. I lost all my teeth ages ago."

Small Boy: "Then will you hold these for me till I gather some more?"

IF a man can't see why a girl wears a mini-choli, she shouldn't.

DURING the beginning of an earthquake, a couple sent their small son to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A few days later, they received a telegram reading: "Am returning your boy. Send earthquake."

ON RECEIVING one of the invitations Bernard Shaw never had any time for, which said that Lady So-and-So would be "At Home", he is said to have returned it with the laconic note: "So shall I."

A SOLDIER who had lost an arm at Austerlitz was presented to Napoleon, who pinned on his breast the medal of the Legion of Honour. "That," he said, "is for your lost arm."

"If I had lost the other arm, Sire," the soldier queried, "what would you have given me?"

"I should have made you an officer of the Legion," said Napoleon. Whereupon the soldier drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

This story is, of course, quite true, but there is just the trifling difficulty of knowing exactly how the soldier managed it.

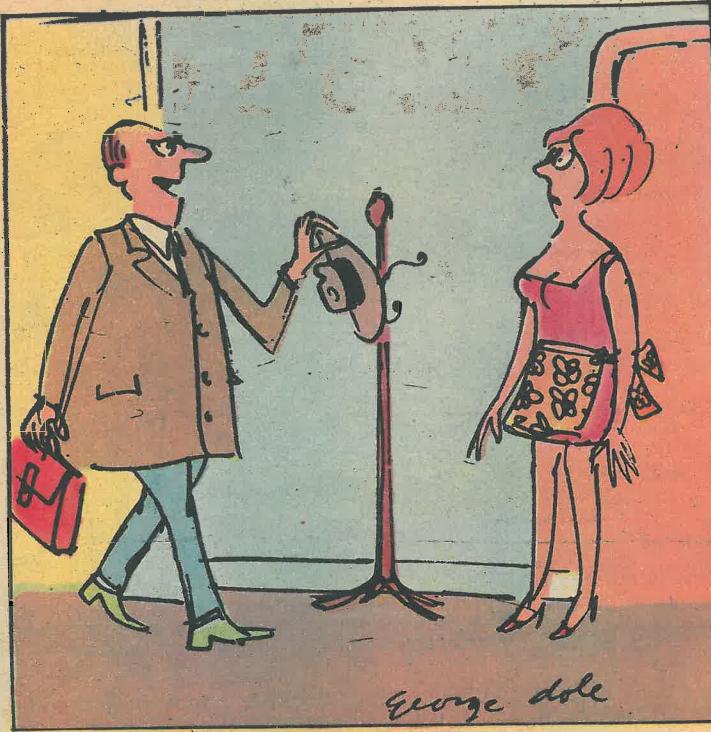
THE Bishop was introduced in a lunatic asylum to a patient who claimed to be God. "I'm honoured to meet you," said the Bishop. "I understand you are God?"

"I am," was the impressive response.

"Well, I'd like to ask you about your making the world in six days. Isn't six days a figure of speech? Didn't you mean centuries or aeons?"

"Bishop," said the lunatic, gravely, "I make it a rule never to talk shop."

—Continued



"Something smells good. Are we having visitors?"

IT'S a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees. They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees. And that being so (if the Bees were Bears). We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.

THERE was a strict rule in the mental asylum: No Pets. The warden heard poor Harry talking to a dog called Rover and marched into his padded cell. There was Harry leading a tube of toothpaste round on a piece of string.

"What's that?" asked the warden.

Harry looked at him in surprise. "Surely any fool can see it's just a tube of toothpaste on a piece of string," he said. Satisfied, the warden left. Just as he closed the door behind him, Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good boy, Rover—we sure fooled them this time!"

IT was the teen-ager's first visit to a perfume counter. Her eyes roved uneasily over the lurid trade names: "Night of Passion", "Mad Embrace", "Irresistible". Finally, she mustered enough courage to approach the salesgirl.

"Pardon me," she asked demurely, "but do you have anything for a beginner?"

DOWN in a little town in Virginia, a guide was showing a stranger the advantages of the community. He finally came to a tall oak tree in the village square. "Yonder," he said, "in the sheltering branches of that oak tree lies the laziest man in this community."

"Oh, now," said the stranger charitably, "you may be too harsh in your judgment. After all, it's a hot day. What's the harm of catching a little nap?"

"Nap, heck!" snapped the guide. "Do you know how that lazy loafer got up into that tree? Thirty years ago, he laid his self down on an acorn!"

WIFE: "What do you mean by getting in at this hour?"

Hubby: "I'sh all right, m'love. I just hurried home 'cause I thought you might be lonesome, but I shee your twin shister's staying with you."

MINISTER (at baptism of baby): "His name, please."

Mother: "Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred Van Christopher McGoof."

Minister (to assistant): "A little more water."

NEW CURATE: "What did you think of the sermon on Sunday, Mrs Jones?"

Parishioner: "Very good indeed, sir. So instructive. We really didn't know what sin was till you came here."

PAUL Gallico likes to tell about how seldom the accuracy of reporters is successfully impugned. An Irish MP challenged the accuracy of a report in the newspapers. Then he was asked from the chair whether he had said the words reported and credited to him.

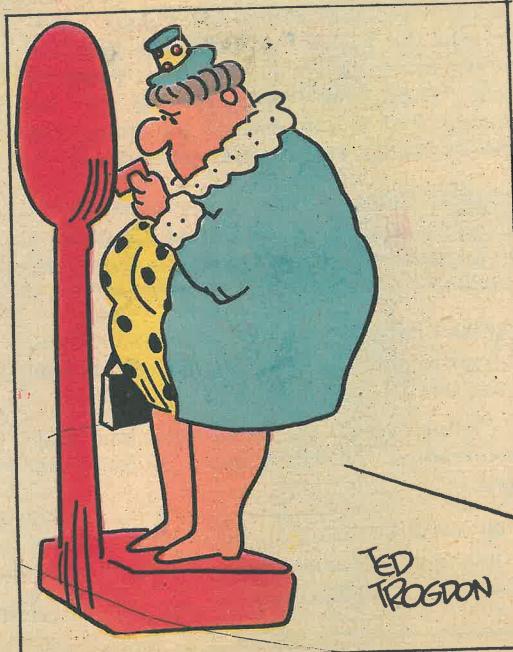
"I did say those words," he replied, "but I did not say them in italics!"

RUTH, moaned her long-suffering husband, "you promised me you wouldn't buy a new dress. What made you do it?"

"Dear," replied the modern Eve, "the Devil tempted me."

"Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" the poor man inquired.

"I did," the little woman replied sweetly, "and then he whispered over my shoulder, 'My dear, it fits you just beautifully in the back.'"



"Congratulations! You have just got the world's biggest bargain for one cent."

THE lads at the corner drugstore were exchanging stories about their experiences with the opposite sex.

"Aw," sniffed one, "girls are a dime a dozen."

"Gee," sighed a younger lad who had remained silent until now, "and all this time I've been buying jelly beans."

SEVERAL thousand football fans turned up to watch the match between the elephants and the insects. For the first half, the insect team came out on to the field with only ten men, and the match was a slaughterhouse. By the time the whistle blew for half time, the elephants were winning by ten goals to nil.

When the second half of the game was resumed, the eleventh member of the insect team—a centipede—took the field, and the entire match changed completely. The centipede whipped through the elephant defence time and time again. When the final whistle blew, the insects had won by 399 goals to 10. As the players marched off the field, the elephant captain strolled up to the insect captain.

"How come you didn't bring your star player on in the first half?" he asked.

"Ah, well," explained the insect captain, "it takes him a long time to get his boots on."

A VISITOR asked several people in a small town if they knew the mayor.

"He's a bum!" said the filling station attendant.

"He's no good!" said the druggist.

"Never voted for him in my life," said the barber.

Meeting the much-maligned mayor finally, the curious visitor inquired what pay he got.

"Good heavens, I don't get any pay," His Honour answered. "I took this job for the honour of it."

"HOW many make a dozen?"
"Twelve."

"And how many make a million?"
"Very few."

THE gentleman was paying his first visit to a famous clinic. "How do you do," he said to one of the patients in the waiting room.

"Oh, so-so," said the patient. "I'm achin' from arthritis."

"Glad to meet you," said the gentleman. "I'm Budenbender from Chicago."

Heard In Peking

TWO Communist officials were talking about a problem they had in getting an oven built. "We have no problem about the delivery of the bricks for construction of the oven. The problem is where to get the clay for the manufacture of the bricks!"

Adventures In Fishland

My dear Nieces and Nephews.

I am sure you are looking forward to reading the rest of the story which I gave you last week. We had left Jennifer as she sank through the bath-tub drain-hole and floated into the bubbly land of the fish. She was afraid that she would drown, since little girls cannot breathe underwater, and so she had begun to flap her hands wildly, disturbing the water greatly. A gruff voice told her to stop and tried to calm her. Now see what happens.

Jennifer let herself sink back on the cool sandy floor. The fin reached out again and gently pushed her down on a smooth coral bench. Jennifer had not noticed before the little benches of pink and red coral set out on neat paths of crushed seashells. She looked up to find out who

belonged to this rather large and very cold-scaly flipper, and was amazed to see, standing before her on its tail, the largest fish she had seen. It was as big as she was! (You remember, of course, that Jennifer had shrunk to goldfish size earlier in the evening.) But what amazed Jennifer most was this: the fish was covered with gold and silver scales just as her darling Gulliver was! As the large fish swayed and twitched in the water, he sparkled, he glistened, he shone—just as Gulliver shone when he did flip-flops in the clear water of Daddy's aquarium.

"Oh, I must find Gulliver," Jennifer cried, jumping up from the pink coral bench.

"And so you shall, my dear," said the large gold and silver fish, in a gurgly voice that somehow reminded Jennifer of the sound "the bath water makes when it rushes down the drain.

The large fish swam slowly beside Jennifer, who found herself walking—no, rather floating—along the crushed seashell path. Her bare feet (you remember she had on only her blue terry robe with the three white fish swimming on the pocket. In her haste to catch Gulliver, she had forgotten her white bunny scuffs and they still stood beside the tub where she had left

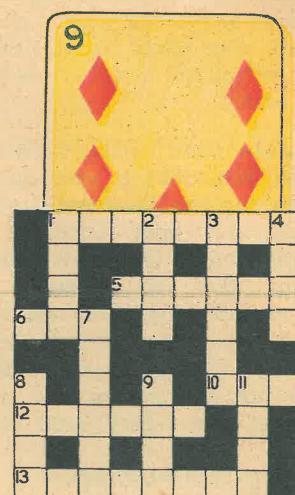
—Continued

Solution To Last "Catchwords"

ACROSS: 1 **FOOTBALL** (air-conditioned in the sense that it is conditioned for play by filling air); 5 **INDIRA** (prime as indicative of Prime Minister); 6 **ARM (MRA** to be read in reverse); 10 **RUM** (combination of its two meanings of queer and drink); 12 **HANNAH** (her own self because, when returning or reversed, she's still her own self—that is, **HANNAH**); 13 **IN THE RED** (a blend of the idea of red and Blood Bank, with in the red meaning overdrawn).

DOWN: 1 *FOUR*; 2 *TANK* (meaning a land-ship for fighting and a thing into which water passes); 3 *A TIGER* (Pataudi's pet name tying up with the stripes of a shirt); 4 *LEAP* ("Look before you leap!"); 7 *MAGNET* (it attracts); 8 *SHRI* (a combination of its meaning of Mr and its association with India); 9 *WANE* (A new as anagram of wane and decrease in size as its meaning); 11 *USED* (dues as anagram of used, meaning not new).

Catchwords



12 Just what the old baldhead
needs! (3, 3)

13 A coin-collector's condition
for exchange? (4, 4)

DOWN

- 1 *Exploit both ways* (4)
- 2 *Fit get-together?* (4)
- 3 *Figure even more numb?* (6)
- 4 *Film star Suchitra's army of admirers?* (4)
- 7 *Maybe a lottery winner returning reward* (6)
- 8 *Girl raising hens* (4)
- 9 *CID's record* (4)
- 11 *Hayu turning nursemaid* (4)

ACROSS

- 1 Card precious as precious could be! (8)
- 5 Daddy is Mummy's if he's henpecked! (3-3)
- 6 Plus a tuppence? (3)
- 10 Rajya we'd be in under Jag-iivan? (3)



them)...her bare feet hardly touched the seashell path—although when they did, once or twice, she found it as smooth and soft as the inside of her bunny scuffs.

So she floated along beside the large fish, taking care not to crush any tiny blue and silver or green and gold bubbles that might have a little fish inside—trying hard not to bump into the crowds of goldfish walking—sometimes three and four abreast—down the path, fins linked, laughing and talking and never looking where they were going!

Lovely Surroundings

She scarcely had a chance to look around her at the lovely turquoise houses, with the mother-of-pearl picket fences around them, or to notice the pretty flowers that climbed up the pearly fences: water lilies, pale yellow and lavender, and sea anemones in shades of fuchsia and purple.

Just then the gold and silver fish came to a full stop, and Jennifer, she was busily gazing around her, bumped right into

his right rear fin. The fish seemed to ignore the slight accident, and, waving his large left flipper in no particular direction at all, announced in his deep bubbly voice, "We are here!"

Jennifer looked around to see where "here" might be. There was a large clearing—like Jennifer's school playground—but instead of the usual green grass, here Jennifer saw smooth white sand, clean and fine, and, in the sunlight that filtered down through the bright clear water, it sparkled like sugar.

Fishy Gathering

On all four sides of the sandy space were coral benches lined up in rows, every other one pink and red. Some of the seats were already filled with fish families. Jennifer could tell which were the fathers and mothers, sitting so still in their places, or chatting quietly with other mothers and fathers sitting nearby; and which were the children, squirming in their seats, shouting to their friends across the field, sometimes pinching a brother or poking a sister (which usually caused a mother to lean over and

give the naughty one a not-so-gentle slap with her fin).

Other fish were swimming in, looking carefully at their seashell tickets, locating their proper seats and setting themselves to watch eagerly the great sandy space in the centre.

Soon most of the seats were filled. The large fish beckoned to Jennifer. She followed him to an empty coral bench in the second row. They sat down and waited. Now all was still. Even the smallest fish child was silent, waiting for the show to begin.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to the Greatest Show Under the Earth! For your pleasure today we have gathered the most talented performers from the entire Sea Kingdom! So sit back and enjoy The Show!"

A real circus ring master—even to his high top hat—introduced the acts. There was a shiny starfish riding bareback—standing on one delicate point—on a lovely black sea horse who pranced round and round the ring to the great delight of the audience. Next, three dog-fish dived through fiery hoops. Jennifer looked closely and discovered the hoops were really electric eels plugged end to end and glowing brightly in the darkness. Everyone clapped for the dog-fish and the electric eels.

Sawing The Salmon In Half

On stage came a large pink salmon who jumped into a box and pulled the lid tightly shut. Then on swam a swordfish who proceeded to saw the box neatly in two! But, guess what? When the box was opened, the salmon swam out—in one piece! Everyone laughed at that good trick. Jennifer clapped her hands and waited for more.

On came the clowns, covered with polka dots with funny painted faces and pompoms on their pointed hats. All the fish children jumped in their seats and squealed with joy as the clowns performed their silly clown antics. Soon the clowns swam off and then the stage grew dark and the fish families grew still. They were waiting.

Suddenly a spotlight picked out a small space in the centre of the darkened watery stage. A small fish swam slowly and gracefully into the spotlight—glistening gold and silver as he swam. It was Gulliver!

And then what a sight Jennifer saw! Gulliver began to do his flip-flops as he had done for her many times in Daddy's aquarium.

But Gulliver flipped not once, head over tail, but six and seven times! And then he did graceful swan dives and triple somersaults. He touched head to tail and spun around until all you could see was a round lustrous patch. He twirled and whirled—he spun and flipped and dived. He did flashing pirouettes and flowing arabesques and stood—poised on the tip of his tail for one long and breathless minute. Coloured lights flashed on—emerald and ruby and turquoise blue. Gulliver began his final glorious spin—round and round—in a daze of colour like a gaily-painted and joyous festival.

Bravo!

The audience stood up—to the last fish—they stood and cheered. "Bravo, Gulliver! We love you, Gulliver!" They clapped their fins, wildly jumping up and down, splashing and churning the water around them. The large fish beside Jennifer was standing, too, on the red coral bench, applauding and crying. "Bravo, Gulliver! That's my boy!" Jennifer looked about at the crowds of cheering fish. She listened to the applause and the happy screaming. She turned to look at Gulliver. He stood in the centre of the sugary white stage, sparkling and shimmering in the warm beam of light, his golden eyes smiling, reflecting the joy around him.

Jennifer stood up and slipped away into the darkness that surrounded her. She walked away, down the seashell path, past the turquoise houses with their pearly picket fences. Only once did she look back at the darkened stage with its one small pool of light. Gulliver was still there, bowing to the left, bowing to the right, bathed in a happy glow.

"Goodbye, Gulliver," whispered Jennifer and she waved a tiny wave. And, in the distance, in that small spot of light, she saw Gulliver wave to her with an ever-so-slight flick of his silver tail and a wink of his golden eye.

Jennifer turned and floated gently upwards towards the light. She blinked in the sudden brightness of the clean white bathroom. There were her soft bunny scuffs where she had left them beside the tub.

Well, that is the end of the story. Do you keep fish at home and do they do tricks too like Jennifer's Gulliver?

Your loving,

Aunty Wendy

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WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

The Horoscope Of Goa

GOA has a beautiful setting, surrounded as it is by dark green mountains and the blue expanse of the Arabian Sea. One single visit to Goa would tempt us to visit it again and again.

The Indians, especially Maharashtrians, look upon Goa as the land of artists, singers, dramatists. These characteristics, astrologically speaking, are attributable to the 12th zodiacal sign, Pisces (Meena), which explains love for arts and affinity to the sea. Pisces comes under the twin-rulership of Jupiter-Neptune. Jupiter represents religion and Neptune, the sea. The latter also denotes intoxication. Besides, Pisces, the exalted sign of Venus, stands for arts and crafts. It is felt that the last 10 degrees, from 20 to 30, which are influenced by Revati (Nakshatra), appear to be more relevant.

Goa was annexed on December 18, 1961. I reckon this date as the most significant landmark in modern Goa for casting the speculative chart. Though the Indian national flag was hoisted at 9 a.m. on Dec. 19, 1961, the time of sunrise, viz., 7 a.m. is very significant. At this time, 26th degree of Sagittarius (Sayan) or 3rd degree of the same sign (Nirayan) was rising on the ascendant.

Sepharial correctly describes the degree which reflects the inherent characteristics of a Goan as follows: "He shows fidelity and friendship. He will be dextrous in the use of arms, apt in imitation of mannerisms and would make a capable actor, being gifted with powers of dramatic representation. Of a kind and sympathetic nature."

Astrological portents indicate that there will be unarrested progress in all fields,

by S. K. KELKAR

economic, industrial, educational and political, during the next decade.

Mars and Sun on the ascendant will force the Goans to maintain their independent existence, although there may be various political moves time and again either for its merger in the contiguous territory or its absorption with some adjacent territory to make a full-fledged state. Looking to the future planetary positions, it would be conducive to future prosperity of Goa if such decisions are not enforced. Close of 1973 and beginning of 1974 would be a significant period in this respect.

Sunday, June 7

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The two mysterious planets, Pluto and Neptune, are in good aspect with the Moon. It means that you will have plenty of opportunities to expand your business activities by your skill. The difficulties that would occur around August and September may be significant. If you wish to have openings abroad you may go ahead in October. Financially, a windfall is probable through insurance or disposal of old property. Home life will be free from worries, barring temporary separation from senior members.

Monday, June 8

For luck today, wear or use: Dark yellow, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Astrological portents point out that you can look forward to an interesting and jolly year. In and outside home, you will look upon things in a lighter vein without creating worries and anxieties. Business men should not aspire to expand the present field of activity, yet they should concentrate on building a solid foundation. New hobbies or interests developed will be a source of inspiration. Love life or family ties are under happy stars.

Tuesday, June 9

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 2, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You will be able to steal a march over your rivals provided you ensure cooperation and help from senior members or partners. The middle-aged will have to exert themselves for the sake of a smooth relationship. Vocational or professional activities will be somewhat

trying, yet sufficiently rewarding. Trust your family members and they will reciprocate.

Wednesday, June 10

For luck today, wear or use: Dark brown, 3, deep sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You will have no occasion to retreat from a job or responsibility already accepted. Your intuition will give timely warnings to face all odds and dilemmas. Youngsters in your family will render expected help and co-operation. Your own health will be sound, but the females may cause some worries. Try your luck in speculation in December or early January. Foreign travel is not improbable.

Thursday, June 11

For luck today, wear or use: Yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: No doubt you will face a perplexing situation. Yet you will be able to come out successfully owing to the cooperation of your colleagues while taking up a new assignment or signing a contract. Consult experts or seniors, otherwise there is a threat of deceit or a secret plot. Be open-hearted. Do not allow yourself to be suppressed. New projects or schemes should be chalked out for implementation in December or January. Do not rush into things that do not concern you.

Friday, June 12

For luck today, wear or use: Deep yellow, 6, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Emphasis will be on your academic interest rather than vocation. A secret or technique on which you were experimenting in the recent past will meet with success and you will reap the rewards of your past labours.

If you are a writer, you will be honoured with a title; if a scientist, you will be the recipient of an award; if a student, you will attain success in a competitive examination.

Saturday, June 13

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Powerful and eccentric Herschel and fiery Mars are in the solar horoscope, which means you will move briskly and rashly, without any restraint. If you allow such a situation to continue, a major accident cannot be ruled out. Business men should beware of risk or danger. Explorers or mountaineers will exhibit rare courage.

SNAPSHOTS

SUBJECTS

Black and White

AT THE BAZAR

June 15

LAUGHTER

July 15

Colour

CITY BY NIGHT

July 10

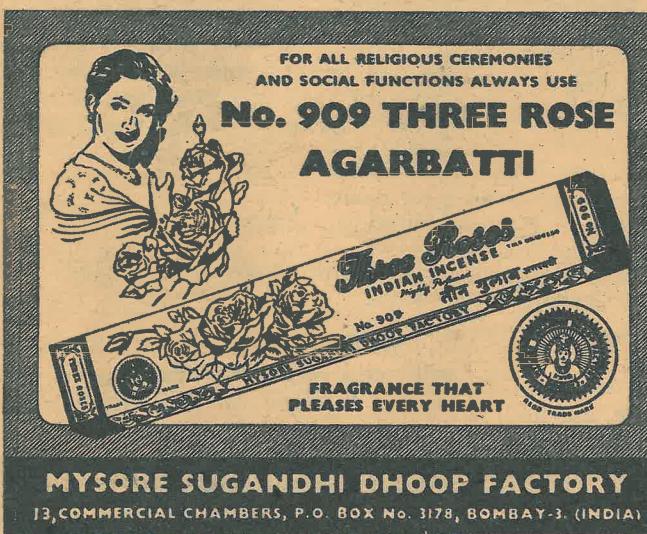
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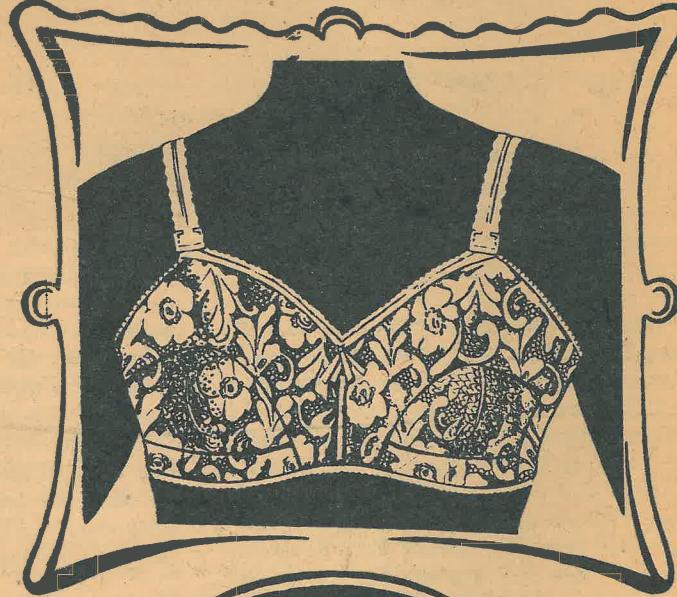
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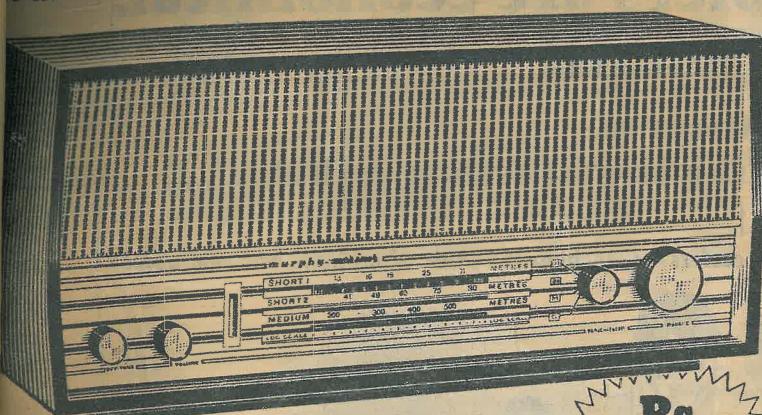


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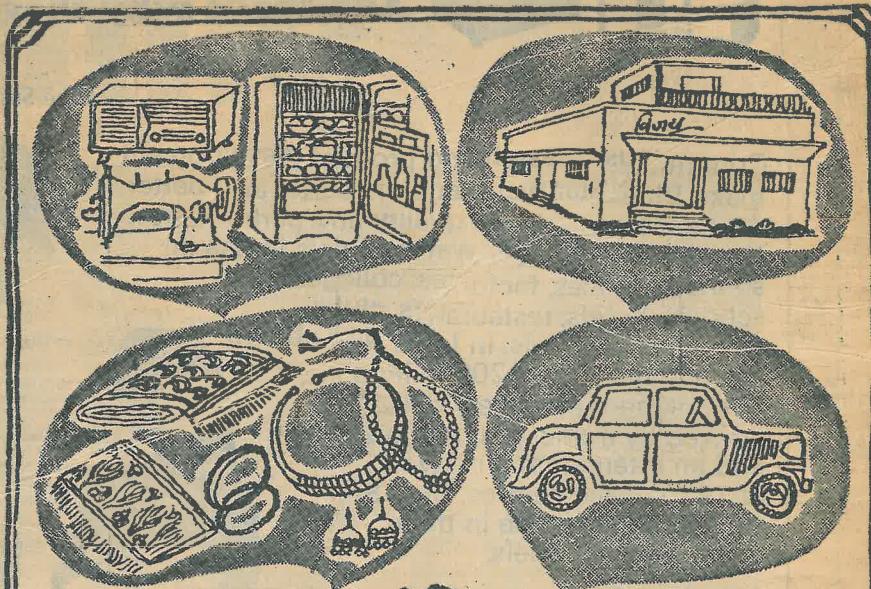
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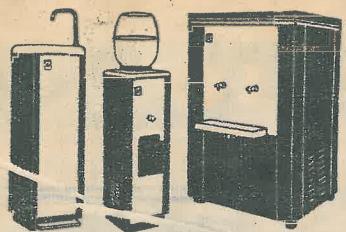
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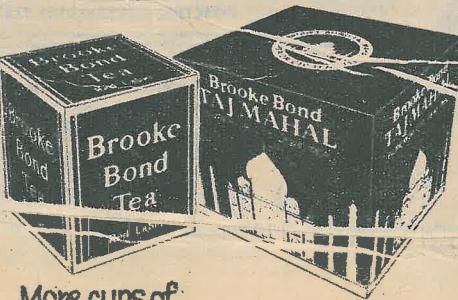
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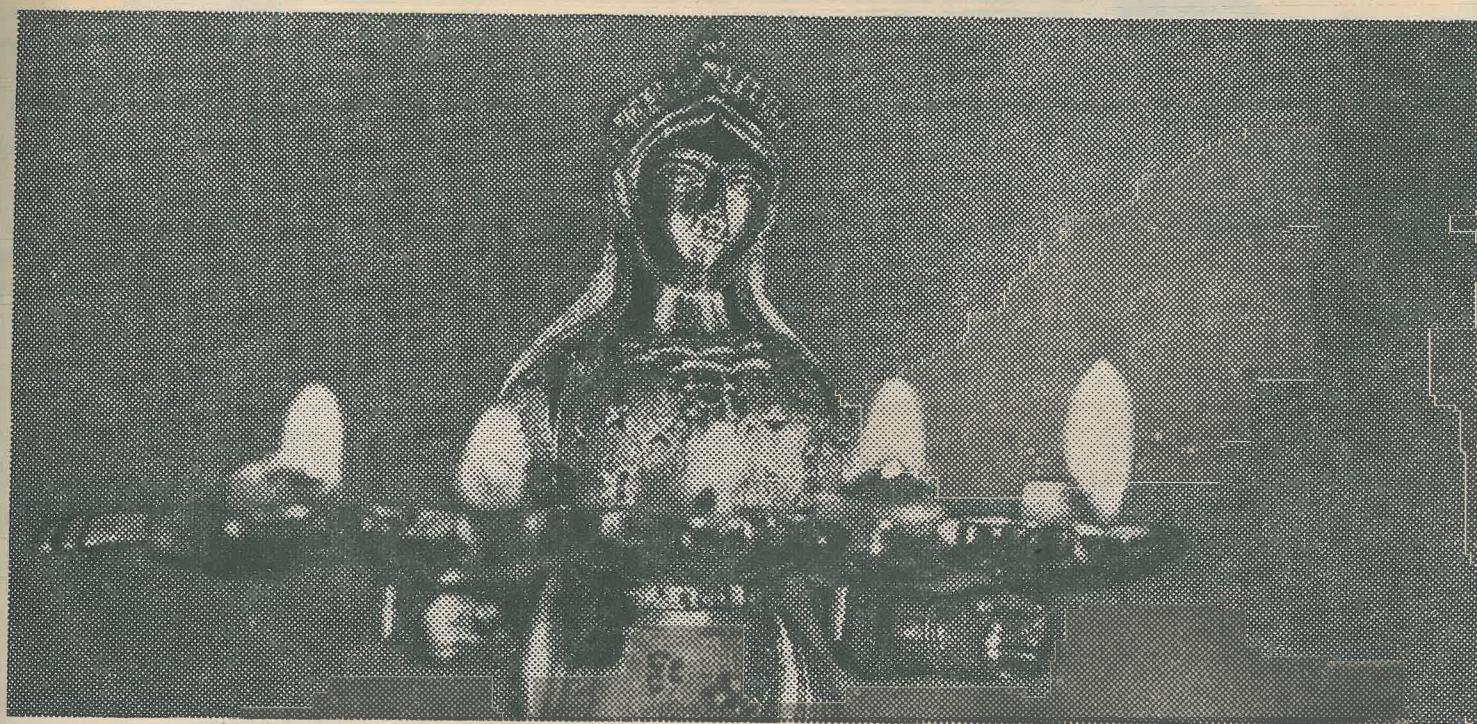
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OPEN TO ALL READERS

CLOSES:

MONDAY
JUNE 15, 1970.

CONTEST OF SKILL

CLUES ACROSS

- French novelist
- The Romans never asked after the number of their enemies, but where they were, in order to fight them; and I am of their _____. (KIND|MIND)
- "She said it to protect your _____. Good manners are still best life insurance a coloured person ever took out." (LIFE|WIFE)
- Now it's grown in my mind until it's like an obsession, and I can't think of anything else for very long, and I see everything in the shadow of the _____. (BOMB|TOMB)
- 'Acting is a great art, some actors and actresses _____ their profession by leading bad private lives,' she says at last. (ABASE|ABUSE)
- We stood and watched those two men fight, up and over the shaken cinder land, and knew in our private darkness that this was their _____. (FIGHT|RIGHT)
- Haven't I been out of my job two years now? How much time do you ____? (WAIT|WANT)
- "Well, sooner or later they were disillusioned. But they don't prosecute, you know. They don't want to tell the world that they've been fooled. Yes, it's a pretty safe _____. (LIFE|LINE)

CLUES DOWN

- By the time he finished his drink, he had found no plausible explanation for the _____. It annoyed him, like a stubborn crossword puzzle. (CRAPe|CRATE)
- He'd have to touch their hearts and their minds with the incredible glory of the atom, and show them the wonder of space and ____ and the infinities of time. (LIGHT|NIGHT)
- I will give him warning and foreknowledge too, along with the desire to follow and the power to _____. (SLAY|SWAY)
- If a boy saw nothing of justice, humour, affection, tolerance, proportion, restraint and appeal in the methods of his headmaster, who is to teach him when the hour of learning is ____? (DONE|GONE)
- I think the actuarial figures on ____ spring poetry report that the peak of production is reached on the fourteenth of April by persons in their twenty-second year. (BAD|SAD)
- Music is as _____, beautiful, and instantaneous as the thought and mood that inspire it. (MAD|SAD)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 5; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JULY 12.
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"QUOTES" No. 158

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED)

CLOSING DATE

(both Local & Final)

MONDAY,

JUNE 15, 1970.

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

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"QUOTES" NO. 158

CORRECT SOLUTION

TO "QUOTES" NO. 157 ON P. 70

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 158 will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Monday, June 22, 1970.

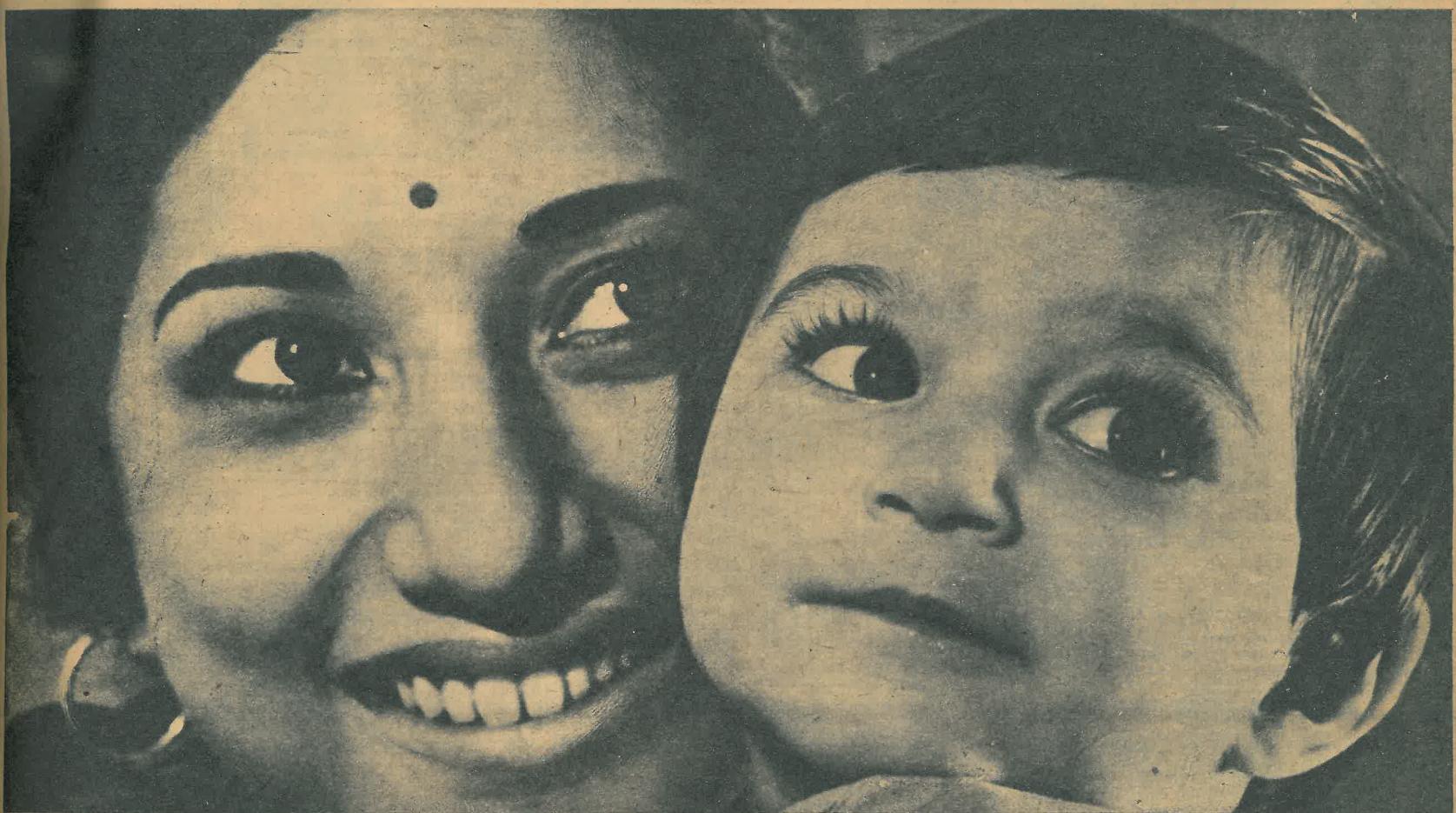
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RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 70
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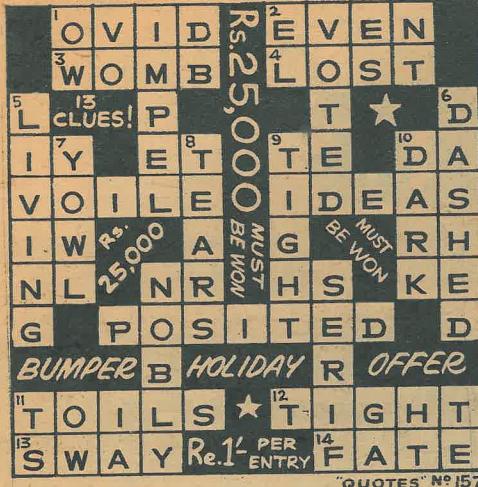
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CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 157



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DOWN: 5. Evarts; 6. Hulme; 7. Wodehouse; 8. Lessing; 9. Coatsworth; 10. Keverne.

Prize-list in next issue.

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CLOSES: MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1970.

IMPORTANT

- (1) Please note that "QUOTES" Entry Forms can only be had in the Illustrated Weekly of India and Femina.
- (2) Address your envelopes as follows:—
"QUOTES" No. 158,
Competition Department,
"The Times of India" Offices,
Post Bag No. 702,
BOMBAY-1.

IMPORTANT: If you send your Entry Fees by Indian Postal Orders, please cross them and make them payable to "QUOTES" No. 158, Bombay-1; If you send the Entry Fees by a Money Order, please address your M.O. to "QUOTES" No. 158, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1, and ENCLOSE THE M. O. RECEIPT WITH YOUR ENTRIES.

RULES & CONDITIONS

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or typewritten. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 158. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 158, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the spaces provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Monday, June 15, 1970. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 16,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such

squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co., Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the

Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list, unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 158

"QUOTES" No. 158

(ALL ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED)

CLOSING DATE

(both Local & Final)

MONDAY,

JUNE 15, 1970.

In entering this Contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

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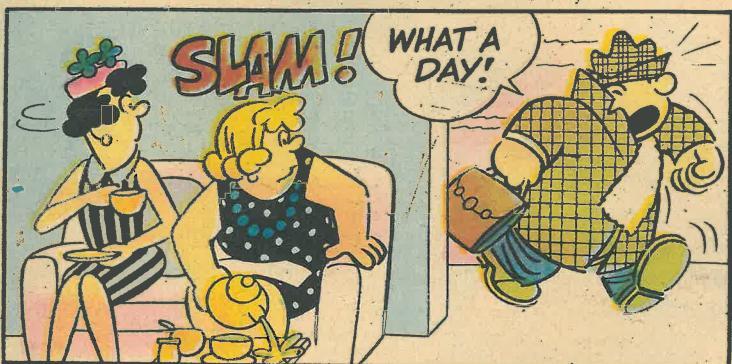
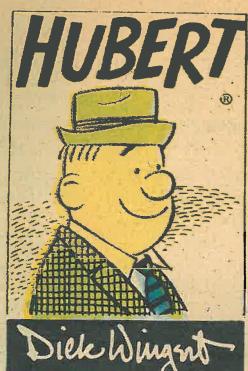
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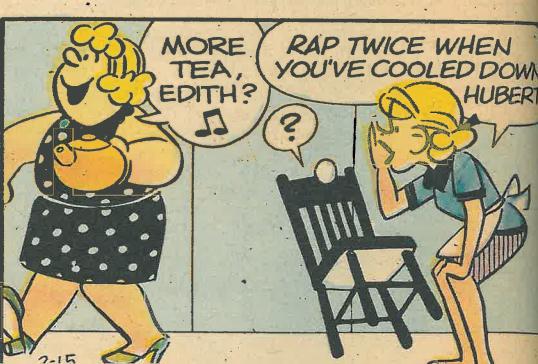
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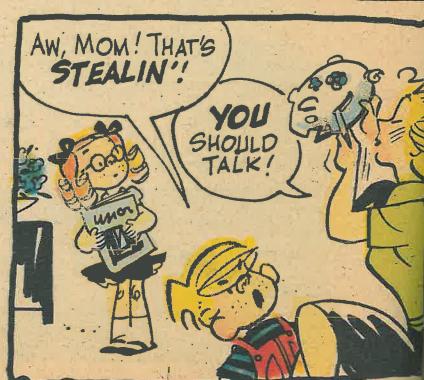
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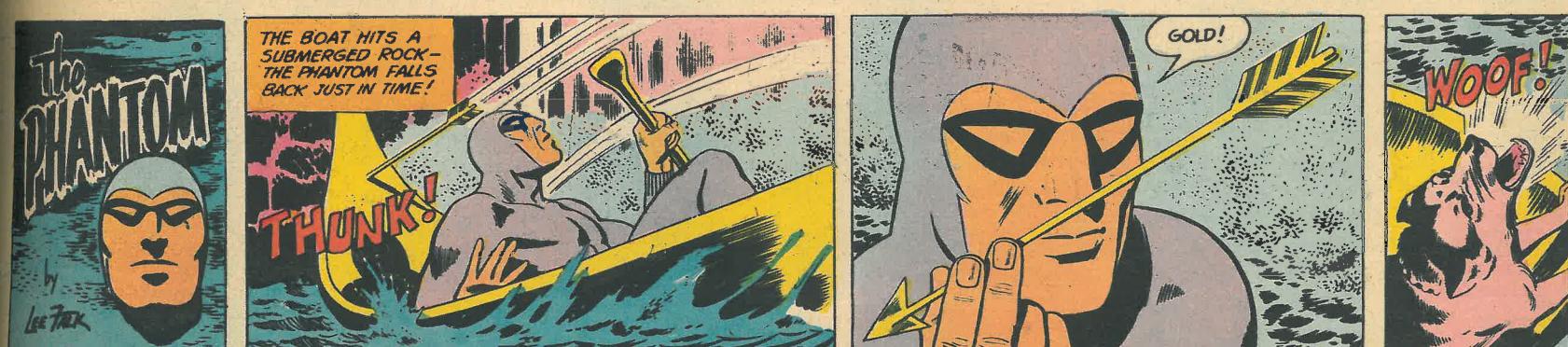
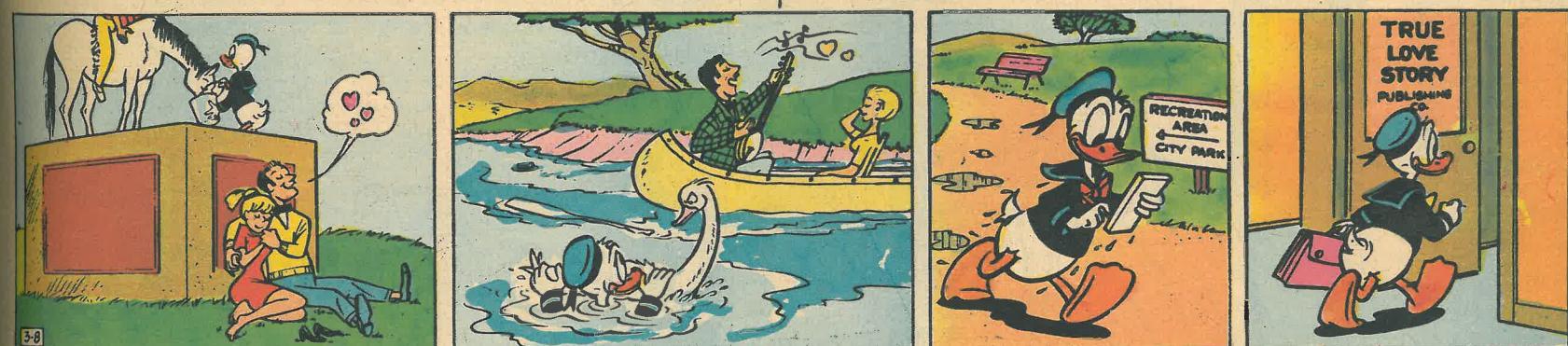
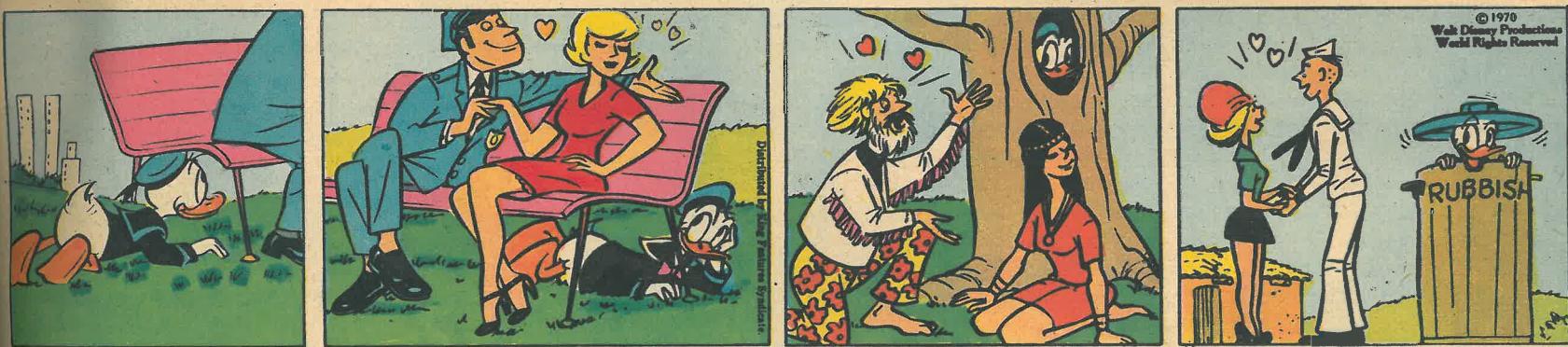


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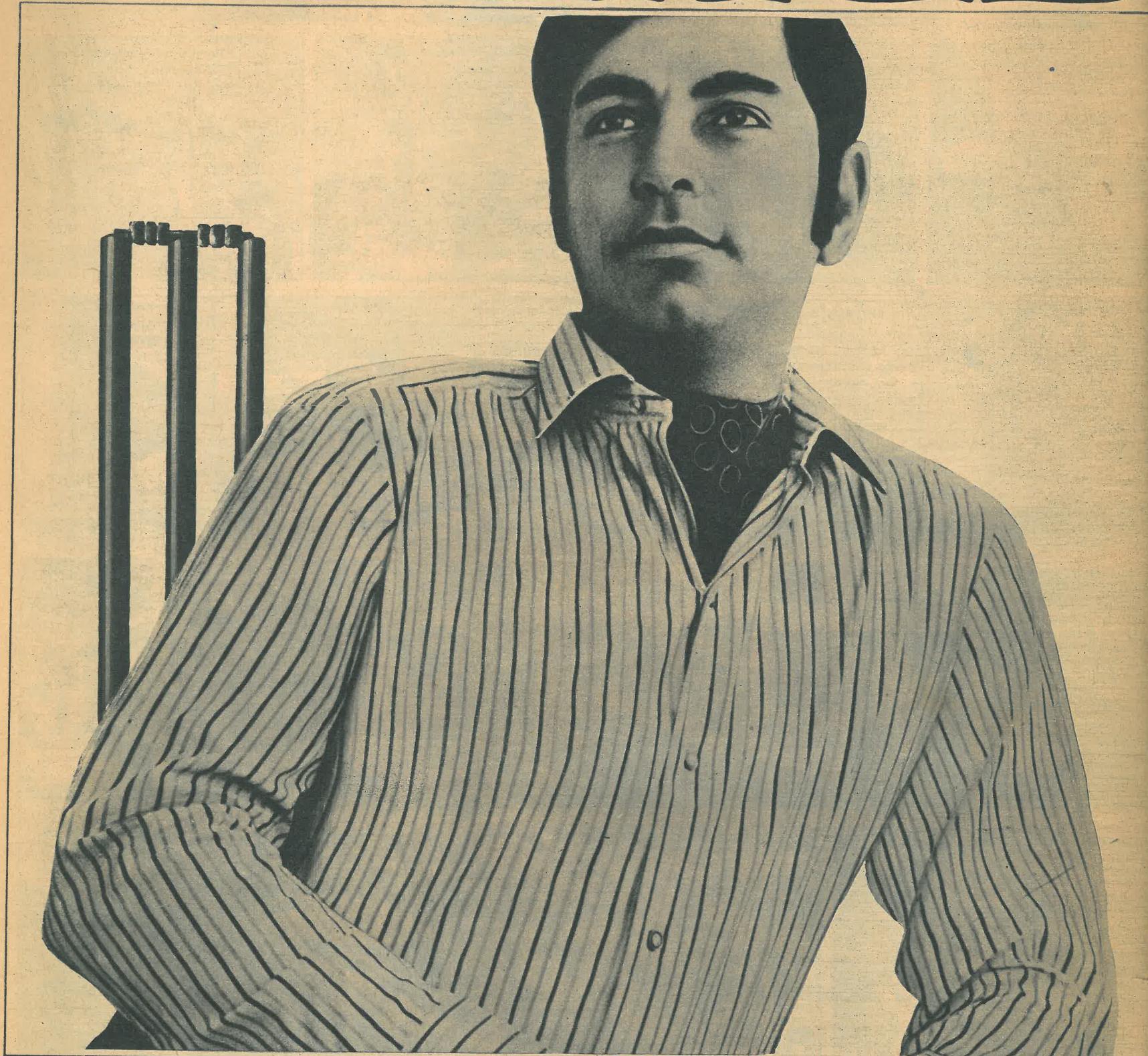
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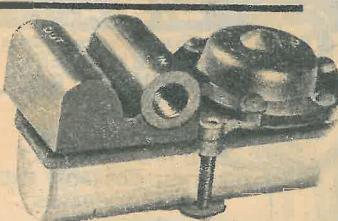
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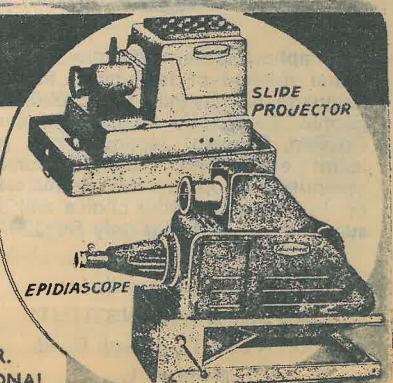
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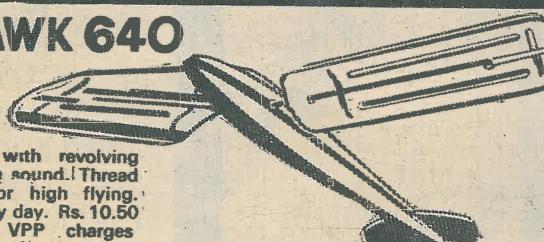
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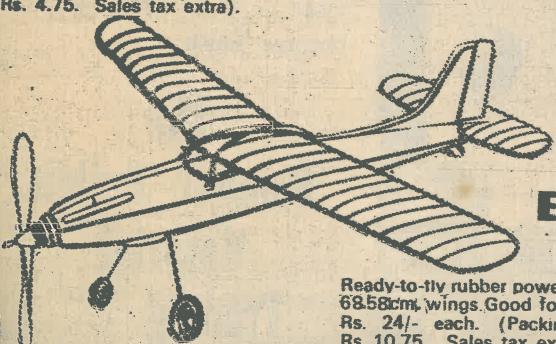
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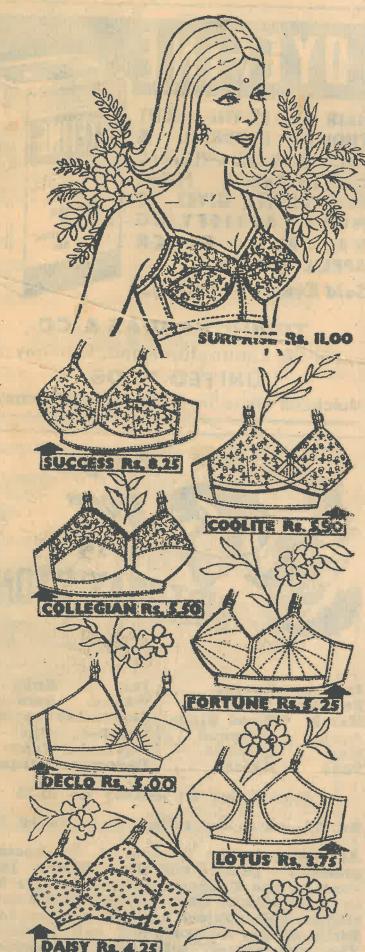
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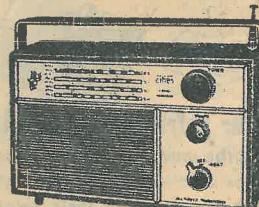


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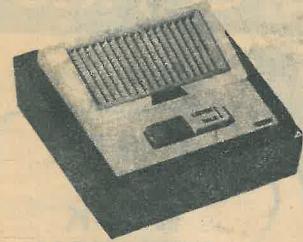
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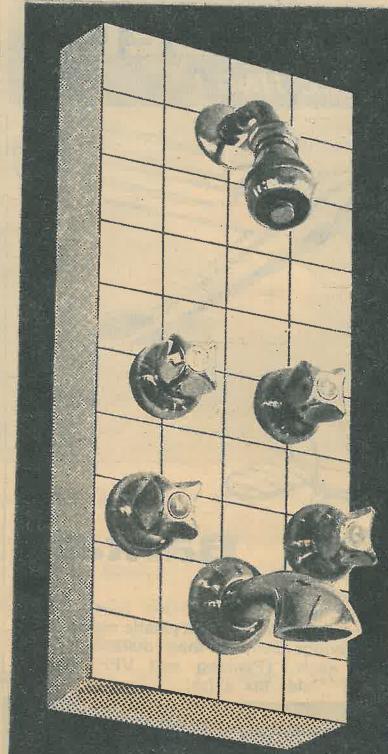
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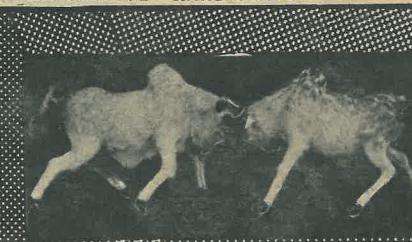
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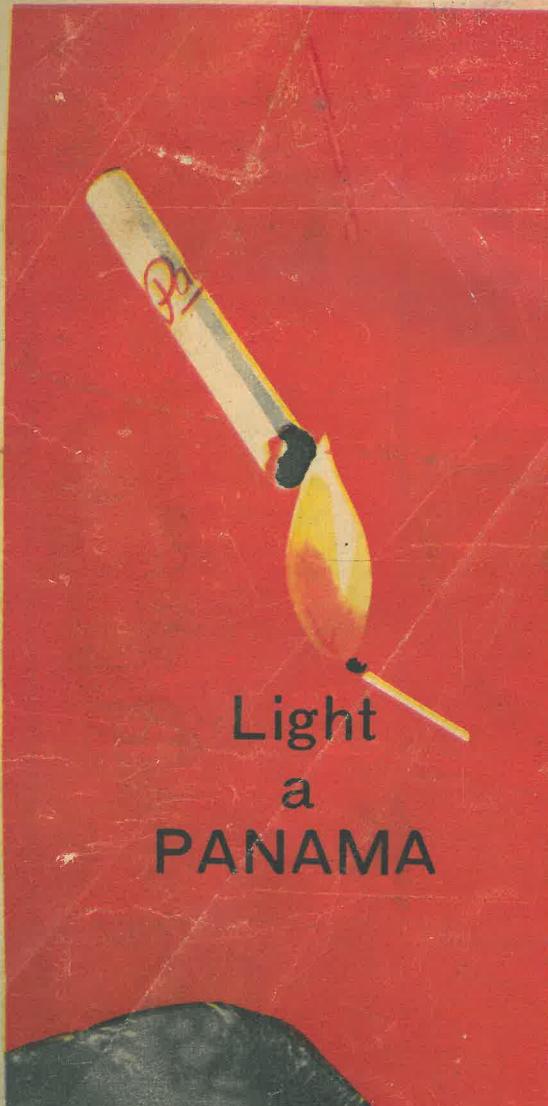
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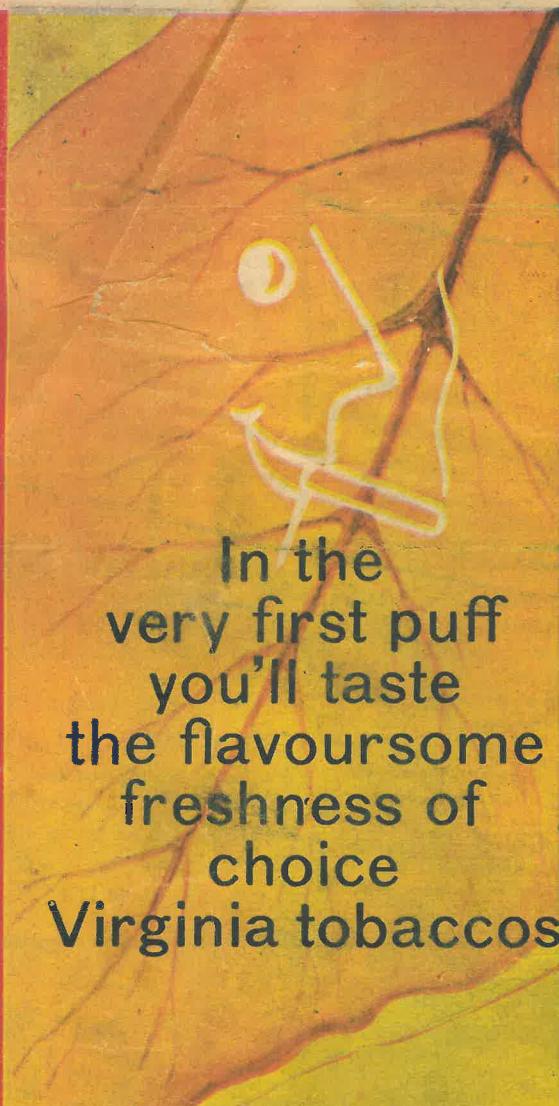
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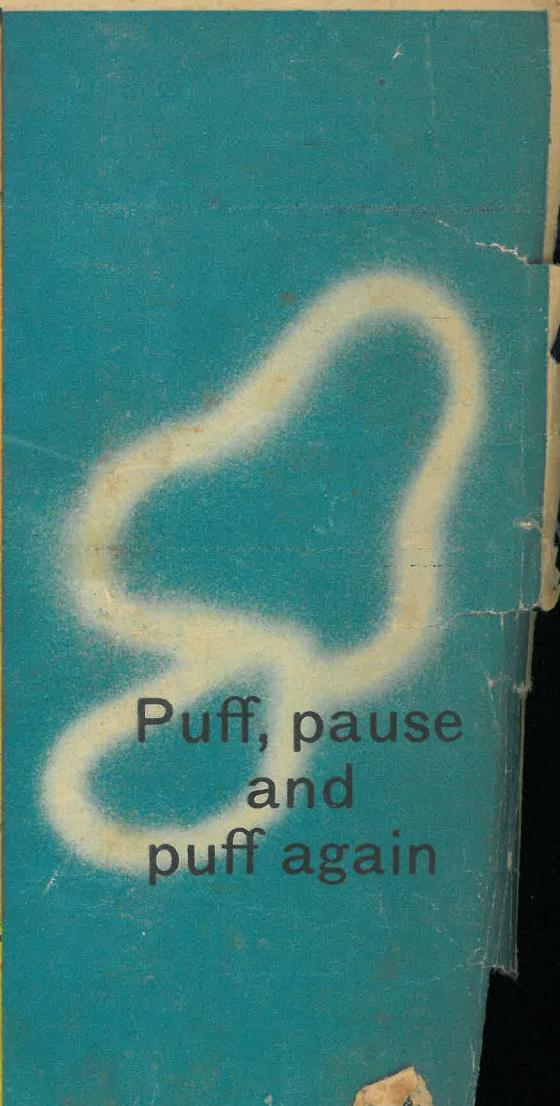
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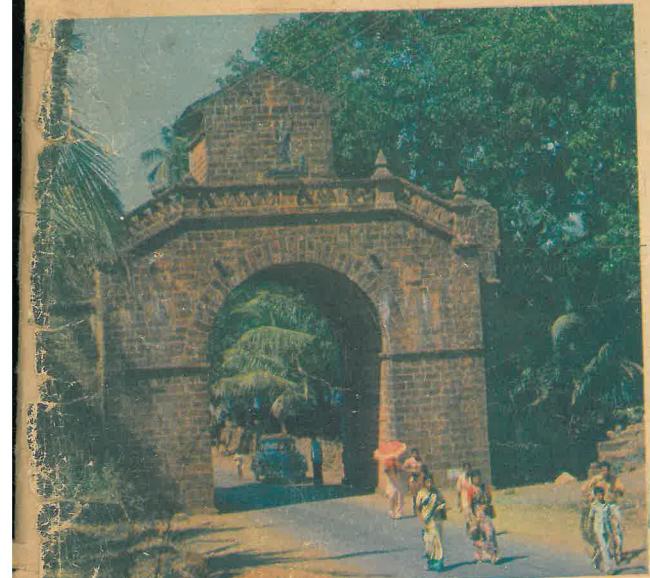
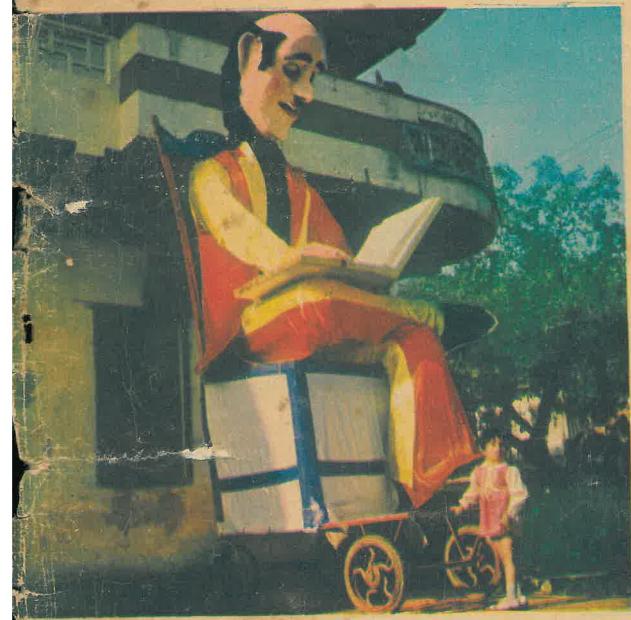
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Of Kulaks and Clerks

Sir—Like most of our city-bred economists, Dr Hannan Ezekiel has also come out with the theory that the "rich farmers" are an untapped mine of wealth ("Pulling The Economy Out Of The Doldrums", March 9). The truth is that ninety-five per cent of the so-called "kulaks" do not get a regular income. Even a clerk or a typist with a few years' experience gets about Rs 1,000 a month. If a farmer wants to earn the same amount (Rs 12,000) he must have at least 20 to 30 acres of wet land or about 40 to 50 acres of dry land. If the crop fails due to drought, flood or pests the farmer becomes a pauper overnight. But the blue-collar worker gets his bonus, gratuity and provident fund, no matter what the circumstances.

Bangalore GEORGE VERGHESE

Sir—The author has lucidly described the country's depressing economic situation. Without doubt, the recent massive doses of deficit financing have been the main cause for the upsurge in prices. At this stage the raising of any tax will further escalate the cost of living index.

Pune H. KRISHNAMURTHY

Sir—The article was informative. The author's views on taxation are theoretically correct. But will a decrease in the rate of direct taxes induce the taxpayer to disclose the full amount of his income?

Cochin M. ABEE ISAAC

Appreciating A Master

Sir—The amount I paid for the March 9 issue of the WEEKLY was nothing compared to the pleasure of reading in it the article on Ustad Bismillah Khan.

Thane B. S. RANGANATH

Sir—The profile of Ustad Bismillah Khan by Suresh Vrat Rai was very interesting. But, while mentioning the national honours conferred on him, why was the most recent one, the Padma

Vibhushan, awarded on Republic Day, 1980, missed out?

Madras S. C. SEKAR

Hero or Villain?

Sir—I was shocked to read praise of Nathuram Godse in your review of P. L. Inamdar's book, *The Story of the Red Fort Trial 1948-49* (March 9). It is true that both Godse and Gandhi were motivated by the same concern—a united India. But Godse showed his true colours when he assassinated Gandhi. How can you consider a demented man a hero?

Bangalore G. S. HIRANYAPPA

A Superfluous Question

Sir—The article, "Air Transport: Who Benefits, Who Pays?" (March 9) is of no concern to most people. Air travel does not in any way benefit the common man and is today just another status symbol of the rich. The author should keep in mind that in India the common man cannot even afford rail or bus fare.

Ahmedabad M. S. DAVE

Sir—What was the objective of the article? The author has given a report of Indian Airlines' existing capacity and has not mentioned anything about the capability.

Bombay ARUN C. VAKIL

An Offending Picture

Sir—I think the photograph accompanying the feature, "Black is Bountiful" (March 9), was vulgar and in poor taste. The change in editorial policy in the last couple of years has been appreciated—please don't slide back. I would hate to stop subscribing to the WEEKLY.

Amritsar SANJEEV GAUR

Marshal Tito

Sir—This is with reference to the article on President Tito (March 9). The WEEKLY should not have carried such an article while that great statesman is still fighting bravely for his life.

Vasco Da Gama P. M. KAMAT

So Reasoning An Animal

Sir—It is not true that the faculty of reason is a handicap (The Last Word, "So Human An Animal" March 9). On the contrary, the capacity to reason equips man to overcome all the perils of life.

New Delhi R. G. NAIR

Proverb For The Police

Sir—The hackneyed proverb "Honesty is the best policy" would get another lease on life with the police—they must be

the only ones who are unaware of it.

A. K. A. C. CHAKRABORTTY
Bombay

Sir—The first thing I read in the WEEKLY is "All Things Considered". All I can say is that I love your guts.

Margao PRABHU JAYANTS

Sir—Right after reading your editorial comment I read that the Delhi police committed an assault on blind people marching to Mrs Gandhi's residence.

Madras N. SUNDARARAJAN

A Fitting Tribute

Sir—The short story, "Babaji's Feast" (March 9) was touching. It was indeed an appropriate homage to Premchand on the occasion of his birth centenary.

PURNENDU MALCHANDKA
Calcutta

Naming Differences

Sir—The introduction of the hill deity in the article, "A Temple Is Born" (March 2) with its Sanskritic name and not by its true identity, Murugan, is deplorable.

Bhilai SENTHIL RAMAN

Who's Secular?

Sir—In the box item, "His Holiness Speaks" (March 2), Sri Kanchi Acharya says: "What is wrong in stressing physical and spiritual strength and the selfless service to humanity as the RSS does?"

I have noticed that in spite of statements like this the RSS is still regarded as a bogey. The Muslim League and other such organisations are allowed to exist and are even encouraged by leaders for their political ends. But the RSS is dubbed a communal organisation and condemned by everybody. One wonders if secularism is to be practised by Hindus alone!

Madras G. L. NARASIMHAN

A Pleasure, In Short

Sir—Keki N. Daruwalla's story "The Jehangir Syndrome" (March 2) is excellent. The style is simple but poetic. I hope to read more stories by him.

New Delhi K. AHMED

Unsavoury Jokes

Sir—I have noticed that all the jokes used in "Ha!" involve sex.

PRANAB LAL DEB ROY
Maibang

The Railway's Turn

Sir—While admitting that the suburban services in the Bombay area were not very satisfactory in the past few months, the Railway Administration had repeatedly explained the reasons and problems faced by them to the public. In spite of the enormous handicaps, there has been a perceptible improvement in the running of suburban trains during January 1980 when, per day, 17 trains on an average were cancelled as against 48 in December 1979.

There is no truth whatsoever in the allegation that Controllers give preference to Goods Parcel trains as against passenger trains. While passenger trains are run to a schedule time-table, the running of goods trains is planned in the intervening margins without causing any obstruction to passenger trains.

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Bombay H. K. BAKHRU
(Chief Public Relations Officer,
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In Praise!

Sir—It is really surprising how the WEEKLY maintains the price of Rs 1.50. While the price of every other periodical has shot up your magazine still keeps readers informed at no extra cost.

PRADUMNA V. HATHI
Ahmedabad

Sir—Since my boyhood I have been a regular reader of the WEEKLY which has enabled me to learn everything about social, economic and political conditions in the country. If today I am able to read, write and speak fluently and correctly, it is because of your magazine.

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• M/s. Devi S.

Views on Afghanistan

Sir—Is not the Carter Doctrine ("US, USSR And India", March 2) a means of diverting the attention of the American people from uncomfortable national issues so that Mr Carter can enjoy a backlash of patriotism?

Naini Tal HEM K. PANDE

* * *

Sir—The basic questions are—do the Afghans want Soviet troops in their country and is this development beneficial to India? The answer to both questions is no.

Indore Dr OM NAGPAL

* * *

Sir—if the US is genuinely interested in world peace, let them dismantle all their military bases.

Madras C. SHIVKUMAR

* * *

Sir—Critics, both in India and abroad, who argue that India is morally wrong in taking a pro-Soviet stand, forget that the national interest is more important than a misplaced sense of morality. As far as India is concerned, the thing to consider is that the Soviet Union has proved a dependable friend. And if one is to speak of morality what is one to make of the fact that the US constantly backs dictators—be it Pakistan, Vietnam or the Philippines?

Bangalore ANNUR RAVINDRAN

* * *

Sir—On reading the article one comes to the conclusion that the US has no business to create a hullabaloo about the Soviet presence in Afghanistan. American hands are not clean in matters such as these. The Russians after all have their own Muslim citizens to think about and therefore incidents in a neighbouring Muslim country is very much their concern.

Kuttipuram K. GOVIND

* * *

Sir—Am I right in saying that the undertone of the article is an immoral justification of a superpower's right to create client satellite states along their borders and, consequently, their right to aggression when these client states become vulnerable to rival-power machinations?

Pune K. SETHRAM

"A GAP"

The story, "A Gap In The Window", published in our issue of March 30 was translated by Cdr A. V. Bharat.

—Ed.

VOL CI 14 APRIL 6, 1980 ESTD 1880

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Regd No MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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YOUTH POWER IN INDIAN POLITICS: The 1980 Parliament is the youngest in the country's history. Ramesh Chandran talks to a cross-section of prominent Youth Congressmen and young MPs—Ramchandra Rath, Jagdish Tytler, Vasudeva Pannikar, et al. Also, in-depth profiles of the youth cadres of the Janata Party, the Lok Dal, the CPI (M) and the CPI.

IN PRAISE OF BHARATAM: RGK reviews a special Marg publication on Bharata Natyam.

HARAPPAN CIVILISATION: S. C. Malik, Fellow of the Indian Institute of Advanced Studies, Simla, starts a new series on nodal points in Indian History.

GREGORY PECK IN CABO: A meeting with the famed Hollywood movie idol on location in Goa. Billa Brar reports.

THE WILLY BRANDT REPORT: The report of the "Independent Commission on International Development Issues", presented by its Chairman, Willy Brandt, has triggered off a raging controversy. L. K. Jha, a member of the Commission analyses.



Is Goa A Paradise?

by BENEDICT COSTA

Why must the Dabolim airport look like a concentration camp? The moment you descend from the Airbus you are greeted by a large network of barbed wire. The arrival hall is like a cowshed, fenced by rusty wire which the authorities have thoughtfully provided lest the passengers stray away. A misstep, a scrape with a rusty nail and you could be a case fit for lock-jaw. I find the Indian Airlines staff pleasant. For once the loaders are quick.



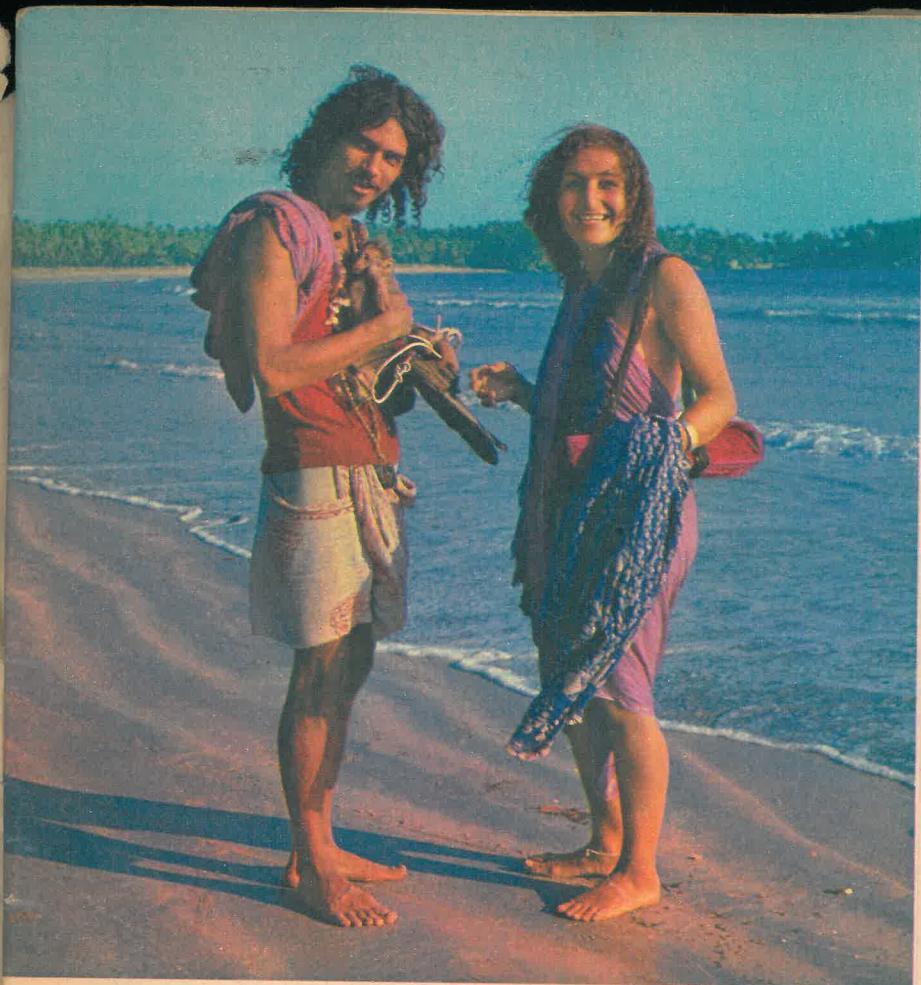
BOM JESUS CHURCH



—S. N. Kulkarni—

MANGESHI TEMPLE





THE FLOWER CHILDREN

—S. N. Kulkarni—

An ancient gateway to India, Goa's history can be traced back to the period of the Mauryan Emperors in the 3rd century before the Christian era. A Buddhist image of this period was discovered at Colvale in Bardez. The term Goa is derived from Gomant, and it appears in the Bhishmaparva of the Mahabharata. A reference to the "City of Gouba" has also been made in Ptolemy's geography. Goa was captured by the Portuguese in 1510 and was liberated by Indian troops in 1961.

A BEACH RESORT



VIVA CARNAVAL





PRATAPSING RANE. Goa's new Chief Minister has done away with outriders, sirens and other VIP trappings.

The last piece of baggage is disgorged in half an hour. The airport building is unfit to cope with giant aircraft. One hears comments such as these: "This is worse than the Railways."

Red-faced foreigners take pills to keep their pressure down. It is hot: sweaty bodies have no place to stand. The take-it-or-leave-it attitude of the Indian Airlines is a shocking commentary on the way it has been functioning. Getting a ticket to come out of Goa is another nightmare. Half of the passengers have to rush to the airport (a Panjim-Dabolim taxi costs Rs 60 each way) in a last-ditch effort for a seat. "Why all this tension, why all these excuses that Goa-Bombay tickets are released in Delhi?" ... or some such words to that effect to signify that the booking clerk has no authority to issue them?

How Not To Hide The Toilet

At the departure hall, a filthy rag with huge holes pretends to hide the toilet. The hall is too small to take in 280 passengers and other visitors awaiting the plane that is inordinately delayed. "A few weeks back," a disgusted traveller said, "two delayed Airbuses came and as a result over 1,000 incoming and outgoing passengers were crammed in like cattle. We were standing on each other's corns."

What impression does all this cause on the tourist (whether Indian or foreign) who pays dear money to come to Goa for a little bliss? Why this frustration for which the Indian Airlines and the Airport Authority must share the blame?

All these irritants slowly melt as the smiling, honest cabbie helps you with the

luggage and drives you out in the warmth of the Goan sunshine. Village children wave at you. Green fields. Freshly painted hamlets. And the old batcars in the sprawling, centuries-old mansions watching civilisation pass by. (Only 30 years ago, to them the sight of a car or taxi was a rare occasion, one which called for the tolling of the bells in the little chapel.)

The concentration camp atmosphere of the airport disappears, the rest of Goa is as free as the garden of Eden where Adams and Eves roam the beaches with or without a fig-leaf. They are not all hippies or drug addicts. Several are well-placed professional men and women who have left their cold, icy lands to soak in as much sunshine and warmth. There are plenty of Germans, Swedes, Dutch, Britons and Brazilians and a few Japanese. Whether in Baga, Calangute or Vagator (haunts of the flower children) or Colva, Betul, and far-off Palolem, hippies are digging out for the lesser known and lesser exploited interior.

St Anthony's Taverna

Goa to them is a new experience, a new world where everybody takes things easy. There is rhythm. The pace of life itself is a new dimension in freedom. At the St Anthony's taverna on the Baga beach, hippies and their Goan friends sip a divine concoction called the caju feni, distilled from the cashew apple by the local villagers. Somebody strums a guitar and English songs begin to flow, old Portuguese fados follow and the evening ends with the vigorous Konkani folk songs and the manddo. In all this there is a certain sadness, lingering memories of things that have gone by and will never be the same again. Goans revel to live in the past. The present is not too bad. Only God knows *que sera, sera* tomorrow (*amanha*).

Goa's capital, Panjim, sleeps a little longer than usual. The Avenidas with musical Portuguese names are clean. Campal by the river Mandovi is wide and lined with trees. At Fontainhas the romantic, narrow lanes bring back memories of the days when budding Carusos broke the stillness of the night with their cry for the beloved.

The low houses, squatting like lazy ducks, are white and clean. (The law of the land compels the painting of houses every year.) A German housewife who visited several village mansions commented: "Through the open doors you can glance at the inner courtyards so cool with their potted plants, banana trees and bougainvillea. From the wooden balconies more greenery creeps along the white walls. The open windows let you glimpse at the dark living rooms of the homes: beautifully carved furniture, old blue and white Macao plates on the walls, Chinese vases, a piano—all a little dusty and sad."

One must understand that to a Goan, the pull of the village is the strongest: the tiny school, the market centre, the post-office square, the gossip corner in the churchyard, the football ground, the tavern, the ponds and the buffaloes and the vast paddy-fields draw him back to his soil. And the number of those who went outside Goa for greener pastures and are coming back is increasing.

Unfortunately a few slums have started appearing in the cities, mostly colonies of labourers who have been brought in from adjoining States by unscrupulous contractors to build houses and to fend for themselves. One does not see beggars.

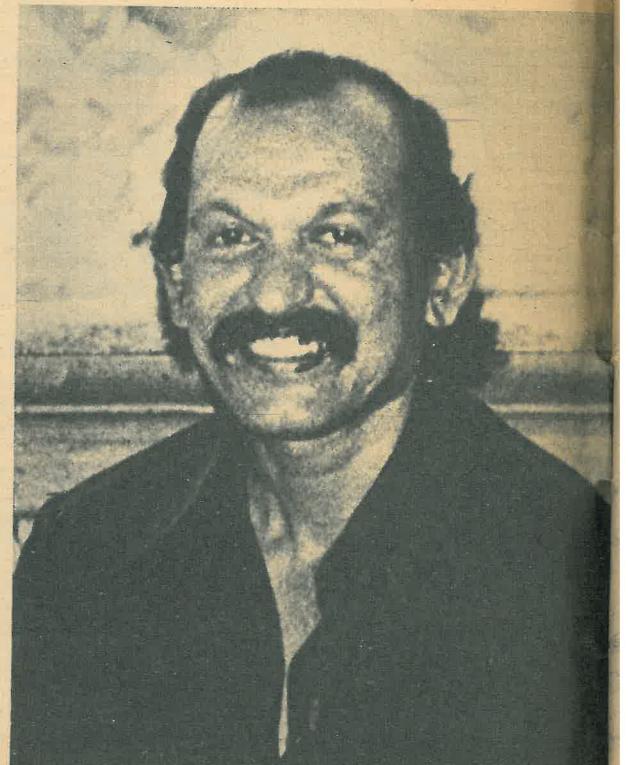
The insensitive administration of the past few years has allowed Bainha beach to be turned into an eyesore. This once-beautiful resort is filled with defecators—male and female—and their lotas. Being a port town, prostitutes have set up shop, pimps and anti-social goons roam the streets and it may not be long before Bainha becomes the Foras Road of Goa.

The indiscriminate removal of sand from the beaches in south Goa for commercial gain has caused water-logging and irreparable damage. Whosoever is responsible for this should be treated as a criminal and dealt with accordingly. At Colva, fish bones prick bare feet and sea-snakes brought in by fishing nets are left on the beach. "A sea-snake bite can be fatal," we are told, "but sea-snakes seldom bite."

Although Goa receives enough electric power, often even the cities have to go without it. The streets are dark at night. I asked a local man the reason for this: "The electricity department has been using sub-standard material....lights do not work most of the time..."

The phones work by fits and starts. When I went to make a local call at the post-office in Margao I was told: "Our phone has been dead for a month." While the inventor of the telephone, Mr Graham Bell, in the nineteenth century, was able to talk 1,000 miles away, one is not able to talk from Margao to Vasco—a distance of 30 kilometres. Some Paradise this.

But does Paradise require street lights or phones?



MARIO VAZ. A headmaster in a village school and a Member of the Goa Legislative Assembly. His aim is to bring Betul beach on the tourist map.

In spite of all the neglect, Goa's beaches are among the loveliest in the world. Tourists flock in their hundreds. An estimated 2,000 persons are brought in by a daily Airbus, two trains, a ship and scores of buses, and private cars. They all come to get a feel of the "vast stretches of soft sands bathed in golden sunshine, lapped by foam-flecked waves, rolling on from the green sea under a canopy of blue sky and fringed by swaying, verdant palm trees", promised by the Tourist brochures. But tourist accommodation is nothing to crow about. There are hardly 400 to 500 decent rooms available.

Yet, the tourists are able to put up with all this. "I would never like to see this place changed," says a young engineer from Sweden at a beach resort in Baga. "Believe me, there is nothing like this in the world. You may talk of Acapulco or Hawaii but Goa's little known beaches, particularly in Betul, Palolem and beyond Vagator, are nature's own thing. I am glad that they remain unspoilt. I feel that tourist cottages should be built a distance away from the beaches. The natural charm should not be spoilt by man's artificialities."

Hardened Travellers Speak

Goa is more than seas and beaches, temples and churches. "She is a people who know how to laugh and relax and take life as it comes; clocked by the seasons and the church festivals; the feasting and the drinking and the marriages and the courting, though not necessarily in that order. She is the richness of sorpatel, brimming with hot, brown, goodness; the sharp tang of feni, freshly uncorked; and Richard singing and Julie dancing and Father Joe thundering in the pulpit, hell and damnation but he is a good man, may the Good Lady protect him, pass the wine...." say hardened travellers Hugh and Colleen Gantzer.

Goa is different things to different people. A young Frenchman who lived six months on Anjuna beach doing nothing but painting landscapes said: "Please do not do anything to change Goa. This is God's place."

An airlines girl from Paris living in Calangute asked: "Where in the world can you rent a small hut for Rs 100 a month? Where in the world can you live a life in simplicity, among decent and honest fisher-folk? My doors are always open. I have not had a single thing removed from my hut. Where in the wide world can one see such honesty?"

Tourists from India, normally on a low budget, find they have nowhere to stay. Hotels and resting places are booked several months in advance. They catch a hurried glimpse of the usual churches and temples and offer a prayer for better accommodation next time. A young Punjabi said: "We have come from about 1,500 km away and we cannot find a decent place to rest our weary heads. Goa lacks facilities for communication and accommodation. However, Goan food is cheap and good, although the taxis are beyond our means." Indian tourists do a quick turnaround and go elsewhere.

Goa has been a haven of greatest harmony between the placid Hindus and the fun-



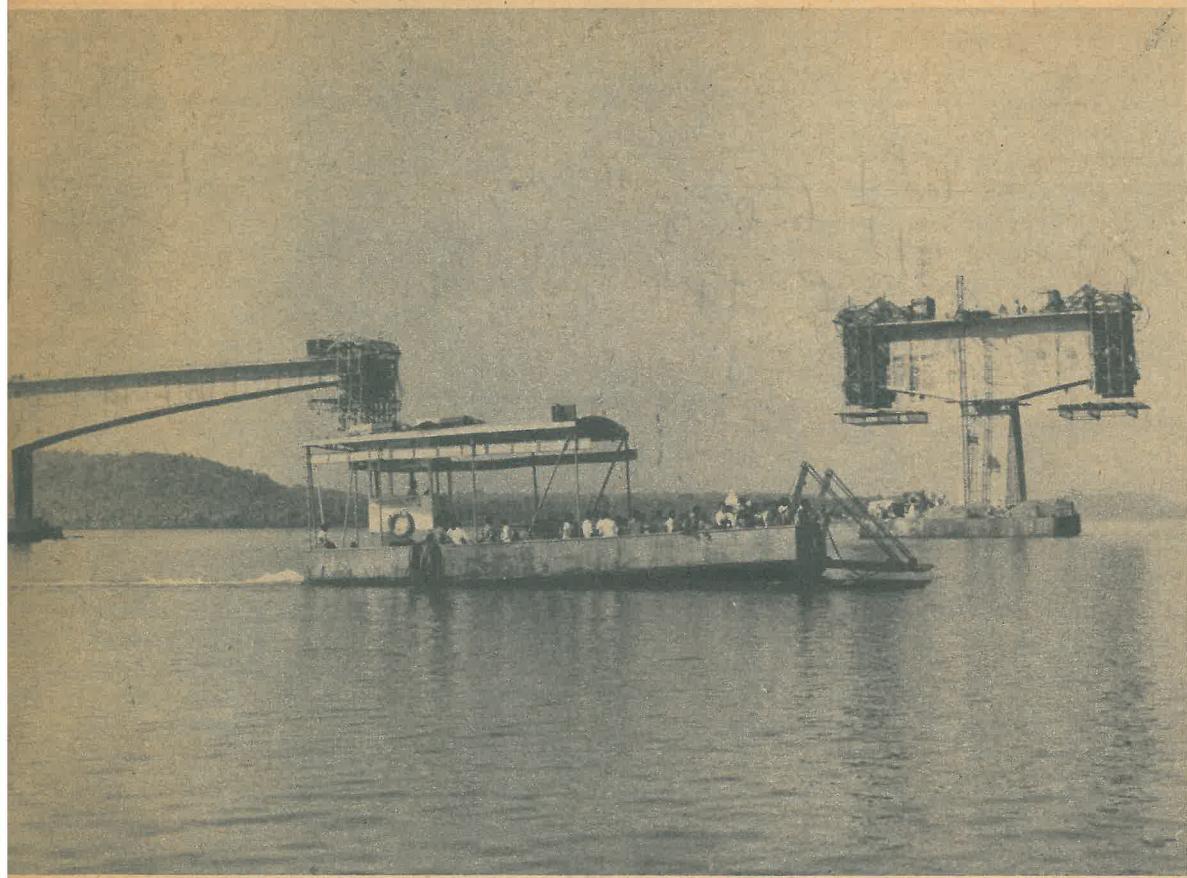
—S. N. Kulkarni

V. M. SALGAOCAR says: "We closed our operations this year with an export performance of 2,506,892 tonnes of iron ore. This includes 467,555 tonnes sold to MMTC." Salgaocars are among the top exporters of iron ore. Below: A prosperous mine at Pale.



loving Catholics. The Hindus by their hard work and astuteness have built enterprises big and small. Most commercial establishments and the Goa Chamber of Commerce and Industry are manned by prominent Hindus. Goans whether Hindu or Catholic will not tear their hair to build empires like the Marwaris, although a few

have done so. Their ambitions are small. They like to lead a simple life without too much tension and stress. The Hindus flock to their temple festivals at Mardol and Zambarilim. Catholics are welcome at all these festivals, particularly Ganesh Chaturthi and Divali which, like Christmas, have become festivals for everybody to enjoy. There is



LONG SPAN. This half-done bridge over the Zuari has taken over 8 years. No one knows when it will be ready. Meanwhile, at the ferry points, there are long queues of cars and lorries—and frayed tempers.

music in the air. And since there are so many villages and every one of them has its own fiesta, you hear music every day everywhere.

A well-known Hindu businessman observed: "The previous government wrecked Goa. It wasted public funds. Corruption at the top has permeated to the lower levels of administration—in P.W.D. Electricity Department, Police, Transport and the municipalities. In fact no files move unless palms are greased.

"All this has created a lot of dissatisfaction among our well-meaning, simple and God-fearing people. During the previous regime one could get away with murder and several did get away with murder...."

An Accident A Day

At least one person dies on Goa's roads every day. Wrecked cars, overturned motorcycles are a daily sight on the main roads. The traffic islands, particularly at Margao, seem to be the work of a mad man. Six traffic signals have been set up at important intersections in Panjim at a heavy cost to the taxpayer, but none of them is in working order. Bad maintenance? Sub-standard material? One always hears about: corruption, corruption everywhere. The RTO seems to be on a holiday. The buses that ply between cities go packed like sardines with passengers falling over each other.

Several accidents are caused by drivers going at breakneck speed—youngsters with or without licences are another nightmare. Last February, the Additional Sessions Judge, Dr Eurico da Silva, was knocked down by a motor-cyclist (who, it appears, had no licence). He was removed to hospital with a fractured leg. A few days later a Minister's new car was smashed by

an army truck. Two occupants of the car including the Minister had to be hospitalised. Police are nowhere to be seen. Even if they are, nobody seems to respect them. "We can buy them," says a dashing shop-owner who always parks his car in the "No Parking" area. The "No Parking" and "No Entry" lettering on signposts are so small that motorists would do well to carry binoculars to locate them. Why not have big boards with huge lettering as is done in Bombay?

Dirty beaches, phones that do not work, badly planned traffic islands, corruption, nights without lights—the new Government has many tasks ahead.

Lending A Ear

I went to see Mr Pratapsing Rane, Goa's new Chief Minister, at an inopportune moment. I had no appointment with him and there were a hundred people outside his office—farmers, doctors, teachers, orphans of Provedoria, poor people from the villages, aggrieved wives, in fact all manner of people hoping that the Chief Minister would lend them his ear. And this is what he has been doing these weeks trying to get a grip of the situation, offering help wherever necessary. His P.A., Mr Almeida, was busy meeting those who had come from far-off places. At last he took my visiting card in. The Chief Minister received me at the door and politely excused himself saying he would like to see me after the Carnaval: "I want to clear all this mess... You see, people have been coming from all over and my duty lies towards them. Also within half an hour I have to go to the swearing-in of our new Minister."

It was around 3 p.m. and Mr Rane had had no lunch.

Prospects Of Mineral Ore

Goa's wholly export-oriented iron ore industry provides livelihood for roughly 30 per cent of the population.

Over 34,000 people are employed in the open-cast mines, in road and river transport, workshops and allied trades, catering for mining and transport equipment and at the Mormugao Harbour in the handling of ore for shipment.

Besides rich deposits of iron and manganese, Goa also possesses significant pockets of clay, limestone, bauxite, pyrite, asbestos, ilmenite and steatite.

The Indian Bureau of Mines has stated that systematic exploration in the entire Goa-Karnataka area is needed to determine resources which can be economically exploited. The mineral deposits of Goa (chiefly iron, manganese and bauxite) are estimated at 1,200 million tonnes.

Iron ore occurs principally in the Sanguem, Bicholim and Satari talukas where it is largely mined. Rough estimates of the deposits are 150 million tonnes of lumpy ore (50%-60% of iron) and 620 million tonnes of fine and powdery ore.

Manganese deposits roughly estimated at 1.5 million tonnes appear in scattered laterite formations, chiefly in Sanguem and Quepem talukas. Ferromanganese appears at the conjunction of iron and manganese deposits.

GOAN IRON ORE EXPORTS

1978-79

(tonnes)

V. M. Salgaocar & Bro. Pvt. Ltd.	1,633,022
V. S. Dempo & Co. Pvt. Ltd.	1,071,826
Chowgule & Co. Pvt. Ltd.	946,813
Sociedade de Fomento Industrial Pvt. Ltd.	794,869
Timblo Private Limited	656,342
Mingoa Private Limited	664,065
A. V. Sarmalkar	442,717
Shantilal Khushaldas & Bros. Pvt. Ltd.	132,749

(Source: GMOEA Bulletin)

From 6.1 million tonnes at the time of liberation, ore exports rose by 1971 to 9.88 million tonnes and advanced further to 13.10 million tonnes in 1974, which is the highest figure in respect of the ore exports from any single port in India. The period 1976 to 1978 saw a steep recession in the iron and steel industry all over the world and Goa's exports declined to 9 to 10 million tonnes in 1978. The exports are now picking up. By 1980 our exports are expected to go beyond 13 million tonnes.—X.A.

Need For A Thermal Plant

At the time of liberation in 1961, Goa did not possess any industrial base. Since then, however, considerable industrial progress has been achieved and there are today over 1,700 industrial units registered in the territory. Industrial development has been aided to a large extent by the incentives offered by the Government in declaring the territory an industrially backward area and thus eligible for concessions such as capital subsidy, concessional rate of interest and other benefits.

The activities of several agencies such as Economic Development Corporation, Small Industries Service Institute, Maharashtra State Finance Corporation and Maharashtra Small Scale Industries Development Corporation have also helped in promoting industrial development.

Goa is dependent for its power supply on the neighbouring States of Maharashtra and Karnataka, since it does not generate its own power. The additional requirement at present is only 500,000 units which could easily be supplied by Karnataka.

Need For Power

If Goa is forever to remain at the mercy of the neighbouring States for its power needs, the uncertainty of supply from these sources will hamper industrial growth.

The territory must consider the installation of a captive thermal power plant which should initially have a rated capacity of 120 MW, which could later be increased to 500 MW. There is no difficulty in obtaining suitable land for such a plant, which should be designed to operate on both coal and gas. This is necessary in view of the fact that promising gasfields have been located by ONGC off the coast of Ratnagiri, to the north of Goa. These could eventually prove to be an assured and almost unlimited source of supply of gas both for the thermal plant as well as a feed-stock for fertilizer units.

Goa is relatively well served by a communication network covering land, sea and air. Mormugao Port is one of the major ports of the country having one of the best natural harbours. It is at present served by a metre-gauge railway line linking it to Londa on the Bangalore-Miraj section of the South-Central Railway. At present, the main cargo handled by Mormugao Port is iron and ferro-manganese ore. Approximately 5% of the annual cargo of 13 million tonnes is moved by rail.

X.A.



THE KUNBI DANCE. Kunbis belong to the working class. They have their own customs and dances. Below: The "Manddo" is the dance of the upper classes.



Ramrod straight, quick in his decisions, Mr Rane has come to be loved by one and all. He is unpretentious and apparently has done away with sirens, the red light on the hood of his car and other VIP trappings including outriders (although the Chief Secretary had been using them) which have been causing a lot of anger among Goans who love simplicity. Besides his other many qualities, Mr Rane is not unduly concerned about publicity, which is as it should be. The Goans respect him for that.

What kind of grievances does he have to hear day in and out? What will he do

about corruption, a hangover of the past administration that has been eating into the root of the administrative fabric? What about the Zuari bridge and the money that has gone into some pockets?

If Mr Rane remains free from pressures, particularly of unscrupulous business agents, he may redeem Goa.

After 18 years of liberation, Goa has for the first time broken with its traditional insularity and given the boot to the Maharashtra Gomantak Party. The MGP suffered its biggest humiliation in seeing its leader and previous Chief Minister

Sashikala Kakodkar lose her own seat. The MGP won a poor seven seats in a 30-member Assembly.

What were the reasons behind her downfall? A few may be recounted: corruption that apparently flourished during her rule; the power behind the throne that her husband was widely suspected to be; her fence-sitting on the issue of Statehood for Goa and promotion of Konkani, two matters dear to every Goan's heart; and also the discontent provoked by MGP on the student and fisherfolk agitations.

In fairness to her, we may add that she did achieve expansion of educational facilities, land tenancy reform, the setting up of industrial estates and the UGC approval of a separate university for Goa.

Village Problems

The biggest grouse against the former administration comes from Mr Mario Vaz, headmaster in a village school and a Member of the Legislative Assembly. He feels that the south of Goa has been deliberately neglected because it was not with the MGP. (Mr Vaz won with a 4,000-vote margin over his MG rival.) He mentioned that not only "sub-standard materials" had been used by the electricity department but "transformers had been kept rotting in the rains". His villages (Assolna, Velim and Cuncolim) lack potable drinking water. (Water from the wells is blackish.)

"My aim," the tall, handsome MLA announces with a swish of his hand, "is to put our lovely beaches of Betul and Palolem on the tourist map.

"The problem of drinking water has been with us for a long time and the MGP has not stirred a finger to develop water springs or to build the artificial lake at Selaulim which would have met our requirements.

"Our educational system also is not work-oriented. It is meant for passing exams and go in for a degree. There should be technical schools, like ITIs and polytechnics, to enable our young people to become self-employed tailors, welders, fitters, etc, for which there is much scope. Most of our village boys either join ships or go to the Gulf."

He then switched to politics.

"Sashikala Kakodkar's regime fell because the people had become fed up with her administration. She tried to encourage communalism although the Hindus (60%) and Catholics (38%) have lived in amity for five centuries. Thank God she has not succeeded. Even those in the stronghold of the Maharashtrawadi Gomantak have become disillusioned and voted her party out of power."

Assolna, Velim and Cuncolim are villages of "revolutionaries". "For love we give our heart and in anger we take somebody else's heart," the MLA concluded.

Why has the hope raised by Goa's liberation (on December 19, 1961) remained unfulfilled? The struggle against the Portuguese was not only to merge Goa with the rest of India. Goans expected this would serve as a springboard for further growth.

What Needs To Be Done

Mr V. S. Dempo, a prominent Goan industrialist, gives his views on the tasks ahead for Goa's development.

What are the tasks before Goan industrialists today?

A State or Territory which depends only on one industry is vulnerable: iron ore is a very sensitive industry whose fortunes are subject to international economic and political fluctuations. The recent recession in Japan and other advanced countries hurt the Goan mining industry.

Our efforts now should be to broaden and diversify industrialisation. Without large industries there can be no profitable small-scale industries which can be ancillary to the large ones and which offer ample employment opportunities to educated and skilled young people.

Will the new Government satisfy your hopes and aspirations?

In Goa, we have a new Government, the first non-Maharashtrawadi Gomantak Party Ministry and the first belonging to a national party like the Congress (I). This will have its advantage as the ruling parties at the Centre and in Goa are the same. This will not only ensure proper understanding between the two but also lead to a fruitful dialogue between New Delhi and Panjim which was absent during the last 16 years.

Our Ministry is new but it is composed of eager young men who are out to get things done. They are honest and educated. The members of the present Goa Ministry want to create job opportunities for the thousands of young men and women who come out of our schools and colleges every year. With the help of the Centre and their own hard work, they should be able to satisfy the aspirations of the Goan people.

What are the prospects of mineral ore exports and development of Goa mines?

The global recession in the steel industry, starting with the oil "shock" has caused a steady decline in demand. In the current year, there are signs of a slightly improved demand from Japan. It is, however, difficult to forecast, with any degree of accuracy, the shape of things to come. The target for Goan iron ore exports within the next two years is over 13 million tonnes per annum (exclusive of pellets). The Goan shippers are allowed to export to specified areas only, viz, Japan, Taiwan, South Korea and



Western Europe. All other markets are closed to them, including the Eastern Bloc, even against free foreign exchange.

The new ore berth at Mormugao Port, which has been dredged and mechanised at a cost of Rs 83 crores, does mark an improvement on erstwhile loading methods, but with its capacity to load 60,000 DWT vessels only falls far short of the systems available in Australia, South Africa and Brazil.

An economy in freight can be obtained by the use of bulk ore carriers (150,000 DWT) which can be loaded at Mormugao from mechanised loading facilities in conjunction with transfer vessels.

What needs to be done to increase the pace of industrial progress in Goa?

The prerequisite of any policy of industrialisation is investment. To determine the channels of investments, entrepreneurial talent and an adequate team of technocrats and managerial personnel are essential. It is only a combination of these inputs that can ensure industrialisation.

The Goan entrepreneurial class is small in number, and out of the few large-scale units set up in recent years, some owe their existence to non-Goan industrialists. This is not to be decried, but to be encouraged, as their presence, their pattern of management and their initiative serve as motivating factors to our potential entrepreneurs.

The other factors which have to be kept in mind are resources like minerals, agricultural and forest products and the advantage of an excellent port. The constraints are: lack of a local market, inadequate rail links and scarcity of raw materials. The immediate need is to set up a network of small-scale units in engineering, electronics and pharmaceuticals, supported by a few large mother units in each sector.

--X. A.

Goa has a beautiful network of waterways which must be developed to improve communications, a first-rate natural harbour and 100 km of coastline dotted with minor ports. All this could be turned into a tourist marvel. Goa does not lack money nor entrepreneurship. The owner of *O Coqueiro*, one of the several popular restaurants, told me: "I have a proposal to start a casino at Tiracol, the northernmost point of Goa with top-

class accommodation for tourists. We are ready to provide finance to make this project one of the most successful. Will the Government give its O.K.? There are people like him all over Goa—with a fertile imagination, with dynamism and with sound financial backing.

And, yet, all over there is this sense of frustration. Inaction is the word. Mr

Rane's government will have to sweep away the cobwebs and push Goa's tourist growth with imagination.

Goa has had an unrestrained period of prosperity prior and after liberation—its mining industry brings in sizable foreign exchange (over Rs 120 crores a year), it has maintained employment at a fairly high level and Goans enjoy a good standard of living.



Extensive excavation along the beach at Arossim.



Pile of beach sand awaiting shipment at Cavelossim.

RAPE OF THE BEACHES

The sand dunes act as a natural barrier against incursion by sea-water and the salt-laden winds blowing in from the sea. They enable trees to grow on the leeward side and crops such as rice to be raised. They also act as containers for rain water and help to maintain a high water table, making it possible for coconut palms to grow along the shore. These palms not only add to the beauty of the scene and provide shade during summer, but also prevent erosion.

Irresponsible though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that today thousands of tons of precious sand from these beaches and dunes are being extracted with official sanction!

There is a great demand for this sand from factories located in Bombay, Pune, Kolhapur, Solapur and Kirloskarwadi in neighbouring Maharashtra State. It has a high percentage of silica and it is mainly used in foundries and in glass manufacture. Sand of lower quality is used in construction of buildings. When used in foundries or glass manufacture, it is classified as a major mineral and when used in construction it is classified as a minor mineral. For construction purposes, river-bed sand is preferred as it is free of salt.

Under existing enactments, the sand is being extracted by contractors who are granted licences for the purpose by the Government. Since the sand is classified as a mineral, it is considered to be the property of the State regardless of its location and a lease for extraction can be granted by the

authorities even against the wishes of the proprietor of the land on which it is located. The proprietor is only entitled to compensation and if there is no agreement on the quantum of compensation to be paid the matter can be referred to arbitration.

The attention of sand extractors has been concentrated on the Salcete coast because of convenient transport and communication links in this area. The sand is transported in trucks to nearby railheads on the South-Central Railway meter-gauge line, where it is loaded on to rail wagons for onward despatch to various destinations. The sand is also loaded on to countrycraft at Cortalim on the banks of the Zuari river for shipment to coastal ports.

Last year approximately one lakh tonnes of beach sand was extracted in Goa for supply to consuming units located outside the territory. It is obvious that the continuous removal of sand from the beaches on such a large scale cannot but upset the delicate ecological balance and eventually spell economic disaster for the entire coastal region. It would expose the coastal areas to the fury of the cyclones and consequent tidal waves—an experience with which the people of Andhra Pradesh have become all too familiar.

People living in the affected areas have not remained silent spectators to the activities of the sand extractors. During the past three years there has been a sustained campaign involving satyagraha and hunger strikes.

A. CORREIA AFONSO

Ore: Backbone of Goa

Mr V. M. Salgaocar presides over a mining empire which has performed remarkably well. He says: "We closed our operations this year with an export performance of 2,506,892 tonnes. This includes sale of 467,555 tonnes to the MMTC. For the fourth year in succession we have been able to maintain the leading position among iron ore exporters from Goa this year with a substantial margin of 841,409 tonnes. This performance has been possible on account of the larger vessels of 160,000 tonnes that we can handle with our transhipper vessels.

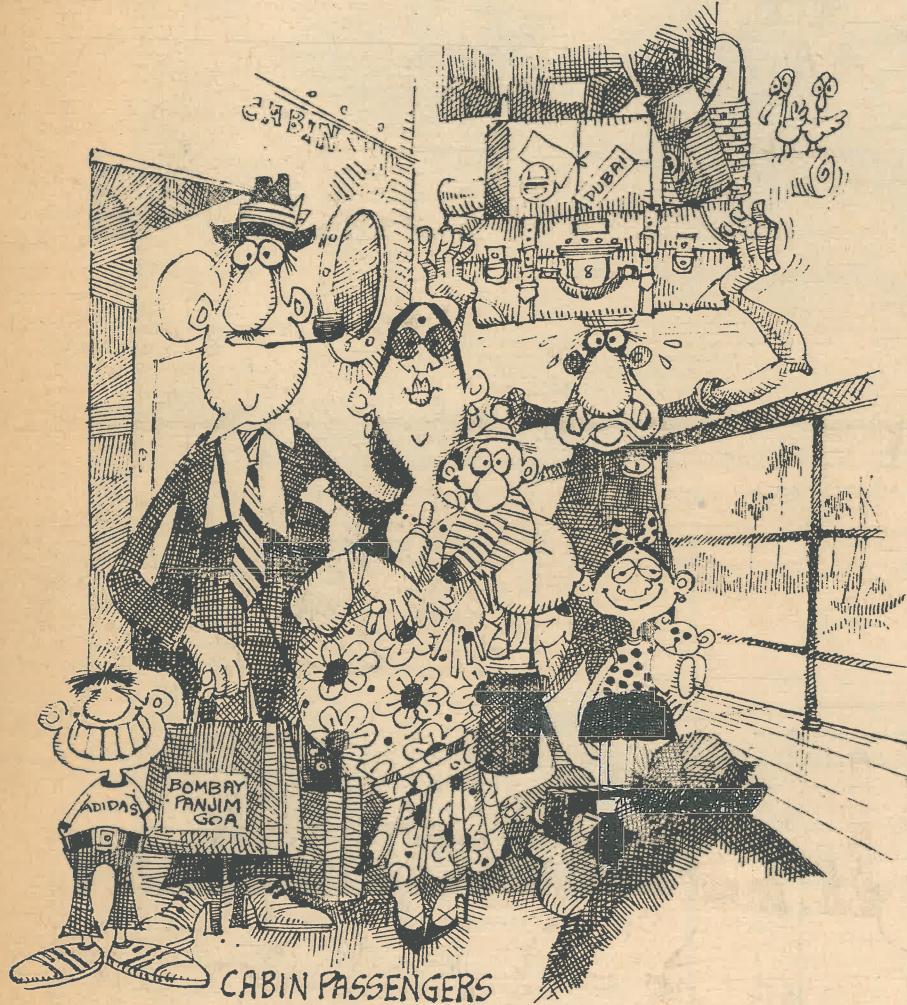
"The prospects for the current year have brightened with the recovery that has set in in the steel industry and the strong possibilities that have now clearly emerged for securing a price increase from April onwards of a minimum 20-25% over the existing prices. We anticipate a shortfall of world iron ore output by 1985. Japan is evidently anxious that new iron ore mines begin to function as speedily as possible. This year steel production in Japan is expected to touch 112 million tonnes. Within three years, the steel mills expect their demand for iron ore to rise by 35 million tonnes per annum. The reputation of the Goan shippers with the Japanese steel mills is extremely good," he added cheerfully.

Goa has been a paradise for those who have shown enterprise. The success of Salgaocars and Dempos who are the sons of the soil and others who have built industrial empires has become a legend. Meanwhile more and more Goans, settled abroad, are coming back to their villages to enrich their homeland with their experience and skills. Any government that seeks the good of Goa must put these talents to good use and build the infrastructure for agro-rural, small industries and well-planned tourism.

THE GOA' TRIP'

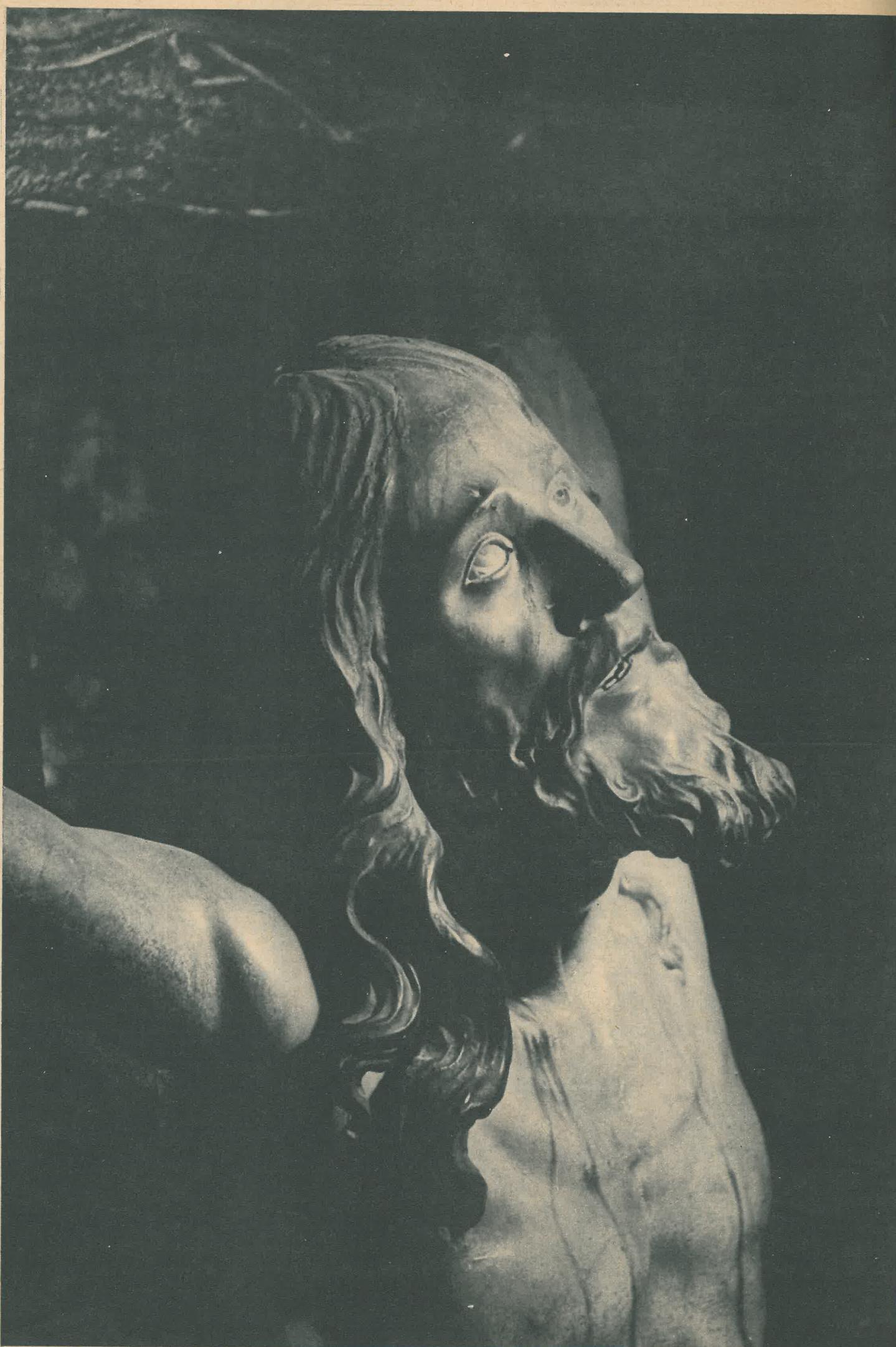
•mario.

A boat journey from Goa to Bombay has its own charm. As the steamer chugs out of the harbour, the passengers wave good-bye to a land full of enchantment. Only the memories remain. The flower children go on a "trip" of their own hoping to attain nirvana—at least until they reach their destination.





Editorial



Jn

the beginning of the Christian era, in the Jewish community of Jerusalem, the Day of Rest was Saturday, not Sunday. It was on Saturday, after dying on the cross on Friday, that the body of Jesus was laid to rest in a tomb which was a rock-hewn affair, and for all practical purposes a walk-in, closed by a massive stone. Understandably, it was only early Sunday morning, the first working day of the Jewish week that the tomb was visited by a woman whose past was shady but whose faith was great and whose purpose was to anoint the body of Jesus with spices and ointments after the fashion of those days.

Mary Magdalene, however, had a surprise waiting for her. As she approached the tomb she saw what, to her, was unaccountable: the stone guarding the tomb had been moved away and inside there was no body—only the garments in which the body had been wrapped. Shocked—and who wouldn't be?—Mary fled, whether in fear or confusion we do not know. St John in his Gospel is silent on this score. What we know is that she contacted her friend Peter. Peter's own utterances at the sacrilege he had been informed about are unrecorded. But he was quick to rush to the tomb-site along with John, arriving at the spot sometime after his co-disciple, panting and gasping, probably because he was overweight and unused to morning sprints. The two peered in and did not take long to realise that the tomb had indeed been vacated. What conversation ensued between Peter and John has not been vouchsafed for us. Excitable that Peter was, he no doubt had plenty to say but all that we know is that he returned home, perplexed, and no doubt very angry.

But Mary, ever-faithful Mary, stayed on. Her mission of service had remained unfulfilled and she started to cry. It was just about then that she noticed, albeit a little hazily, for her eyes were full of tears and it was still dark anyway, a man standing in front of her. Why was she weeping, the man wanted to know. Was she perchance seeking someone? Mary, mistaking the man for a kindly local hire said, her thoughts still on Jesus: "Sir, if you have removed him, pray tell me where you have laid him and I will take him away." To which we know the man answered but in one word: "Mary!" The voice, the figure and the compassion told Mary who it was: Rabboni, the Risen Master, and she instinctively moved to embrace him.

So far, so good. The four Gospels each provide a slightly different account of the details of the Resurrection, but no matter. What matters is the central drama of Christendom, indeed, its greatest moment when, as one writer has beautifully put it "a mystery of faith was joined by a triumph of life". No other religion offers so profound a physical thesis on the enduring continuity of existence.

Alan Watts, in his excellent work, *Easter*, provides an explanation. "The story of Jesus lives on, not because he

was an innocent man who died a cruel death with bravery, for others have done as much; not because he was a great teacher of spiritual principles, for there was nothing peculiarly original in his doctrine; not even because he returned from death, for that, too, has been recorded by others. The Christ story lives because it has fascinated man's mind with the thought of God who has shared the life of his creatures, a King who has become his own subject. It is the revelation that the Lord of the Universe is not a cruel puppet master who watched his playthings writhe in the toils of tragedies which he has plotted. *It is that he himself has entered the play, has become the victim of the tragedy, and has turned it into triumph!*"

In his poem, *Saint Peter*, Daniel Berrigan, the priest-poet writes:

*No Christ at a tombstone
knocked me awake. A cock mounted the tall
rock where his body bled. I choose
that rock to stand: man
and clean of hand and blessed, whose
even second choice was Christ.*

The Risen Christ is one of the great moments in history. In both the liturgical and Biblical expressions, it outranks Christ's Nativity. The liturgy of the Resurrection includes 40 days of Lenten preparation; while the Advent season for the Nativity is of much shorter duration. It is not insignificant that, in the four Gospels, only two writers, Matthew and Luke, tell us of the birth of Christ. The Resurrection is noted by all four.

As Christians everywhere, and of whatever denomination, celebrate Easter, it is possible to sing alleluias with them in the commemoration of a major event where history blends with religion, faith with fact and death with rebirth. True it is that Easter, primarily, is a Christian event. But those who observe Easter know just as well that the rites of its liturgy are embedded in the renewal of earth's life, in the beginning of another spring—and this we see in different religions and different cultures as well.

Indeed Easter is everywhere around us, in the hills and the valleys in the woods and the fields. The Psalmist said it all when he wrote: "The little hills rejoice on every side... they shout for joy. They also sing."

Easter comes in April, which may be, as T.S. Eliot has said, the cruellest of months, breeding lilacs out of the dead land, but it is also the month when dull roots are stirred with spring rain. Even so, Easter is the time when the dull roots of our life should be stirred with ever-sustaining faith, faith in the knowledge that death is not the end but the beginning, even that there is neither beginning nor end.

*Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future
And time future contained in time past.*

M.V.K.



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—Napoleon

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A festival unique in Asia, it is a celebration just before the season of Lent, a period of Christian mourning.

by DOM MORAES

The day before the carnival there were cardboard dummies standing idly about in the streets. Bands brayed, practising for the next day. People were drinking in all the little bars around the Goan capital, and there were rehearsals of the acts which were to be performed during the carnival. It was the first one I had attended, and I was a little disappointed. I had expected a somewhat riotous atmosphere on the eve of the festival, but though there was a lot of activity, people seemed unexcited. I had heard of bonfires on the beaches and dances in the streets: this year there were none. Perhaps this was partly



CARNIVAL

Photographs by
S. N. Kulkarni





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because the first day of the carnival was literally to be blacked out: in this case by the total eclipse of the sun, an ill omen perhaps.

A carnival, where people don masks, drink, dance, and play music, occurs once a year, and it occurs in many countries, particularly in those which have, at some point of time, known the influence of Portugal or Spain. Rio, for example, has a famous carnival, so does the Caribbean island of Trinidad. A carnival does not celebrate anything in particular: it simply provides an opportunity for celebration. It is possible (remotely, I must add) that it stems from some sort of African tradition: There is something very African in the wearing of masks, and the ritual dancing, singing, and drinking, as a form of celebration. Also, both the Spanish and the Portuguese had close contact with Africa, the northern part of that continent being not very far from the Iberian peninsula, which the Moors in fact occupied for a while.

King Momo

In Goa the presiding spirit of the carnival, the deity, as it were, who has total rule, at least metaphorically, over it, is called King Momo. He enters the Goan capital on the first day of the carnival, which moves thereafter from town to town. Panjim, however, is the main area where the carnival is celebrated. It always was. There have been these celebrations there for the centuries since the Portuguese. When the King entered his temporary domain on February 16, this year, I was not present, having been driving down to the southern portions of Goa to cover the eclipse.

Because of the eclipse, the King's entry was postponed until 6 p.m. Some of my friends, however, including the cartoonist Mario Miranda, started to celebrate the opening day of the

carnival in the most traditional manner possible: by getting drunk together. One was not supposed to look at the eclipse except through exposed film and welder's goggles. None of my friends in Panjim had troubled to obtain either. "But," Mario told me later, "we all wanted to see what was happening. So we all looked at the eclipse through our glasses of rum." At 6 p.m. King Momo entered the city. I was still on the long road back from the south. By the time I reached the town, everything was over, except that the streets were full of drunks. They were happy drunks, and very musical. None of them were women: there is a code about these matters in Goa.

The Morning After

The next day nothing happened in the city, though I might not have noticed, since after an exhausting expedition, I spent much of the morning in bed. The night, however, brought further celebrations in the form of a dance. This was not the impromptu affair dances at a carnival are supposed to be. It was supposed to be a sort of ballroom dance. We arrived at 7 p.m., the announced time. But the dance was not to be initiated until the arrival of King Momo. By 10 o'clock, most people were fairly high and rising higher, but there was no sign of the royal personage, and nobody had as yet commenced to dance. Various people in masks and costumes varying between harlequins and angels had arrived and sat disconsolately sipping through the holes cut into their masks for their mouths. "What is all this?" inquired an elderly person seated beside me. "In the old days, there were real carnivals. People really danced and drank. Then they fought. A splendid spectacle. Then they kissed. And then men and women made love to each other. These people

now..." with a little humphing noise "haven't the characters their fathers had. By this time in the past the party would be breaking up, and everyone—heh, heh—" he added with a very evil look, "would be heading for bed. Now the party hasn't even started, and look at the time."

At this point one of the organisers of the dance appeared by our table. I asked when the ceremonies would start. He said, in a very mournful way, "King Momo was to open it, but I cannot find King Momo. We paid him Rs 500 yesterday and now he has disappeared. I have sent my people to look around the bars. We may find him soon." This seemed to me a vain hope, since Panjim contains so many bars. But other people dressed rather unconvincingly as bears, trees, and so forth had now started to filter into the large room, full of people, smoke, and liquor. Then came King Momo.

He was obviously not at his best. Dressed in a shaggy, ape-like costume (more echoes of Africa, perhaps) he lurched in, started to perform Rabelaisian clown acts, then lurched towards the bar. Then he lurched out. By this time those couples who were not in an advanced state of intoxication were performing waltzes and foxtrots on the floor. Presently the band started to play some rather more modern music (though not that modern) and the dancers commenced to do the twist. "Horrible," hissed my ancient companion, "obscenity! That is to be done in your own bed, no?"

"The Last Portuguese"

Next day I crossed the Zuari river to the pleasant town of Margao. Here there were dead effigies lying around in the streets, and a hungover atmosphere. I was looking for a man called Santos, said to be the last Portuguese in Goa. I had been

told that every day, at 12.30 precisely, he turned up at a certain bar. I went to this bar. At 12.30 he appeared, beaming and pleased with life. "Carnaval time is a good time, no?" he inquired. "Now everyone happy, yes," and made himself happier with a bottle of beer. Mr Santos first came to Goa 25 years back, in 1955. At that time the Portuguese were at their absolute nadir as a nation, and Mr Santos wanted to be in one of the few remaining colonies rather than in the mother country. He came to Goa in answer to an advertisement for an engineer, and was asked to build canals. Unluckily, neither was this physically feasible owing to the nature of the terrain, nor was there any financial allocation from the Portuguese Government to build the canals. "Most of my friends at the time," said Mr Santos, "were Portuguese," but in 1960 he married a Goan. She became pregnant. India started to make loud noises at Salazar. By this time, in 1961, Mr Santos had founded a small but prosperous business that manufactured ironware. He despatched his wife to Lisbon. He himself was on the last plane out before the Indian action. In Lisbon, both his wife and he were miserable. They had no fixed source of income, and moreover they missed Goa.

"As with the carnaval," said Mr Santos, flinging out a hand towards a relatively inactive street, "I missed the pleasure of that. My wife also, she was missing." He therefore contrived to sail to Karachi, where he contacted the Indian High Commission. They appreciated the publicity value of his return, and assisted him, so that in 1962 he was back in Goa, with his wife and child. He took up his old businesss, and is now doing very well. "The carnaval," said Mr Santos, "the carnaval... is wonderful but is not what she was in Portuguese times. How you say it? Much joy has departed."

On this note I left Mr Santos to his meditation on past carnivals.

Panjim welcomed me in the fading light, through which, ghostlike, its white houses glimmered. Suddenly I saw a series of large hands, palms out and fingers pointing skyward, gliding down the road. There were also a number of young men and women, arms round one another, bottles in their hands, their faces blackened with soot or some kind of powder. They were obviously happy. "That was the way we all felt at carnaval time," said a friend in our car nostalgically, "when I was a boy."



Mansions Of Goa

Goa has 50 palatial houses some of which are 300 years old. They are situated on river banks, hill-tops and in the thickly wooded plains. They stand out among the humble mud-and-thatch homes of the peasants.

by CECILIA D'SOUZA



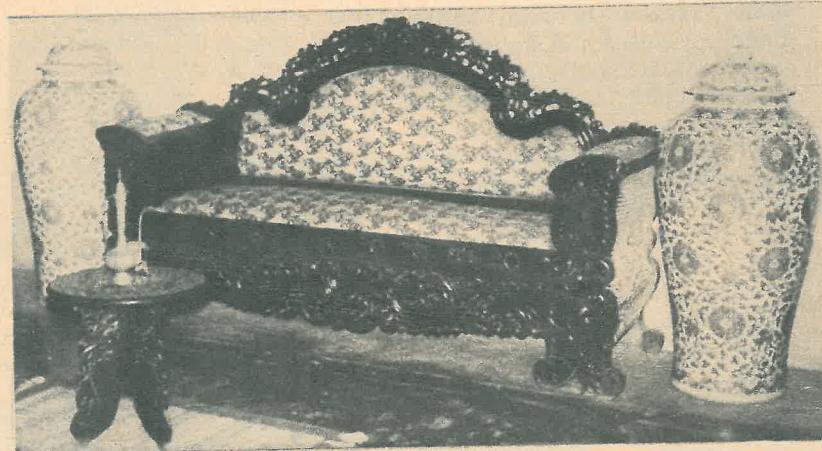
MIRANDA HOUSE AT LOUTOLIM

The mansion of the Ranes of Satari at Sanquelim (the ancestral home of Pratapsing Rane, Goa's Chief Minister) and of the Rei de Sudem at Bastora, the country seats of titled Goans, such as the Conde de Mayem and the Visconde de Pernem are among the stately houses built in Goa. Rich batcans (land-owners), the Priolkars of Priol and the Furtados of Chinchinim, also had palatial houses.

Graceful Portals

Each district—Salcete, Bardez, Ilhas—has several mansions. Those in Salcete, built of red laterite, open on to a courtyard. The Bardez houses are painted white. Graceful portals lead to the main building. The big houses have a basic feature, the traditional Goan balcao (porch) with stone seats and pillars holding up a sloping roof. The tall and broad windows are borrowed from Portuguese colonial houses. The architectural form is a medley of Versailles, Florentine and Greek styles.

A descendant of one of Goa's oldest families, the Monteiro,



PRICELESS ANTIQUES AND CARVED FURNITURE

Candolim, drove me to his vaddo (locality). Here, a tree-lined private road leads to the group of buildings that comprises part of the estate. A gigantic metal door, surmounted by the Monteiro coat-of-arms, opens on to the 30x20m salao (hall). It is a pointer to the immense size of the mansion. It once had a vast banqueting hall, 10 bedrooms, and several guest rooms, store-rooms and kitchens.

A four-foot dado runs along the four walls of the salon, the geo-



HOUSE AT NEURA. It has 10 halls and several ante-chambers.

metric design on buff ground traced by red tile-work. Giant rosewood sofas and chairs adorn the hall. On the demi-tables are curios, some of them ebony figures of Negro warriors. These gifts were made to a Monteiro ancestor, a colonel of the Portuguese army in Goa, by his comrades-in-arms who had served in Angola. Nine tall windows look out on a small wood—of banyan, mango, jackfruit and cotton trees. The peace of the countryside envelops the estate.

the ornate interior, a gilded baroque altar dedicated to Our Lady of Remedios. The chapel accommodates 200 of the faithful on feast days.

The family retains part of its vast demesne, several acres of paddy-fields and an annual yield of 50,000 coconuts. "Not much of the rice is marketed," said Dr Gustavo. "Six estate workers eat in our kitchens. We are a family of five and no noonday visitor is sent away hungry."

Italian Designer

Pinto vaddo, also in Candolim, takes its name from a prominent local family, the Pintos. Their ancestral home was built about the mid-17th century; its designer, the Italian priest and engineer, Fr Philip Catalini. The white house, nestling among luxuriant trees, is extremely lovely, with its mulioned windows. The portal, with the Pinto coat-of-arms at the top, leads to the reception rooms.

At one time the mansion was a showplace in Bardez, its elevated balcao deemed the loveliest in the district. Part of the villa has been demolished and converted into a hospital. A plain cemented front replaces the porch and the graceful old chambers have been made into clinically neat sick rooms.

The house was built in 1660 by Padre Jose Monteiro who bequeathed it to his brother. The property has passed in unbroken line to the present heir, Dr Gustavo Monteiro. He mentions proudly that Simao, the first Christian convert in Goa, came from his family. To date, there have been four priests in the family.

A reason, also, for justifiable pride is the chapel on the estate. The austere exterior does not prepare the visitor for

A tragic tale lies behind this monstrous combination of an old classical form with a functionally modern one. Fr Pascoal Pinto, who inherited part of the house, bequeathed it to his grandniece, a nun, on condition that no structural change was made. The promise was not honoured.

Fr Pascoal is said to have wept over this desecration.

The da Costa Frias mansion in the vicinity is also a contemporary structure. The leaves of thick trees weave a lacy pattern on the portal. A flight of steps takes the visitor to the *salon*. The present heir, Desiderio da Costa Frias, Drug Controller of Goa, maintains the mansion in a style befitting a stately home. The *salon* is superb with its antique rosewood furniture, chandeliers, tall Macao urns and plates. Great teakwood chests, large enough to hold the traditional Goan bride's trousseau—dozens of dresses and chemises, sets of lingerie and yards of lace—are seen in the *salon* and corridor.

Latin Style

The visitor is usually ushered into the dining hall, the seat of Goan hospitality and served coffee or beer and dos. Intimate friends are kissed on each cheek, Latin style. The stranger is greeted with a warm handclasp. A flow of Portuguese, the old court language, follows. Mesalliances are frowned upon.

The compact Gomes house at Mapuca is the an-

ral home of Monsignor Francis Gomes Catao, noted Goan historian. It was constructed from the stones taken from the fortresses of Tivem and Colvale. As the first Goan commandant of Mapuca, Mgr Catao's forefather, Captain Gomes, apparently had ready access to such building material.

Curious Surname

Mgr Catao related how he came by his curious surname (the original one is Gomes). His father was nicknamed *jatao* (the shrewd one) by the Portuguese. Mr Gomes thought it worth his while to retain this appellation. But he took the odium out of it by changing the first letter F to C.

Perched on a rock in the rich farmland of Neura is Abelio Noronha's stately mansion. The verandah provides the visitor with a breathtaking view of lush green paddy fields stretching to the distant hills. Carved doors lead to the *salon*. The ivory-coloured ceiling has a rectangular floral border carved out of ebony—a symphony in white and black. Two lovely brass lamps hang from the ceiling. Of the

rosewood furniture one sofa alone has been valued at Rs 18,000. Blue china plates adorn the walls.

The Noronhas trace their ancestry to the Kamat brothers of Kashmir, early converts to Christianity.

Abelio Noronha mentioned a few VIPs in his family, one of them Mgr Castilho Noronha, a member of the Portuguese parliament at Lisbon for three consecutive terms. The road from Neura to Old Goa is named after this priest-politician. Another ancestor, Romulo Salvador Noronha, was the most famous lawyer of his day and a mayor of Panjim.

Viewing these magnificent houses one recalls with regret the fate of other mansions. The enormous Gomes house at Majorda has been razed to the ground. It once served as a halfway halt for wayfarers on the road to Margao.

Extravagant living, emigration abroad and fewer children are cited as causes for the decline of proud old Goan families. "Pride, the sin by which the angels fell, is also a contributory cause," said the

pious Elvira Peres, herself the owner of a 16th-century manor at San Pedro. She related the story of Joao de Mel, the richest landlord in Ilhas. An army of servants waited on him in his magnificent villa at San Pedro. His palatial house is now in ruins, his lands, the property of strangers.

Diminishing Fortunes

Many of the privileged families, the *fidalgos* of Velcao and the *morgados* of Pomburpa, scorned service. Even government jobs and military posts were considered servile. Diminishing fortunes and estates are now forcing descendants of the old families to go in for professional careers or enlist in the defence services.

It is sad to think of magnificent mansions in Goa going under the bulldozer, their place taken by ugly housing colonies.

"Perhaps such a fate could be avoided if the state were to place these fine mansions on its tourist itinerary," said Mr da Costa Frias. "But the pittance offered for the use of our homes as a tourist attraction hardly makes the prospect attractive."

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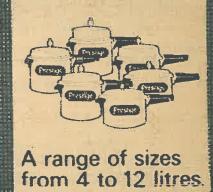
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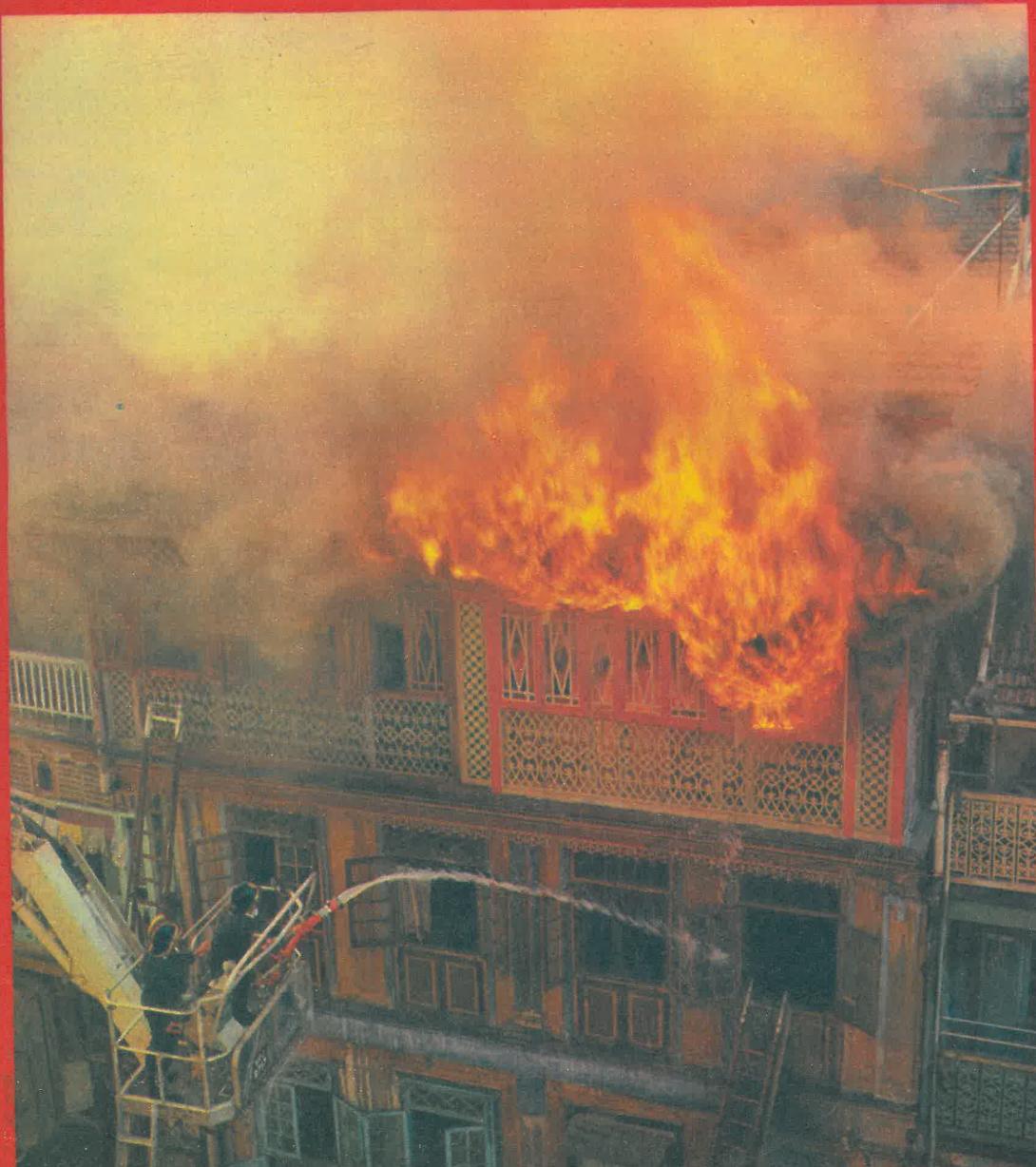


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N. COOMBS

a single fire extinguisher. When the situation appeared unmanageable the Bombay Fire Brigade was called in—by then 25 precious minutes had been lost. Even then all was not well. Firemen had to go on a futile search for hydrants.

Firemen Asphyxiated

High-rise buildings, many of which do not have even elementary fire-fighting equipment are another big hazard.

The Bombay Fire Brigade suffered heavy casualties in the State Bank skyscraper fire in 1972—four firemen were asphyxiated and several others had to be hospitalised. The firemen did not have suitable equipment to reach beyond the tenth floor. They had to fight their way through dense fumes of carbon monoxide which had engulfed the staircase.

The Brigade invariably responds promptly to any call for help. But sometimes, it is handicapped due to insufficient pressure in the hydrants.

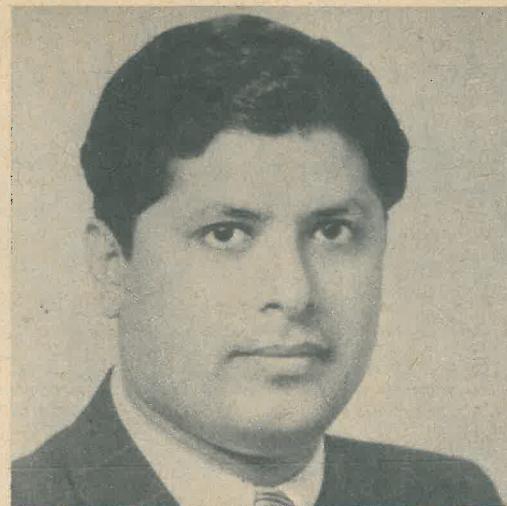
Not long ago it saved the lives of 90 tenants of a four-storeyed building at Chira Bazar in South Bombay. The front portion of the building had collapsed and the tenants trapped. Firemen arrived within minutes of the incident and rescued them.

By and large, our firemen have earned the respect and goodwill of the residents of this city. They are heirs to a tradition that has been marked by several acts of sacrifice and heroism.

No one exactly knows when the Bombay Fire Brigade was established. There are no historical records. But it is certain that it was not in existence until 1803, the year when a big conflagration devastated a major part of Bombay. The devastation prompted the Government to set up a "Fire Service" in the city.

In 1864, a Commission was appointed to report on the organisation of the Brigade. It came to the conclusion that the Brigade was understaffed and underequipped. An Ex-Commissioner of Police was appointed to reorganise the existing system and one Mr Edington was sent to England to qualify himself as "Captain of the New Steam Fire Brigade".

Soon after, the Fire Brigade became the joint responsibility of the police and the Municipality—the officers being members of the police force, performing dual duties. The staff consisted mainly of Indians. A Brigade



M. G. PRADHAN

consisted of four steam engines and six hand engines, stationed at Dockyard, Dongri, Pydhonie and Kamathipura and were drawn by a pair of hefty horses.

Historical Background

As the city grew, so did the fires. Meanwhile, police officers were relieved of their police duties and put in charge of the Fire Department. It was only on April 1, 1887, that the Bombay Fire Brigade became the sole responsibility of the Municipality.

Those were the days when steam engines, mounted on the four-wheel carriage and drawn by horses, were used to work the cumbersome "reciprocating pumps". Horses were specially trained to respond to the alarm bell and be ready in front of the fire engine for harnessing. It was a thrilling spectacle to witness the brightly polished steam pump being drawn by sturdy horses galloping at full speed, the carillon bell clanging, and firemen clinging to the engine for their lives.

Mr Nichols of the London Fire Brigade was appointed the first Fire Officer. He had come with fresh ideas to model his team of fire fighters on the lines of the London Fire Brigade. New fire engines were imported, old ones discarded.

The first petrol engine was used in 1907. Six more petrol engines, including a turn-table ladder of 82 ft, were added and the Bai Jerbai Wadia Street Accident Ambulance Service was introduced.

All the officers of the Bombay Fire Brigade were Englishmen. It was only in 1923 that an Indian, Mr Huzar Ahmed, was allowed to become a Station Officer. Complete Indianisation took place when Mr N. Coombs retired in 1948. Mr M. G. Pradhan became the first Indian Chief Fire Officer on April 8, 1948.

During the Second World War our firemen had to face unusual tasks. Some examples:

- ★ On June 28, 1947, a building under construction at Jamshedji Tata Road collapsed and buried over a hundred persons under the large mass of concrete and steel. Firemen rescued those trapped in the debris at great risk to their own lives.
- ★ The Brigade had to attend to a number of calls due to arson following the mutiny of R.I.N. in 1945 and the riots in the pre-partition period.



L. S. D. MEHERWANJEE

★ The Brigade suffered its biggest loss of lives when 66 gallant officers went down fighting a fire on the s.s. *Fort Stikine* berthed in Victoria Dock Shed No 1, on April 14, 1944. (89 firemen were injured.) The ship loaded with 1,318 tonnes of explosives, 8,700 bales of cotton and drums of lubricating oil had all the ingredients for a major disaster. All it required was a spark. This was provided by a cigarette butt flung carelessly in the hold. There were two explosions of such magnitude that fragments of hot metal, blazing cotton bales and oil drums were flung many furlongs away resulting in the destruction of 12 ships in the harbour.

The explosion also caused tidal waves that lifted the stern of a 4,000-ton ship into the air. It destroyed a part of the city over a length of a mile and caused death and injuries to hundreds. Firemen toiled day and night with the help of 46 pumps. It took them 45 days to contain the conflagration.

There is only one survivor of this great dock explosion still in the Brigade. He is Mr L.S.D. Meherwanjee, the present chief of the Bombay Fire Brigade. He stated: "Our responsibility has increased tremendously, especially since the commissioning of two oil refineries, the existence of the atomic energy establishment and heavy-chemical factories."

Mr Meherwanjee explained that, to fight fires in buildings above the height that cannot be reached by fire brigade ladders, four things are necessary—a speedy means of reaching an upper floor (fire lift); a safe area (or bridgehead) where firemen can assemble and equip themselves to enter the floor on fire (a ventilated lobby); the means for fighting a fire at high levels (a dry or wet rising main), and a safe route of retreat for firemen in an emergency (protected staircase).

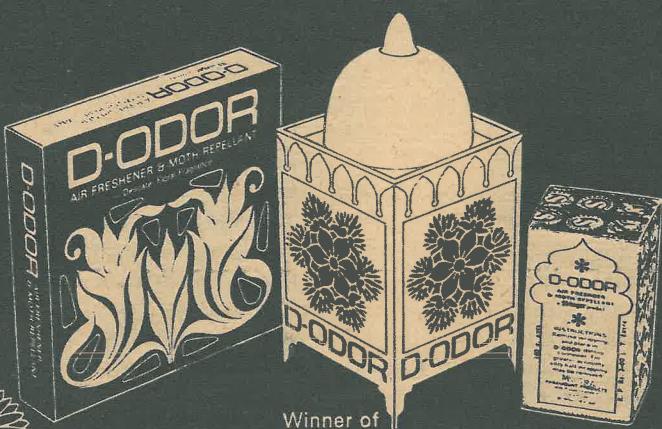
He pointed out that Greater Bombay required a minimum of 40 fire stations as per the recommendation of the Fire Advisory Committee. "All we have now are only 19."

Within a decade, he hopes, Bombay will be able to boast a first-rate fire-fighting organisation with a modern rescue centre and a multi-crore sophisticated communication network.

J. B. C.

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THEY ROSE TO FAME

A broad spectrum of eminent Goans who blazed the trail in fine arts and science and other walks of life.

by ALFRED D'CRUZ

The celebrated French writer, Alexandre Dumas, in his classic *Count de Monte Cristo*, has immortalised a Goan scientist-revolutionary, Abbe Faria, who fought in the French Revolution. His real name was Jose Custodio Faria who was born in Candolim on May 31, 1756.

By spreading his scientific doctrine of "Hypnotic Sleep by Suggestion", he earned recognition from the Medical Society of France. The Portuguese Nobel Prize winner, Dr Egaz Moniz, wrote a book on him. Abbe Faria died in Paris on September 20, 1819.

Another famous Goan was Dr Francisco Luis Gomes. On January 20, 1861, a messenger from Lisbon arrived in Paris carrying an important letter from Dr Gomes to the eminent French poet-statesman, Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamertine (1788-1869). Introducing himself as "belonging to the race that produced the Mahabharata and first introduced chess—two works symbolic of eternal and sublime values", he desired to establish contact with Lamertine to achieve "liberty and light" for his motherland, India. The letter constitutes an important document in the annals of India's recorded history.

And the dawn of the 20th century saw Sir Ernest Soares being elected to the British Parliament from the Barnstaple constituency. He was Parliamentary Secretary during the time of Gladstone.

Dr BHAU DHAJI. Doctor and scholar.



A towering figure in the Portuguese Parliament was the Rev Jeremias Mascarenhas who is remembered for his fearless support to Bernardo Peres da Silva (1775-1844), a Goan who was appointed Prefect (Governor) of Goa.

Ministers In Lisbon

More recently, in 1978, a Goan descended from one of the oldest families in Margao, Mr Alfredo Nobre Costa, became Prime Minister of Portugal.

Last year, Mr Alfredo Bruto da Costa, son of Mr Bruto da Costa, the well-known nationalist of Margao, was made a minister in Portugal. He had been a student at St Xavier's College, Bombay.

Three other Goans found a place in the Portuguese Cabinet: Elivino Britto was Minister of Public Works in 1898, Dr Batten-court Rodrigues, Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1926-1928 and Dr Francisco da Silva Teles, Minister for Education in 1929.

Administrators

Peter Lynn Sinai (46), who was Rhodes Scholar at Oxford in 1954, is India's Ambassador to Iraq. He was Minister and Charge d'Affaires in Moscow from 1973 to 1977. On return to Delhi he was Chief of Protocol.

Among top administrators is A. L. Dias, ICS, former Governor of West Bengal and now Chairman of the Book Trust in Delhi. L. Noronha, ICS, was Chief Se-

K. T. TELANG. First Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University.



PETER LYNN SINAI. Ambassador to Iraq.



ALFREDO BRUTO da COSTA. Cabinet Minister in Portugal.

cretary of the Madhya Pradesh Government and Adviser to the Punjab Government. He was in Goa after liberation. P. M. Lad, ICS, and Y. N. Suktankar, former Governor of Orissa, are prominent personalities. Joseph Anthony Vaz was the first Goan Civilian. Alfred J. D'Souza, IRS, is commissioner of income-tax in Bombay. Manuel Menezes is Chairman of the Railway Board. N. Nazareth, QC, was a judge in Kenya.

In Army And Research

In the army, Gen Dhargalkar, Air-Vice Marshal Pinto, Air-Vice Marshal D'Sa, Lt Gen S. L. Menezes and Lt-Gen. Eric Vas are well-known.

Goan scientists achieved distinction in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and Heidelberg. On December 4, 1860, in Paris, Dr Agostinho Lourenco (from Margao) received his doctorate in Science for his research in the derivatives of glycol, glycerine and polyhydric alcohols. His crowning glory which brought him world fame was the discovery of triglyceric alcohol and citroglycerine acid.

Dr Gama Pinto from Saligao held the coveted position of Professor of Ophthalmology at the famed Heidelberg University in Germany in 1880.

Dr Bossuet Afonso (1880-1957) of Betalbatim who studied in Vienna and Berlin made a significant contribution to the study of X-rays. His son, Dr Skoda, is a professor in Wisconsin University, US, and figures in the American "Men of Science".

In Bombay, Dr Bhau Dhaji of Pernem and Dr Jose Camilo Lisboa of Assagao were

among the first eight students to pass out of the Grant Medical College in Bombay in 1851.

Few men in Bombay can equal the record of pioneering work in the educational, cultural and medical spheres as that of Bhau Dhaji.

Dr Lisboa, doctor, botanist, linguist and humanist, did remarkable research on grasses and is mentioned in the *Bombay Gazetteer*. Two plants have been named after him: *Tripogen Lisboa* and *Andrepagan Odoratus Lisboa*.

Dr Gerson da Cunha was a physician, historian, orientalist, Sanskrit scholar. He wrote *Origin of Bombay*.

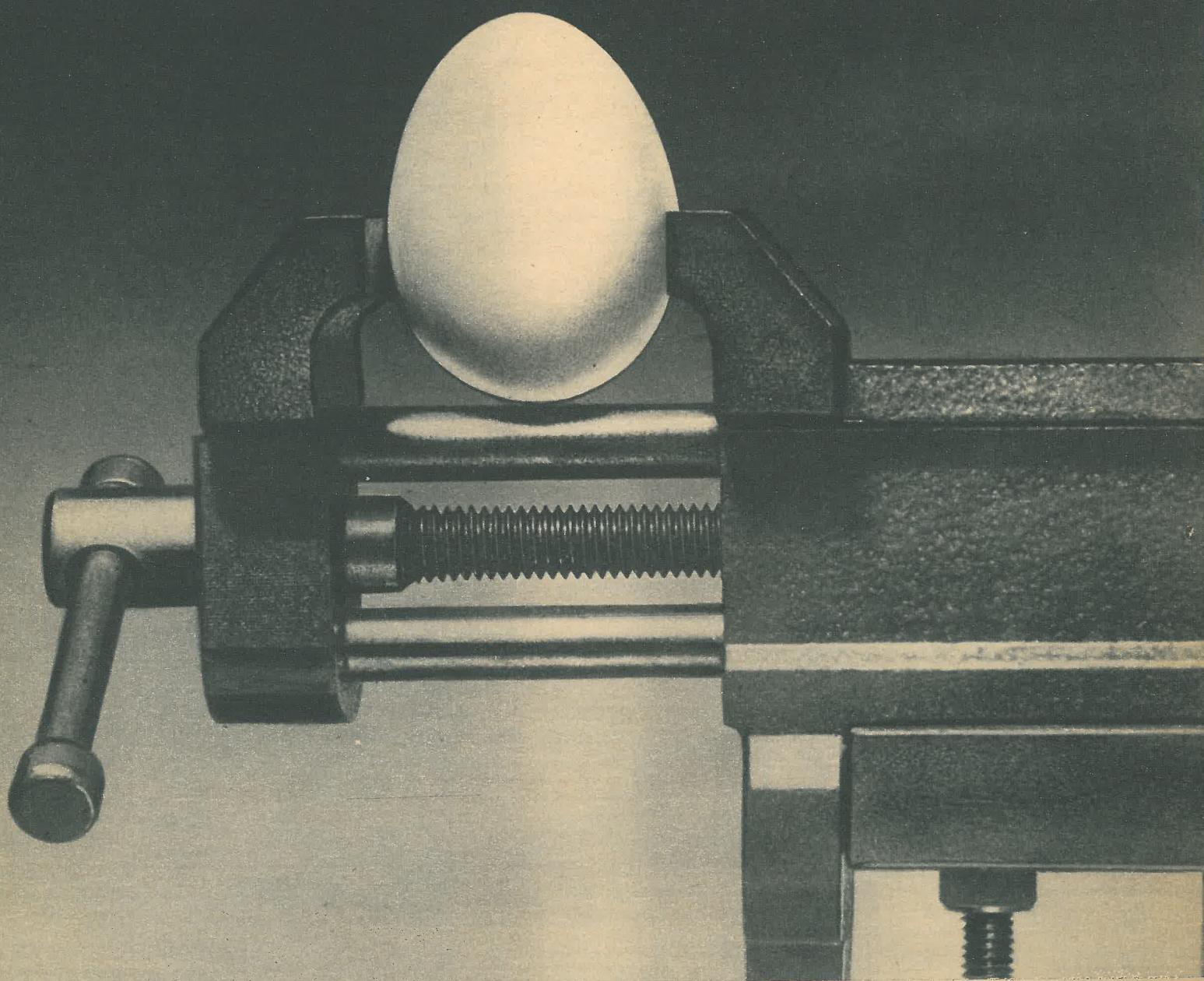
Roger Faria was a merchant prince who traded with China and Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy was a partner in his firm.

At present in Bombay, Dr (Miss) Beatriz Braganca, who is engaged in cancer research, did

RALPH D'SOUZA (20). Renowned violinist.



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B. B. BORKAR. Konkani poet-scholar.

her advanced studies at Columbia, Harvard, Copenhagen, Sorbonne and London Universities. Dr Noel D'Souza, who studied in Europe, is doing research in Indian medicinal plants.

Dr Thomas A. De Souza is a post-graduate lecturer in clinical psychology at Bombay University. He has standardised the Hand Test, a projective technique on the Indian population with a sample of 3,000 subjects. The norms are being copyrighted by the Western Psychological Association, Los Angeles, US.

Dr Francisco Braganza-Cunha was a professor at Sorbonne University and later professor at Moscow University. He accompanied Rabindranath Tagore in 1923 on his visit to France, Germany and Italy.

Scholars

Mr Justice K. T. Telang, the first Indian Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University, was a jurist and indologist.

Patriocinio d'Andrade, a philosopher of repute, presided over the session of ethics at the Lahore Philosophical Congress.

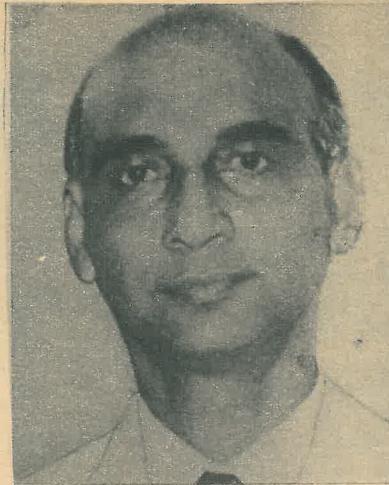
Dharmananda Kosambi was an eminent Pali and Buddhist scholar.

Damodar D. Kosambi was an outstanding mathematician, indologist, scientist and historian.

Armando Menezes, the poet-scholar, radiates an intellectual glow springing from his vibrant prose and vivid poetry.

Dr George Moraes, D.Litt of Rome and Strasbourg Universities, is the author of the *Kadamba Kula* and *History of Christianity in India*. He presided over the All-India History Congress in 1968.

Francisco Correia Afonso was vice-president of the



Dr ERNEST BORGES. Cancer surgeon.

Oxford Union in 1927 and president of the Indian Majlis. He represented Oxford Union at Cambridge

Aloysius Soares was a corporator, labour leader, educationist, nationalist and journalist.

Dr Kasinath Rangnekar, editor of *The Business Standard* in Calcutta, is a well-known economist and journalist.

T. B. D'Cunha, an engineer by profession, was educated in France. He is rightly called "the father of Goan nationalism".

Luis de Menezes-Braganza of Chandor was an ardent nationalist.

Doctors

Dr Ernest Borges was a world-famous cancer surgeon and a warm humanist who "could walk with kings and yet not lose the common touch".

Dr V. N. Shirodkar was an internationally-acclaimed gynaecologist.

Dr Arthur D'Sa presided over the All-India Congress of Surgeons. Dr S. Mulgaokar was also a noted surgeon. Dr Francis de Costa was among the first Indians to pass the FRCS examination.

Philologist

In philology, Mgr Sebastiao Rodolfo Dalgado (1855-1922), holds a high place. His Portuguese-Konkani dictionary is a standard work. In 1907 he was appointed Professor of Sanskrit at Lisbon University, the first Indian to hold the Chair of Sanskrit in a European University. Another prominent Konkani scholar is Dr Manohar Sardessai, a D.Litt of Sorbonne. Prof Lucio Rodrigues devoted much time and thought to Goan folklore.

Fr Hubert Mascarenhas was also a noted Konkani, Sanskrit



LATA MANGESHKAR. Melody Queen.

and Hindi scholar. His brother, W. X. Mascarenhas, well-known engineer, presided at the All-India Roads Congress.

Simon Pereira made a mark as a columnist. Jose Pereira, a Sanskrit and Konkani scholar, was professor of comparative culture (East-West) in Lisbon.

Dr Angelo Fernandes, Archbishop of Delhi, has been the President of the World Conference on Religion and Peace (WCRP) for almost ten years.

Writers And Painters

Frank Moraes became the first Indian editor of *The Times of India* in 1950 and wielded a trenchant, impeccable pen.

Dom Moraes was the first Indian writer and poet to win the coveted Hawthorn Prize at Oxford. He published his first book at the age of 12, *Green is the Grass*, a book on cricket. He is married to the former film star, Leela Naidu. B. B. Borkar and R. V. Pandit are prominent poets.

Mario Miranda is a well-known cartoonist. A. X. Trindade, Francis Freitas, Angelo da Fonseca and Laxman Pai are prominent artists. Newton Souza has settled in New York. His paintings are permanently displayed at the Tate Gallery in London. A. P. da Cruz was the first Indian to be admitted to the Berlin Academy of Art.

Gerson da Cunha and his brother, Sylvester da Cunha, both well-known stage personalities, and Frank Simoes have made a mark in advertising. Charles Correa is a noted architect.

Bombay Mayors

Dr Acacio Viegas was president of the Bombay Municipality and detected bubonic plague in



DOM MORAES. Poet and author.

Bombay. Dr Alban D'Souza, Dr M. U. Mascarenhas, Dr Simon Fernandes, Dr Leon D'Souza and Dr Aluisio Colaco were elected Mayors of Bombay. Dr Menino D'Souza was a corporator.

Lata Mangeshkar, the Melody Queen, has a world record in recordings. She delights millions in several Indian languages.

Cardinal Gracias was mainly responsible for holding the International Eucharistic Congress in Bombay in 1964 which was attended by the Pope.

Oxford-educated Cardinal Cordeiro of Karachi is a prominent educationist.

Manohar Malgonkar is one of India's best known writers. Dilip Abreu is a Rhodes scholar. Jimmy Heredia was Sheriff of Bombay.

Expert On Dams

Victor Froilano D'Mello is a world expert on dam designs and has delivered the prestigious "Rankin Lectures" in London. Victor Menezes is the first Indian Chief Executive of Citibank (India, Bangladesh, Nepal and Sri Lanka).

Dr (Miss) Y. Freitas is a noted professor of microbiology.

Ralph D'Souza (20) of Bombay, who started playing the violin at the age of four, is doing an advanced training course in music at the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia. Gevin Martin and Glen Pais are also brilliant young violinists who are undergoing advanced training in Europe. Olga Crean (Athaide) is a concert pianist of international fame. Vera D'Silva, a solicitor by profession in London, has conducted the Boyd Neel Orchestra at the Royal Festival in Albert Hall in London. Fr J. B. Fernandes, a noted musician, leads the Newman Institute Choir.

GOANS IN HINDUSTANI MUSIC

The Goans, a versatile people, have shown a passion for music, drama and dance. Although, as a result of four centuries of Portuguese rule, one finds the Latin influence in their contemporary artistic expression, it is significant that, despite all the vicissitudes of history, they did not lag behind in their efforts to keep alive India's tradition of music and theatre art.

by MOHAN NADKARNI

Even during foreign rule, the numerous Hindu shrines in the territory continued to provide shelter and succour to performing artistes. Inevitably, these places of worship became the centres of Hindu cultural activity. The institution of *devadasi*—despite the social stigma once attached to it—also came to play a crucial role in the preservation and enrichment of our artistic heritage.

The village *Parvat*, atop the 2,000-ft high Chandranath hill, near Margao, stands as a monument to Goa's dedication to Hindustani music, both vocal and instrumental. Some of the most distinguished exponents of this hoary North Indian tradition have come from this village. The late maestro, Khapruji Parvatkar, whose supreme command over the tabla earned for him recognition as "Laya Bhaskar", is the doyen of this distinguished band of Goa's traditional musicians.

Sadly, however, the continued lack of state patronage, coupled with general public apathy, eventually compelled some of the

more enterprising musicians to leave their homes and seek a living outside the territory.

Thus, veterans like Khapruji and Kamurao Mangeshkar earned recognition as tabla soloists and accompanists in Central and North India. The rising generation of artistes like Anjanibai Malpekar, Kesarbai Kerkar and Moghubai Kurdikar, who left their villages to explore new avenues of self-expression in the early years of this century, sought and obtained the benefit of studentship with several great masters of contemporary *khayal* gharanas who had settled in the princely States in the former Bombay Presidency. Alladiya Khan, Ramkrishnabuva Vaze, Bhaskarbuva Bakhale and Abdul Karim Khan were the maestros in the galaxy of luminaries who loomed large on India's musical horizon.

Meanwhile, on a wider plane, the missionary movement initiated in the early twenties by the two great savants, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar and Vishnu Narayan Bhatkhande, brought about a socialisation of music: music

concerts became an integral part of social life.

When one speaks of Goan musicians who have fostered and enriched *khayal* and light classical forms of North Indian music, an impressive array of names, both old and young, comes naturally to my mind: Anjanibai Malpekar, Kesarbai Kerkar, Moghubai Kurdikar, Vatsalabai Parvatkar, Shrimatibai Narvekar, Dinanath Mangeshkar, Jyotsna Bhole, Anjanibai Lolekar, Dattaram Parvatkar, Baburao Kumthekar, Shridhar Parsekar and several others, in the older category; while Kishori Amonkar, Shobha Gurtu and Jitendra Abhishek are among today's leading lights.

Anjanibai Malpekar, who died at 90 in 1974, was a leading exponent of the *Bhendi Bazar* gharana known for immaculate voice production and ornate unfoldment of *vilambit*. Though *khayal* was her forte, she also made a mark in the lighter classical and popular forms of singing.

Precious Bequest

Kesarbai Kerkar and Moghubai Kurdikar, both outstanding disciples of Alladiya Khan (who pioneered the *Atrauli-Jaipur* *gayaki*), have, in a sense, their own passionate following.

Kesarbai, who died at 87, three years ago, was undoubtedly Goa's most precious bequest to Hindustani music. Hers was, without exaggeration, one of the monumental voices of the century in

the North Indian tradition. With no hint of diminution, her broad yet luminous, sonorous voice could swoop from a splendidly high *taar saptak* to a deep, resonant low *mandra-saptak* with an incredibly uniform volume—and loud enough to be heard without a mike!

A focal point for elegance and queenly dignity on the stage, Kesarbai shunned publicity and was curiously allergic to the radio, press and camera alike. Many prized laurels, awards and accolades from the princely *darbars* of old and honours from the post-freedom era came her way. Seldom did she care to use them with her name. The only disciple she condescended to groom and that too, in the last years of her life, is Dhondutai Kulkarni.

But Moghubai Kurdikar has nurtured two generations of disciples. They include her gifted daughter, Kishori Amonkar, Kamal Tambe, Kousalya Mangeshwar, Padma Talwalkar and several others. Although now past 75, her voice still retains that delightfully familiar feel of the old-world velvet. The music she creates is truly glorious in content and structure and one is struck as much by her rare sense of exploration as by her subtle insight into the melodic and rhythmic beauties of the *khayal* form in which every note, every phrase, every pattern comes as a vivid pledge—the fruit of diligent and ardent *sadhana* for well over half a century. Like Kesar-

KESARBAI KERKAR



MOGHUBAI KURDIKAR



DINANATH MANGESHKAR





KISHORI AMONKAR

bai, she has won national recognition but shuns the limelight.

The Agra tradition of *khayal* singing has also many adherents from among the Goan artistes. Unfortunately, very few vocalists of this *gharana* rose to fame despite their great musical gifts, while quite a few, like Saraswati Bai Phatarpekar and Vatsalabai Parvatkar, died prematurely. Septuagenarian Shrimati Narvekar and the popular stage artiste, Jyostna Bhole, are among the noted Goan exponents of the style today. Govindrao Agni teaches at the University Music Centre in Bombay and Ratnakant Ramnathkar, after retirement from AIR, is in the Goa Music Academy in Panaji. Sitarabuva Phatarpekar, Durgabai Shirodkar, Indrabai Wadkar, Vimal Narvekar, Shalini Narvekar and Anjanibai Lolekar are other

representatives of the Agra tradition.

Tarabai Shirodkar was a talented disciple of Bhaskarbuva Bakhale but she too died prematurely. Dinanath Mangeshkar forsook the concert platform for a brilliant career on the stage. A disciple of Vaze Buva, Dinanath was a classicist in his own right.

In the younger set, 48-year-old Kishori Amonkar, a graduate, easily stands out as the leading light of the *avant garde* generation of classical vocalists and, for that reason, she predictably evokes diverse reactions from today's mixed audiences.

The expressive quality of her music, coupled with her novel technique and her hauntingly plaintive tone, make for a mesmeric impact on most. All this has brought for her as many cri-



JITENDRA ABHISHEKI

tics as votaries. While some call her a prodigy, others dub her a rebel. In fact she is both, which is precisely why she compels attention and enjoys phenomenal popularity.

Jitendra Abhisheki is also a unique artiste in many ways. He hails from a priestly family and is a graduate. At 46, his achievements as a classical vocalist, composer, conductor and also as a pioneering exponent of Marathi stage music are truly spectacular. He is one of our few vocalists today with the right instinct and plenty of natural talent and the imagination to communicate them.

Shobha Gurru's distinction lies in her being one of the two versatile exponents of the difficult musical tradition of eastern Uttar Pradesh (*Purb*

gayaki). The late Begum Akhtar, Rasoolanbai and Siddheshwari Devi were its greatest exponents of yesteryear. The charm of this *gayaki* is in its rural vigour, refined lyricism and eloquent phrasing and Shobha has not only assimilated the tradition but has enriched it with the character of her own individual vocalism.

Goa's contribution in the instrumental field seems, by comparison, rather less significant. This is certainly not to deny their achievements.

The fact is that most of them chose to remain content as mere accompanists. Ace violinist Shridhar Parsekar would have achieved greater heights as a solo virtuoso had he not died in tragic circumstances in 1964 when he was only 45.

SHOBHA GURTU



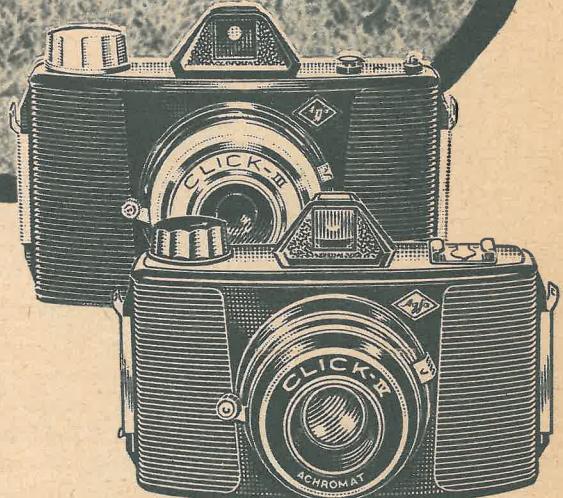
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Konkani Drama

The Zagor and Khell are folk-plays poking fun at members of the upper classes.

by ORLANDO GOMES

The "zagor" (folk-play) is the oldest form of Konkani entertainment staged in the open air by Kunbis (a backward class). It is full of taunts about landlords, through dialogue and songs.

Today, the "zagor" has almost disappeared and Kunbis are no longer available to stage it. It has evolved into what is known as "teatro".

The first "teatro" or Konkani drama was staged in Bombay at the Gaiety Theatre (present-day Capitol) at Bori Bunder, in 1904. It was the *Bhatkara*, written, produced and directed by the late Joao Agostinho Fernandes of Margao, the founder of the "teatro" in Bombay.

The late A. R. Souza Ferrao played the title role in Joao Agostinho Fernandes' *Kunbi Jaki*. The show was a sell-out.

Likewise, playwrights and composers who became famous are Sahib Rocha, Minguel Rod, Sebastian (Karachiwalla) D'Souza, J. P. Souzaline, Alexinho de Candolim, Dioguinho D'Mello, Dodd de Verna, Anthony Desa, Anthony Mendes, Borges, Carmo Rod and A. R. Sbuza Ferrao.

Regina Fernandes, wife of the late Joao Agostinho Fernandes, was the first woman to take to the stage. Others who followed in her footsteps were Helen Vaz, Carlota, Miss Julie (a male), Mona and Cecilia Machado.

M. Boyer, C. Alvares, Jacinto Vaz, Aristides Dias, Prem CHRISTOPHER LEITAO is particularly good in female roles.



Kumar, Ligorio Fernandes (writer of folk-plays), Rosario Rod, Patrick Dourado and John Claro are well known. Among the female actresses are Antoinette, Ophelia, Socorrina, Sabina Josephine, Mary Vaz, Rita Rose, Betty Ferns, Milagrina, Crista Furtado, Shalini Mardolkar and Betty Vaz.

Christopher Leitao specialises in female roles. There was a stampede for tickets whenever Christopher was billed to act in a female role in Bombay or Goa. The young and charming actor was once crowned "Beauty Queen," at a Goa carnival contest in Margao.

Among singers who distinguished themselves on the stage are Alfred Rose, Young Chico, the Mendes Brothers, the Wilmix Trio, Tomazinho Cardozo, Remmie Colaco, Rom-Rem-Rod, Conception-Nelson-Anthony, Jacinto Vaz, Kid Boxer, Britton and M. Boyer.

Chris Perry is a well known composer and music director.

None of the great songs of the old times such as *Ballados de Concao*, *Anv saiba paltodi vetam*, *Dogui Tegui Beatinim* or *Agua Nari*, find a place in present-day plays. Perhaps the present composers and singers are not aware of Goa's historical past, cultural heritage and its unrivalled *manddos* and *dulpods* or they do not wish to sing the praises of composers and singers who mattered like the late Dr Carlos Ferreira, Bernard, Franspaul, Sophie Vaz, C. D'Souza, L. A. T. D'Souza, Ansther Lobo or Josephine Gomes. Mr F. X. Olivera's song album "Gitam Jhelo" is good. Oslando D'Souza and his Goan Folklorists have produced a cassette, entitled "Soul of Goa", which has the choicest *manddos*, *dulpods* and *dekhnis*.

Konkani songs are full of comment on social abuses and political wrongs. The result of an opinion poll gave birth to a song — "Don Panam" (two leaves) which dwelt on the essential unity and individuality of the Goan people and their strength as a community.



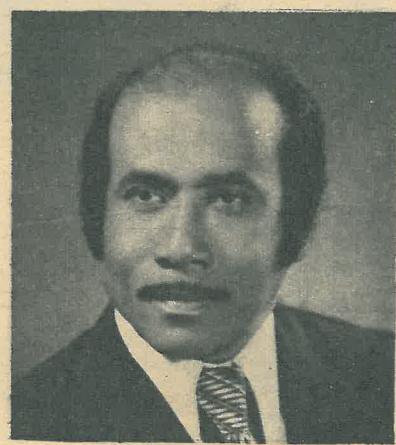
A SCENE FROM A KONKANI PLAY



JOAO AGOSTINHO FERNANDES



SOUZA FERRAO



M. BOYER



C. ALVARES

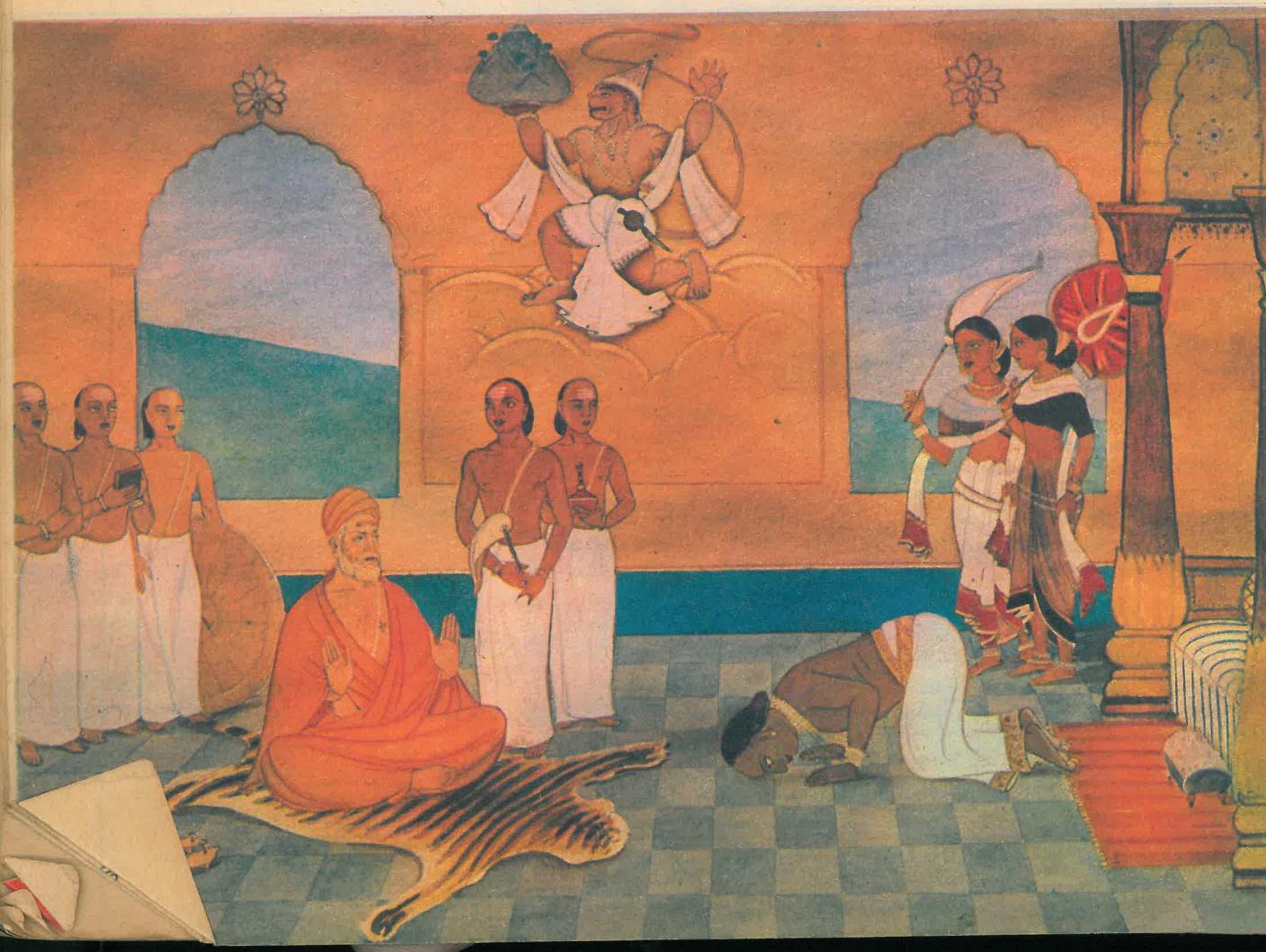


CHRIS PERRY



A. G. KAMAT (Konkani Triveni Kala Sangam)

THE ART OF ANGELO

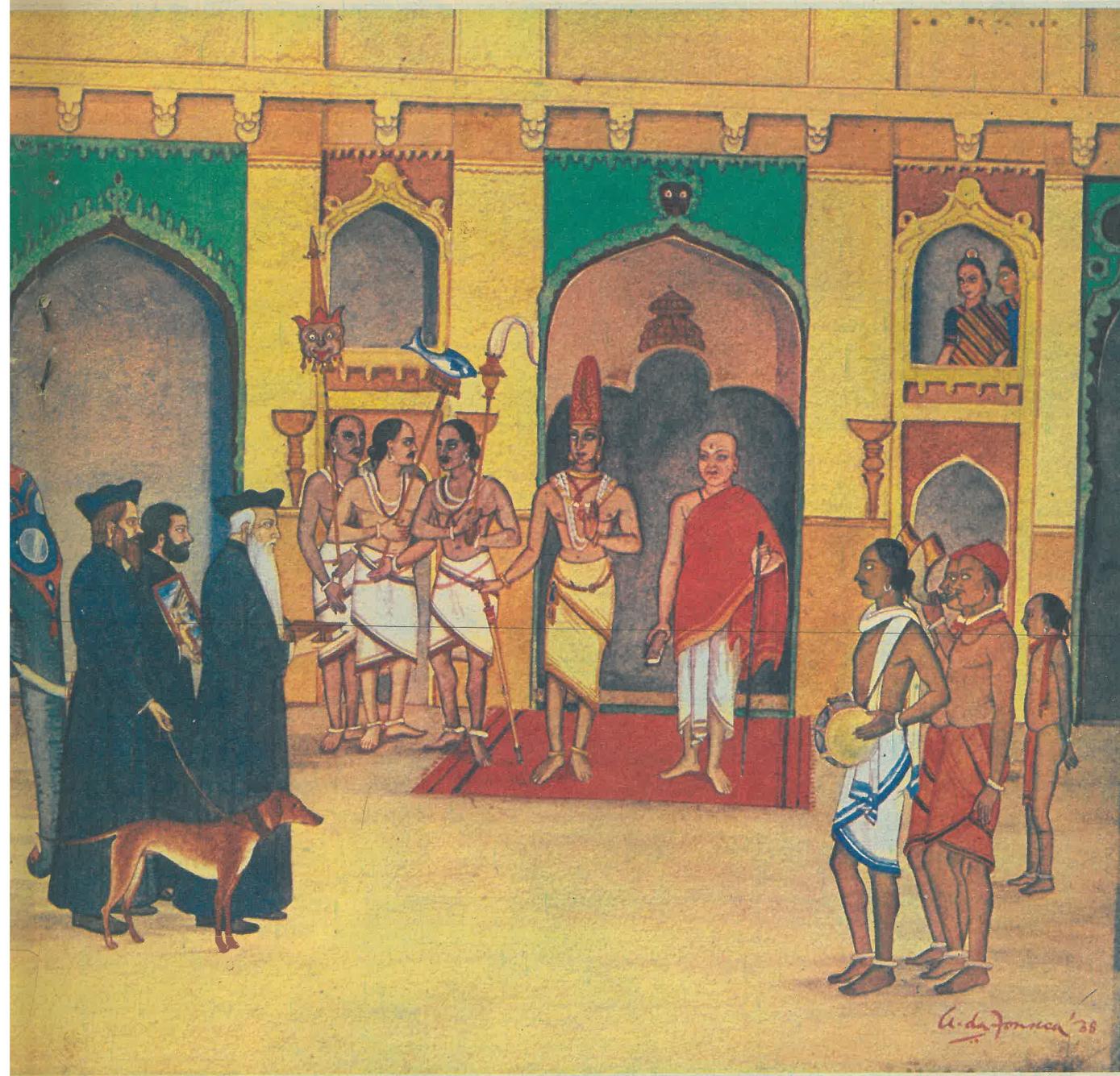


GIFTS FOR A KING. Fr. A. Laerzio and companions (above) presenting gifts to Venkatapatidevaraya II of Vijayanagara at Vellore, 1606. Above left: Frs John Grueber and Albert d'Orville, from China, presenting a telescope to Raja Pratap Malla of Nepal, 1662.

OBEISANCE. Ramachandra Nayaka of Chandamangalam respectfully greeting Fr. Robert de Nobili (left).

PREACHING in the Nagpur bazar is Fr. Philip de Faria in sanyasi garb, 1680. Raja Bahadur Buland is seen passing in a palanquin.

ANGELO DA FONSECA



He was the painter responsible for a reawakening, a Second Spring, of religious art in the Catholic Church in India.

by
JOHN CORREIA-AFONSO

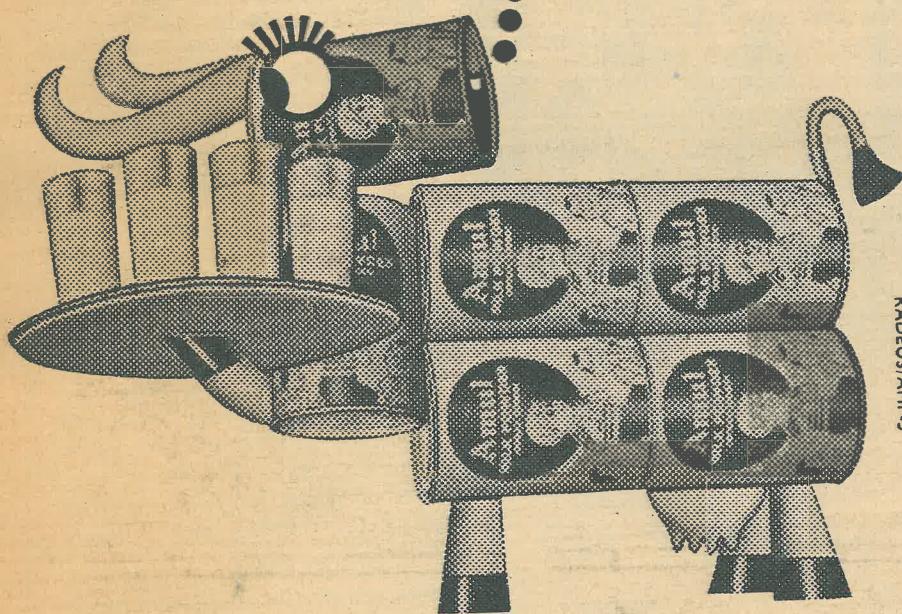
At the Khrista Prema Seva Ashram in Poona, about the time World War II broke out, Fr Henry Heras, a Spaniard and the founder of the Indian Historical Research Institute at St Xavier's College in Bombay, met for the first time Angelo da Fonseca, a budding artist returned not so long ago from Santiniketan. "From this meeting of the erudition of the scholar with the creativity of the artist developed a relationship of guru and disciple which was at the same time a life-long friendship."

Born in Goa in 1910, and educated there and in Poona and Bombay, Angelo da Fonseca studied at the J. J. School of Art, but was soon drawn to Bengal, where he spent more than two fruitfully formative years. He returned to Goa but, unable to get understanding and appreciation for his work in his native land, he turned to the Khrista Prema Seva Ashram, where a group of devoted Protestant missionaries, with a deep regard for Hindu cultural and religious traditions, endeavoured to show in their lives the relevance of the love and service of Christ for an India struggling for freedom and progress.

A devout Catholic, Angelo da Fonseca blossomed in the encouraging atmosphere of the ashram and dedicated himself to the painting of religious themes. Notable in his paintings was the sense of composition and strength of line. From beginnings marked by the influence of the Bengal school, he gradually perfected his own style, clear, harmonious and impressive, favouring earthen shades. The modernity of his spirit may be judged from the fact that he never painted his subject literally. When depicting Christian history, he sought to probe the mystery behind the historical detail.

Fr Heras inspired and helped several promising young artists. Angelo da Fonseca was one of the first of these, and Fr Heras commissioned him to do in miniature style a series of paintings of scenes of Jesuit mission history in India, carefully researched in contemporary records, which today form one of the most valuable collections of the Heras Institute museum.

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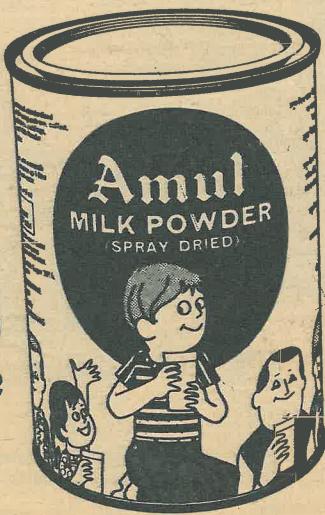
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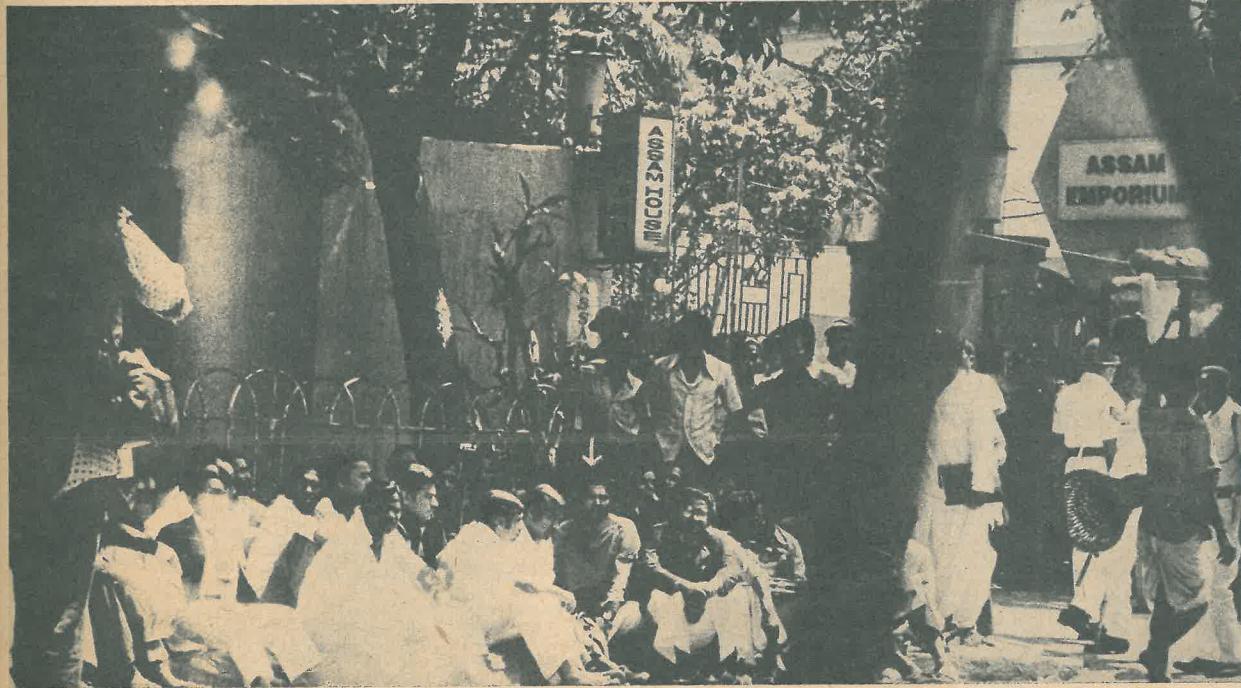
IS IT "V" FOR VICTORY OR "Y" FOR YASSER? India has conferred full diplomatic status on the Palestinian Liberation Organisation. Mr Yasser Arafat, Chairman of the PLO, is on a two-day visit to India which "will not only symbolise Indo-Palestinian friendship but also Indo-Arab solidarity".



THE SPIRITUAL LEADER OF 15 million Ismaili Muslims, the Aga Khan, accompanied by Begum Salimah, paid a three-day visit to India to "establish new contacts with the Government and to participate with Ismaili Indians in determining how best they could further the national objectives in the years ahead". The Aga Khans are seen here at the Ismaili Centre opened recently in London.

Happenings

HIS STRUGGLE CONTINUES. Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan is in India after a lapse of 14 years. The ailing Pakhtoon leader is being treated for arthritis at the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi.



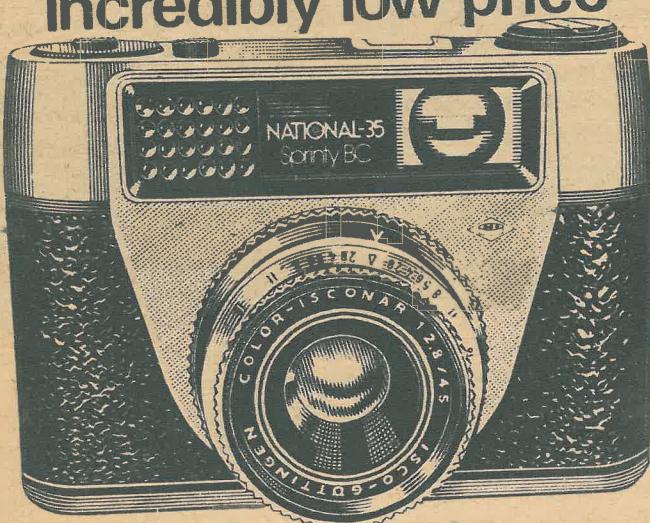
BAD NEIGHBOURS. The Chhatri Parishad-I and the Youth Congress-I in West Bengal have launched an "economic blockade" of Assam. The agitators barricaded highways and rail tracks in Siliguri, Jalpaiguri and other places in north Bengal to protest against the alleged "persecution of Bengali-speaking people in Assam over the question of foreign nationals in that State". Meanwhile, denying her Government's role in the "blockade", the Prime Minister has accused the RSS of fomenting trouble in Assam. Picture shows State Congress-I Secretary Subrato Mukerjee leading a picket outside a Government of Assam establishment in Calcutta.



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With Indira Gandhi
as P.M., are women
safer in New Delhi?
Or is woman-baiting
worse now than in
the Janata days?

Beautiful women from the capital answer this question. Kiran Bedi, deputy commissioner of police, comments on the situation. Also Hema Nair describes how the police, the armed forces and other law and order keeping personnel have themselves outraged women (with the Narainpur, Paras Bhiga and Assam incidents in view). Lata Mangeshkar photographs a baby. A superb photo feature with comments by poetess Padma Sachdev



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"A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS"

Goan poetry has been written in Konkani, Marathi, Portuguese and English. The author is an eminent educationist and poet. His published works include "Chords and Discords", "Chaos and the Dancing Star", "Ancestral Face" and "Song of the People".

by ARMANDO MENEZES

Goan poetry has been written in four or five languages. Of these two are native tongues and the other two foreign. Konkani poetry, specially in the form of the *manddo*, has been so far the only extensively successful vehicle for the spontaneous overflow of our powerful feelings, or even for a criticism of our life.

No poetry can so surely set the heart-strings of a Goan a quiver, or bring a tear to his eye, as the poetry of a *manddo*:

*How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life!*

It is through the *manddo* that folks weep or laugh. It is Love's aspiration and triumph, its despair and death and its revenge. Much of our social history is enshrined in it; and when the Ranes revolted against the exploitation of the government, the perfect cynicism of that period was imprisoned for us in deathless verse.

Of poets who have expressed themselves in Portuguese, we possess a large number, and quite a few of them of respectable stature.

Names come spontaneously to mind: names like Soares Rebelo, Leopoldo da Costa, Tranjano da Costa, Leandro Pereira, J. J. Fragoso, J. F. Vaz, J. F. Soares, F. Aiala, Barreto Miranda, Sanches Fernandes. Time has not dimmed the poetry of Fernando Leal, Aires, Mariano Gracias, Floriano Barreto, Paulino Dias, Nascimento Mendonca.

Though natives of Goa, their poetry, like their souls, belongs to Portugal; and their work belongs no more to Goan literature than Kipling's to Indian, or Conrad's to Polish.

He Died Young

Floriano Barreto has sung of the coconut tree reaching towards the blue heaven of his motherland; he has described the bucolic sights and sounds and the profound peace of the village; he has breathed a soft prayer to the Virgin whose shrine crowns the hill of his native town. But his strong soul is strong enough, when it pleases, to step over political frontiers and take up the burden of a tradition more ancient and more rich. And so we have beautiful studies like the *Suttee*, interesting as a historical recreation of a dead custom, more interesting still as a psychological recreation.

The poetry of Floriano Barreto responds to all the influences of his environment. His lyre strikes music from all the manifestations of life—science, art, religion.

It strikes one that there were two selves in Paulino Dias: the one, intellectual and shallow; the other, profound and imaginative. To his first self belong *A Lyra da Scienzia* and *Vasco da Gama*; to his second *Vishnulal* and *A Deusa de Bronze*.

Paulino Dias is a painter with his pen. *Vishnulal* and *A Deusa de Bronze* are written in *terza rima*—Dante's form. Imagination here throws forth shapes of things the poet's eye alone has seen, and speaks with voices the poet's ear alone has heard. The story of Bhavani—daughter of the Mountain—and her snake-lover may be a monstrosity, but it has analogies in most mythologies.

Poetic Harvest

If the work of Mariano Gracias is predominantly sentimental and ironic, that of Floriano Barreto is reflective and melancholic. The work of Paulino Dias is intellectual and imaginative and the poetry of Nascimento Mendonca is passionate and idealistic. If Paulino Dias believed in the "redeeming idea", Nascimento Mendonca believed chiefly in his own dream. I once saw a portrait of Nascimento Mendonca. The face was worn and pensive; but the deep eyes enhanced the face as the sun "hides the night from its own darkness".

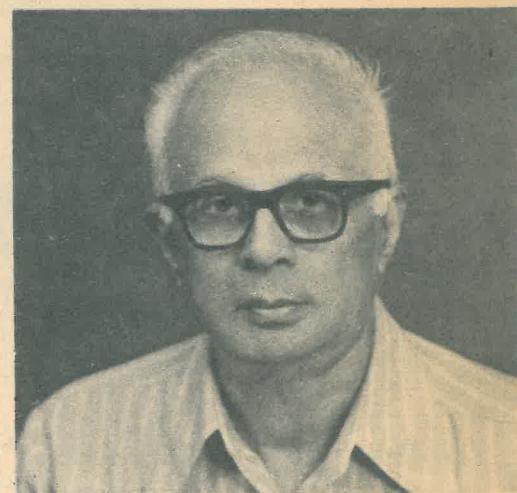
The poetic harvest of Nascimento Mendonca is abundant and varied. He has written many books. His strong temperament and original outlook have put their stamp on all his writings.

Nascimento Mendonca has described himself as a "happy bohemian", and "twin-brother to the rivers". There is in him the artlessness of bohemians and rivers and also their freedom; and, perhaps, their sensitivity to colour. Passion and pain are the warp and woof of his soul.

By the choice of the English language as the vehicle of his poetic expression, no less than by the sentiment of exile in his poetry, Joseph Furtado is the poet of Emigration. But the substance of his poetry is all that is most characteristic in the country he loves so well, all that is deepest and most abiding in the immortal heart of man. The *Lays of Goa* may be lays for Goa, but the *Goan Fiddler* is the fiddler of humanity. And the *Exile* carries across the Ghats:

*The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.*

The simplicity of Mr Furtado's poems is a marvel, and not the least of its charms. It proves how close to earth run the streams



THE AUTHOR

of Helicon. There is no sense of effort, no straining after harmonics:

*Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air...?*

The poet of *The Desterrado* (Exile) sings because he must sing; and sings of Goa because he must sing of Goa. There is no deliberate attempt to be local or representative. Yet, when he sings of our birds and trees, of the *padre* and the *beata*, we recognise more than the power of evocation.

More than a generation younger if you go by reckoning of years, yet almost a contemporary in the use of English and the mood of exile, is Manuel C. Rodrigues, author of *Songs of Exile, Homeward, Selected Poems*. He is primarily a poet of love in its entire spectrum, from love of children and Nature to the love of Goa. A born musician, his verse is always rhythmical.

Goan poetry has been published mostly in magazines. So has been Portuguese poetry, one of the finest examples being Remigio Botelho's *Luar Dorido*. R. V. Pandit recently brought out his anthology of poems in Portuguese, Marathi and Konkani with an English translation alongside. The flowering of Goan poetry in Portuguese owes a great deal to Portuguese liberalism.

Goan poetry is now written mostly in Konkani. Not only did persons like Manohar Sardesai (a French scholar) write in Konkani, but also Baki Borker and Lakshman Sardesai, once big names in Marathi literature. R. V. Pandit himself wrote vigorous Konkani verse. Goa is now indeed a nest of singing birds. Three voices stand out from the winged choir: Baki Borker has transferred his musical qualities to Konkani. R. V. Pandit is loud and boisterous, but is able to compose garlands of delicate filigree when truly inspired. Manohar Sardesai found Konkani and Konkani found him. His Muse is shy, as is seen in the titles of his books—*Zai-zuieo* and *Pissolim*, the latter, strangely enough, a translation of Froilano Barreto's *Phalenas*.

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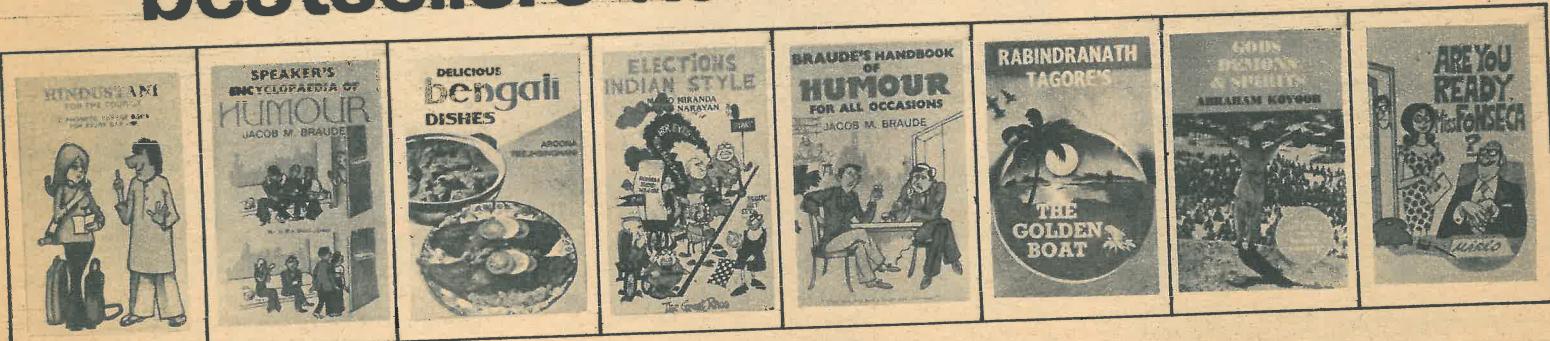
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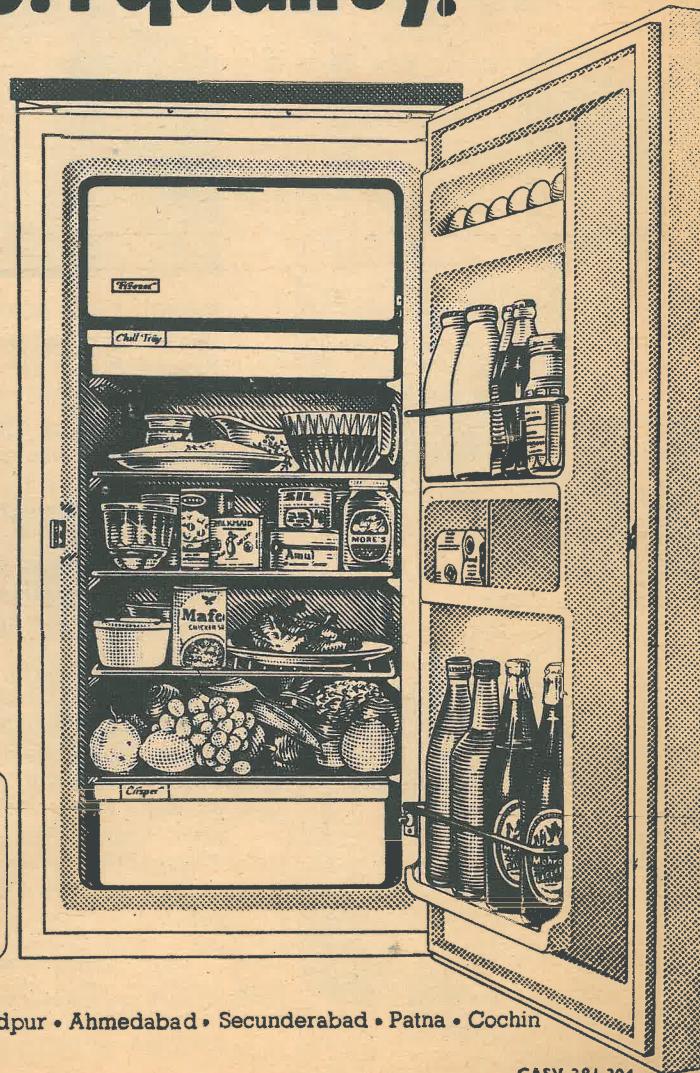
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Goans In Sport

The dynamism of the Goans has been felt in every sphere of sport in India. Be it athletics, hockey or soccer they have made an outstanding contribution.

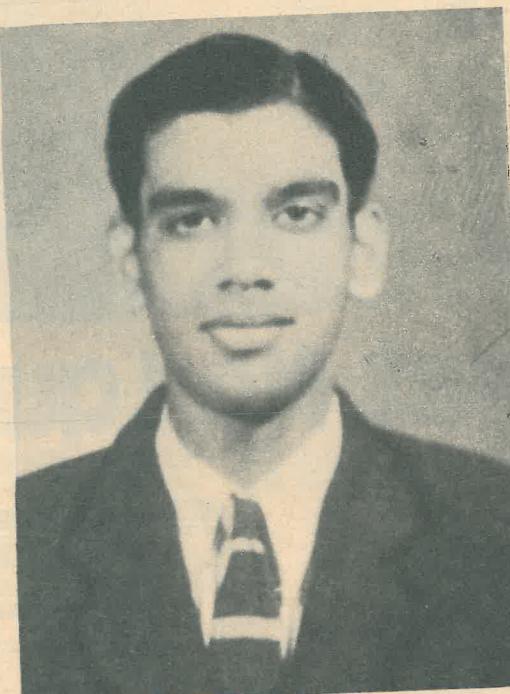
by JOE CRASTO

Goan sport, so to speak, made its mark in Bombay. Talent has been abundant. So also have been boundless enthusiasm and diligent endeavour which has led to scores of them playing for India in several disciplines. Almost as many have participated in the Olympics for India, Kenya, Canada and Great Britain. It would be sufficient to point out here that over 50 have won India's colours.

As yet hockey has not taken hold in Goa, though the Goans have had a great tradition in the game through the years. Goans in hockey bring visions of India's glorious past in the game. The word Goan in hockey is synonymous with Lusitanians, the club which contributed a glorious chap-



LEO PINTO, one of our foremost hockey players, was in the 1948 Olympic team.



NEVILLE DE SOUZA was one of the leading lights of soccer. Right: Antony de Mello, one of the organisational brains behind Indian sports. Left: Lorraine Fernandes received the Arjuna Award for hockey.

ter of the game after the First World War. They came into prominence when Grant Medical College and M.A.O. College, Aligarh, were in the limelight. And when they played the 14th Hussars in the three-game Aga Khan final, Lusitanians attracted countrywide attention, the organisers providing police protection to escort them off the ground.

The D'Souza brothers—Cyriaco and Nelson—were Lusitanians' great players. Cyriaco was the ace dribbler while Nelson the prominent scorer whose understanding with diminutive Johnny D'Souza on the flank defied description. And there was warhorse pivot 'Chinty' Pais and Faria in deep defence—names which evoke overwhelming nostalgia to old-timers who have seen them in action.

But with most of these great players calling it a day, the famed Lusitanians began to lose their lustre until Simon Pereira and Dr Fred de Souza decided to get them into

the limelight again. In 1929 they once again won the Aga Khan cup which was in those days the only glamour competition, the proud winning side comprising Andrew Lobo, Frank Pereira, Johnny Pinto, Eric D'Mello and Albert in attack, C. Albuquerque, Ferrao and Philip Amaral at the half line, Dominic Fernandes and Joe Abrelo, deep defence, and Mat Fernandes, goal-keeper. Those were the days when hockey was the number one sport. Johnny Pinto's fame as a dribbler stayed on long after he had retired from the game. An ace forward, he was most unfortunate not to don India's colours which were later worn by Maxie Vaz, Walter D'Souza, Lawrie Fernandes, Leo Pinto and Reggie Rodrigues in the 1948 Olympics and by John Mascarenhas in 1952 and goal-keepers John Correia, Olympio Fernandes in later Asian Games.

The late Anicet Fernandes did much to nurture the talents of young Goan sportsmen and brought into prominence footballers like Neville de Sousa, Derryk de Souza, John

Charles and Fortunato Franco. With the arrival of coaches like Rathnam and Bob Bootland on the scene, the day is not far off when Goa will usurp that prestigious niche now occupied by Bengal in Indian soccer.

Players like Bernard, Dionisio, Visitacao Lobo and Nicholas Pereira are great names to Goa's mammoth soccer-loving fraternity. Their inherent speed, tenacity and tremendous kicking power have brought them into prominence. These men have shown that there is good soccer material in Goa, with stars like Dominic, Ramesh Redcar, Machado and Francis. And if Dempo are Rovers Cup champions for the third time, it is concrete indication of the new scientific trend which is turning Goa's soccer from the bruiser type into a solid blend of technique, skill, strength and speed.

Soccer in Goa should have been spreading its wings long ago. Neville de Souza and Anthony Braganza—Bombay-based Goans—being shining lights for them to emulate. Sir Stanley Rous, the former FIFA president, was most impressed by Neville's marksmanship. He had a special word of commendation for this great scorer of the 1966 Olympic Soccer Championship at Melbourne where Neville got a hat-trick against Australia.

To beat two defenders with two body swerves for leeway to slam a lightning shot into the Yugoslavia goal could only have been done by a maestro. And, strangely enough, Neville's hero was the late Anthony

Braganza who caught the fancy of a Maharaja, who sent him to England for training. Braggie was that unique dribbler who achieved a control rarely seen today. He was the ace dribbler as Neville was the ace shooter—two of India's finest forwards.

Other Soccer Stars

This piece on Goan soccer stars will not be complete without reference to another Olympian, Fortunato Franco, and two of Bombay's giants, Basil Menezes and that athlete-cum-footballer Joviano D'Souza who stood up against the British regiment sides in the Harwood League. Joviano's daughter today is Goa's all-rounder and could be crowned the queen of Goan sport for, apart from being India's soccer captain, she has represented Goa in hockey and badminton.

Athletics is one discipline where Goans have made a mark, specially their sprinters. Serafino Antao, Kenya's speed merchant, was the Commonwealth's fastest, while back home Lavy Pinto was the Asian King in the sprints which has been the monopoly of Goans at the national level ever since the inter-State was introduced in 1948. Memories remain of Lawrence Dias, Bunny Fernandes, Joffery D'Mello and Dr Owen Pinto and of the famous internationals, Edward Sequeira, whose national record for the 1500 metres will take a lot for beating, and Nicholas Ferrao.

The women did not lag behind and both Mary Sequeira (nee D'Souza), Stephie Se-

queira (nee D'Souza) had the unique distinction of representing the country both in athletics and hockey. One more might have joined this list, but Marie Simons stuck to athletics and let her interest in hockey wane. It had been the other way round for India's reigning captain Lorraine Fernandes, who forsook athletics for hockey where her exploits have made interesting reading and won for her the Arjuna award. Like Lorraine, Margaret Toscano too gave up athletics and was rewarded with international colours. Her sister Bernadette would have scaled dizzy heights in athletics but the Maharashtra Government Shiv Chhatrapati award winner was dogged by injuries.

Goans however have not taken to cricket in as big a way as other sports. Though Leon D'Souza played for the Rest in the Pentangular way back in the 1940s, it was not until the 1960s that the first Goan cricketer donned the India cap. Dilip Sardesai, born in Margao, earned that distinction in 1962.

In the administrative field one Goan stands head and shoulders above the rest. That's the late Anthony De Mello who was one of those responsible for cricket being firmly established in India when he was the secretary of the Board of Control. He gave to Bombay the magnificent Brabourne Stadium and the Vallabhbhai Stadium and was one of the brains behind India's staging of the first Asian Games in Delhi.

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

Look For Mating Nets

After the exchange of Queens the King plays an important part in the end game, but he may still run the risk of getting caught in a mating net. One must always be alert to look for such threats to the enemy King.

Garcia-Browne, Banja Luka '79:
1.PQB4, NKB3 2.NQB3, PK3
2.PK4, PQB4 4.PK5, NN1 5.NB3,
NQB3 (A variation of the English Opening. Adorjan-Larsen, Riga 1979 continued: 5...PQ3
6.PxP, NQB3 7.PQ4, PxP 8.NxP,
QxP 9.BK3, NB3 10.BK2, BQ2
11.00, QN1 12.PB5!, BK2 13.PQN4!,
NxP 14.RN1, PQR4 15.PQR3, NB3
16.BB3, QB2 17.N3N5, QK4 18.
NxN, PxN 19.BQ4, QN1 20.NQ6ch,
BxN 21.RxQch and White won)
6.PQ4!, PxP 7.NxP, NxP 8.N4N5,
PQR3 (If 8...PQ3 9.NK4, PQ4
10. PxP, PxP 11. QxP. QxQ
12.NB7ch recovers the Pawn with a good game) 9.NQ6ch, BxN
10. QxB, PB3, 11.BK3, NK2
12.BN6, NB4 13.BxQ, NxQ
14.BB7, KK2 (14...N3xP?
15.PB4 or 14...N4xP 15.PQN3,
wins a piece).

NAGGING PIN

15.PB5! [In Lerner-Sideif Zade Peltzi, after 15.00, N4xP
16.BxN (or 16.PQN3, NK1),
NxN 17.PQN3, NK4 Black maintained one of the extra Pawns

and won) NK1 16.BN6, PQ4
17.PxP ep, NxP 18.BB5, NB2
19.RQ1, PQN4 20.PKR4! (Black has maintained the extra Pawn at the cost of a cramped position and a nagging pin on his Knight. With the text move White brings the KR swiftly into action) BN2
21.RR3, QRQ1 22.BR3, KRQ1
23.RN3, PN3, 24.R3Q3, PK4
25. PB4!, PQ5 (If 25...PxP
26.RQ4, PN4 27.NK4, BxN
28. RxBch, NK4 29.PxP demolishes Black's position) 26.RQ4,
KK3 27.PKN4, PB4 28.PN5, NK1
29.NK2! BQ4 30.BR3!, PQR4
(30...BxP? loses to 31.RxPch)
31.NB3!, BB3.

RUINOUS

Position No. 63. 32.NxNP! (The Black King is so imprisoned that any check is ruinous, e.g. 32...BxN 33.RxPch!; or 32...RxR 33.NxRch!) BQ4 33.NB3,
BR1 34.NK2, NN2 35.BB1, NR4
36.KB2, BQ4 37.KK3!, BxP?; Black lost on time, but even otherwise he is mated by 38.RxPch!, PxR 39.BR3.
Kapalyush - Zivodor, Saratov '77.

1.PK4, PK4 2.NKB3, NQB3
3.BN5, PQR3 4.BxN, QPxP
5.00, BKN5 (Ruy Lopez, Exchange Variation. Other fifth moves for Black are ...QQ3, ...PB3,
...BQ3, ...BK2) 6.PKR3,

PKR4 7.PQ3, BxN [The book line is 7...QB3 8.QNQ2, NK2
9.RK1 (In the Candidates' match 1977, Hort played against Spassky 9.NB4, BxN 10.QxB, QxQ
11.PxQ, NN3, drawing after 62 moves) NN3 10.PQ4, BQ3 11.
PxB, PxNP 12.NR2, RxN!
13.QxP! QR5 (In Adorjan-Perez, Budapest 1975 13...RR5 14.QB5,
NK2 15.QxQ, PxQ 16.NB3 favoured White) 14.QxQ, RxQ 15. NB3,
RR4 with equality—MCO].

MASKED ATTACK

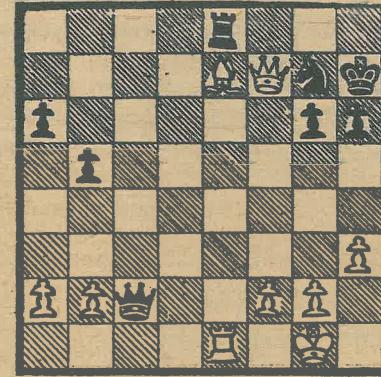
8.QxB, QQ2? (Better...QB3)
9.QN3, PB3 10.PKB4, PxP 11.QN
6ch, QB2 12.QxQch, KxQ (Black has handled the opening badly; his King now faces the masked attack of White Rooks, while he has no targets for counter attack) 13.BxP, BB4ch 14.KR1,
BQ3 15.NQ2, BxB? (This again helps White. He should play 15...PQB4 and if 16.NB4, BxB

17.RxB, PQN4) 16.RxB, NK2
17.QRKB1, QRQ1 18.PQN4! (A strong move fixing up Black's Q-side Pawns) KRK1 19.PN3,
PQN3 20.PR3, NB1 21.NB3
(After careful preparation White now threatens PK5) KK3? (Instead of stopping PK5 the Black King walks into greater trouble).

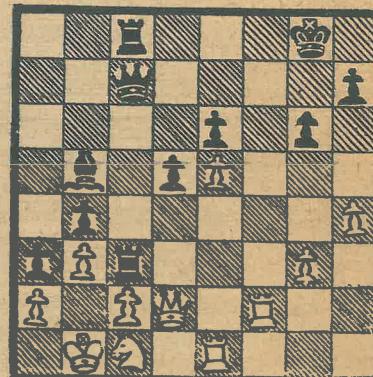
DIS. CHECK

Position No. 64. 22.K5!, PxP 23.
NxP! (The Knight cannot be taken, i.e. 23...KxN? 24.RK1ch, KQ4
25.PB4ch, KQ3 26.RQ4 mate)
PKN4 24.RK4, NQ3 (Black cannot get out of a material winning discovered check; but he tries a pretty resource) 25.R4K1, NB4 26.
NB4ch!! (Not 26.NxPch? KQ2
27.NxR, NxPch 28.KN1, NxR as Black hoped for) Black resigns.
If 26...KB3 27.NK3!, RK4 28.
PN4 wins the Knight.

R. B. SAPRE



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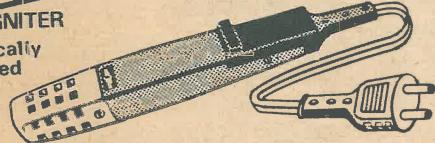
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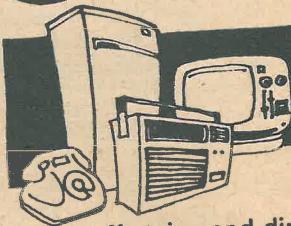


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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 6, 1980

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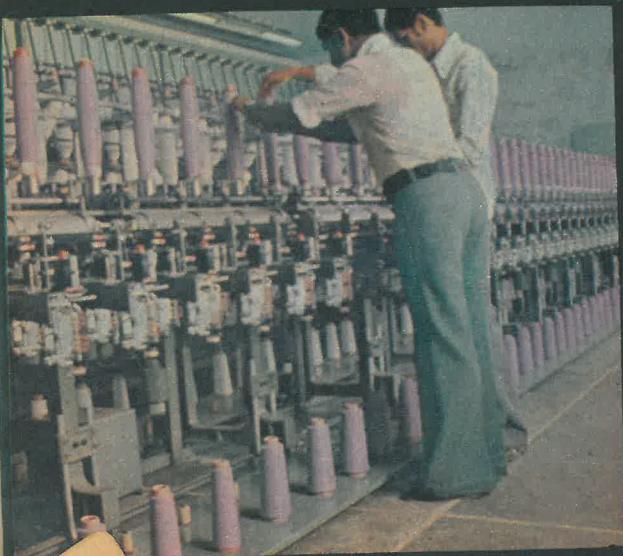
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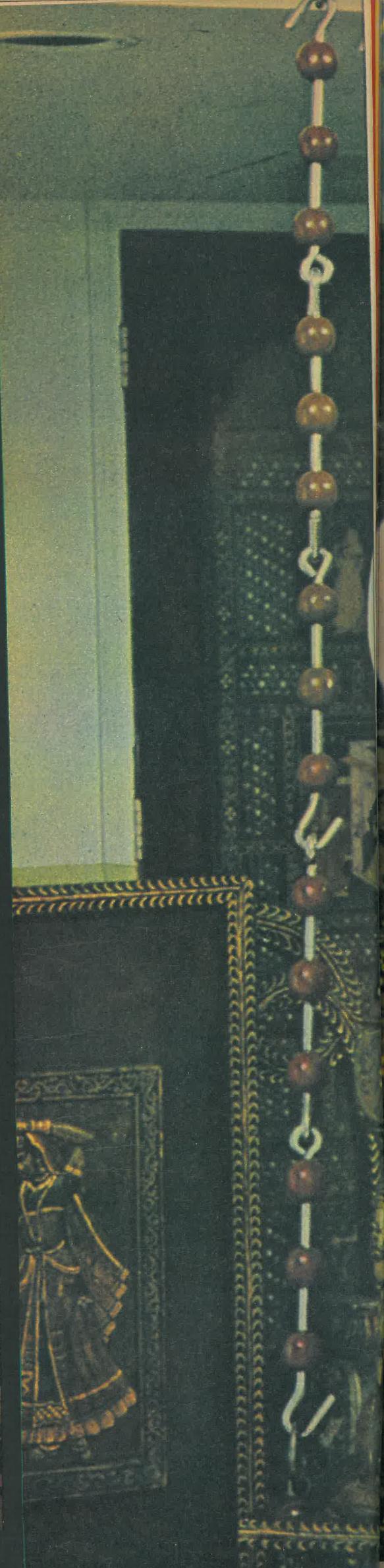
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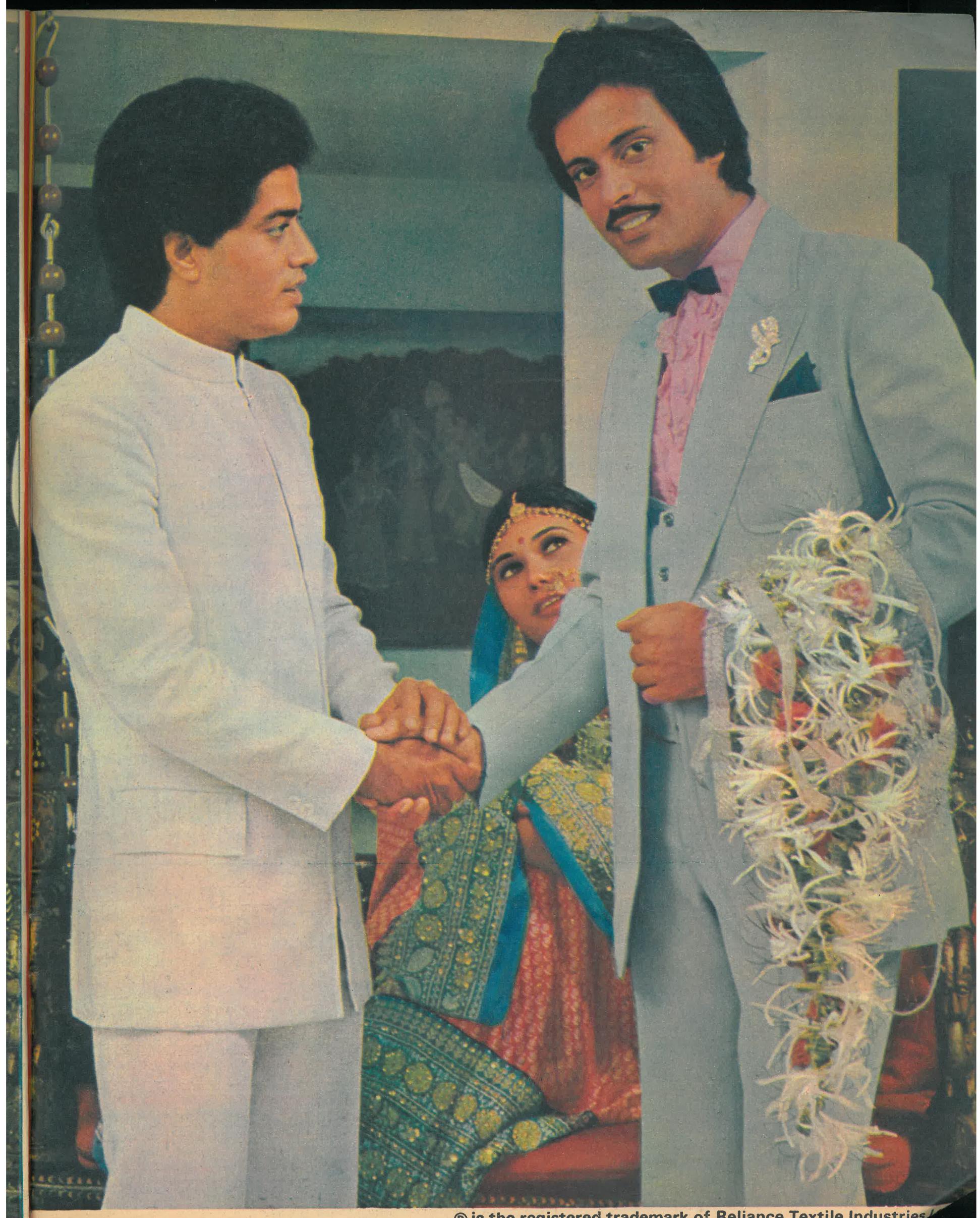


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Prakash: The Touch Artist Supreme

by Nandu Natekar

"For me, the success story of Prakash Padukone is the success story of 'touch' badminton."

WHAT'S all this about the Indonesian Government being responsible for the defeat of Liem Swie King? If that were so, how come Swie King made his way up to the All-England finals at all—and that without dropping a game on the way?

No, the Indonesian argument just won't wash. The fact, very simply, is that Our Man Prakash played high-percentage badminton of a calibre not produced by any Indian before.

We Indian players have won our share of kudos, we have even performed well at times. But the fact remains that none of us ever did get where Prakash has got now. Right now he qualifies for the title of Number One Sportsman of India. This is something even our cricket and tennis superstars will not dispute.

I for one had no doubt Prakash would lift the All-England Open. This was one title that had consistently eluded him, but it had to be his this time, if only because he had displayed the kind of sustained form, in the highest class of badminton, that made him a most formidable opponent.

His victories over Indonesia's Hadiyanto (15-0, 15-10) and Denmark's Morten Frost Hansen (15-8, 15-10) were sufficient indication of the shape of points to come. Remember, he was 5-8 down in the first game against Hansen; yet Prakash went on to pick up 15 points in a row—to lead 15-8 in the first game and then 5-0 in the second.

This was proof positive of his advance—to knock off 15 points in a row in this class of badminton against such an opponent you have to be extremely steady and near flawless—in other words, display a complete grip on all that makes badminton what it is on the world courts today.

Now Swie King is no pushover. Despite all that talk of "lack of preparation", he must have gone into that All-England Final with just one objective in mind—to retain his title of world champion. At the same time, such had been the quality of badminton produced by Prakash preceding this final that King's confidence



WHEN ALL INDIA WAS THERE TO GREET 'ALL-ENGLAND'! Not the least Manohar Bopardikar (left) and Nandu Natekar (right), winners of the men's doubles in the recent 64th Veterans' All-England Badminton Championships in London. "The fact remains," says Nandu, "that none of us ever did get where Prakash's got now."

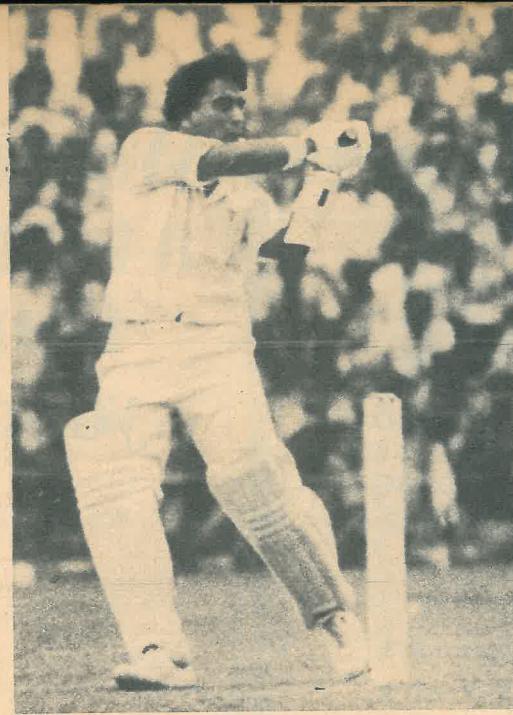
Photos: GIRISH DIKSHIT

HIGH, HIGHER, STILL HIGHER: The Danish Open, the Swedish Open and now the All-England Open—these successes qualify Prakash for the mantle of unofficial world champion.

deserted him at the all-important moment. When you face so steady and tactical a performer as Prakash you don't commit errors—you are just forced into them. In other words, you are only as good as you are allowed to be. And Prakash just would not allow King to get going.

Looking back, I feel Prakash is more comfortable with conditions and environs in the Western part of the world. The Commonwealth Gold Medal, the Evening

KARKAL, KARAAJ, PAR KAR ZAROOR! For Ujjala Karkal, Prakash's fiancée who looks to have shot into the limelight by sheer accident, it's all happened too suddenly to be true.



BEST OF THREE? Prakash needed only two straight games to get the measure of reigning world champion Liem Swie King—and this perhaps makes him Best of Three, since he has made every post a winning won this last one year. "Right now," says Natekar, "Prakash qualifies for the title of Number One Sportsman of India: this is something even our cricket and tennis superstars will not dispute." Will not Sunil Gavaskar and Vijay Amritraj?

of Champions success, the Swedish title, the Danish crown and now the All-England Open bear eloquent testimony to the fact that Prakash rises to his brilliant best when he performs on that side of the world.

His experience is thus in sharp contrast to mine, since I played most of my big badminton away from England—in the East. Maybe the near perfect RSL shuttles, the appreciative, non-partisan crowds and the cool weather help bring the best out of Prakash.

We have seen a lot of emphasis on the fact that Prakash is a 'touch' artiste and this is what makes him tick. For my part, I have always stressed that it is not power and speed alone that matter. So, for me, the success

story of Prakash is the success story of 'touch' badminton.

Where Prakash had a rare advantage was in the sustained international exposure his game had had. But international exposure by itself is not all; the capacity to assimilate what you see at the international level is all-important. Here is where Prakash has an old head on young shoulders.

No two eras of badminton can be compared—times are different, trends are different. But no matter what be the era, the ability to reach the top of the badminton world calls for that bit extra. Prakash clearly has this bit extra now. He is the best thing that happened to Indian Badminton.

I rejoice in Prakash's success; I rejoice all the more in the fact that he has made it to the top without sacrificing style for strength. Prakash now is the world champion for all practical purposes. But he is first an artist and only then a world champion.

I am often asked to compare the past with the present. The most noteworthy change in the game today is the speed of movement on one's legs. This naturally has a bearing on the extra scientific training methods which were not to be had in my time. I too have played a number of gruelling matches that have gone the full distance. But these matches were all definitely played at a comparatively slower pace. Extra suppleness of body has brought in the present game

of jump-and-cross drop-smash, which was unknown in my time.

Champions of any era mould their style of play according to what is in vogue. Here is where Prakash scores. During my time it was the back-hand era introduced by the Malaysian wizard, Wong Peng Soon. The trend held sway till the Indonesians, like Tan Joe Hock and Ferry Sonneveld, came on the scene with their accent on speed and power. The purely defensive outlook of Eddy Choong ended with this shift in emphasis. Skilled strokeplay has now won back its rightful place in the game. Prakash's technique is not all speed and power. Its most noteworthy aspect is his anticipation which enables him to be 'on the bird' on the dot.

A subtle drop, a flick toss, a flick from the net and a timely finish are strokes that come only when you are so 'on the bird'. These are basic strokes that must stay, no matter what be the era or the style of play. These are the strokes Prakash utilised with an unerring sense of consistency to get the supple, subtle measure of Swie King.

The King met his measured match in the Indian who, without once appearing to show his hand, just outplayed him. The true virtuoso never needs to show his hand; it is there for all the world to see. Prakash in this sense has shown himself to be the true virtuoso.

Now he has to steel himself for the World Championships in Jakarta. He has the touch; but the test now may be one of stamina—he has to prove himself in the oppressive heat of Jakarta.

For the champion, there never is any respite.

—Michael Rodrigues



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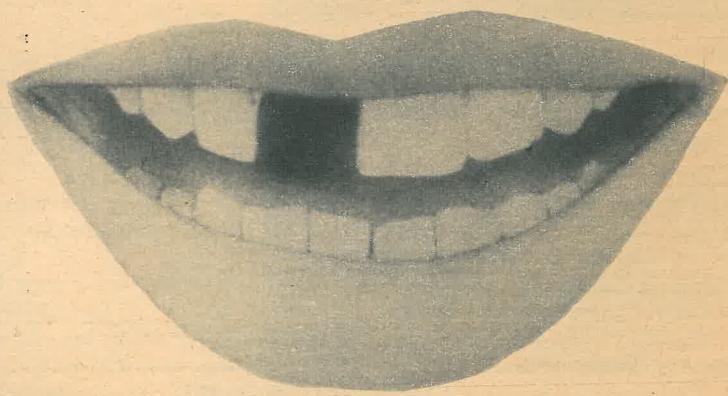
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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 6, 1980

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The mistress called the new maid into the living room. "Look here," she commanded reprovingly, pointing at the piano. "I wrote your name in the dust on the piano this morning."

"I saw it, madam, and I've been meaning to speak to you about it," replied the maid. "You've got it spelled wrong."

Sir Osbert Sitwell, poet and essayist, was in his study wrestling with a book he was preparing when he overheard the conversation of two servants outside his door.

"Is he busy?" asked one. "No," was the reply. "Only writing."

—Gerald Moore, "Am I Too Loud?"

The ferryboat captain shouting down to the crew's quarters, asked: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No," came a voice from below, "but there's McPherson who's willing to try."

A doctor got a frantic call from a housewife. "Doctor, it's my husband," she wailed. "When he got up this morning he took his vitamins, his tranquiliser, his antihistamine pill, his appetite depressant pill and he added just a little dash of benzedrine. Then he lit a cigarette and there was this tremendous explosion."

"So you never let a man kiss you goodnight?"

"No, by the time he leaves me it's always morning."

G. K. Chesterton and G. B. Shaw were often at odds, even as to their stature: Shaw tall and thin, and Chesterton small and corpulent. Chesterton once said wistfully. "Shaw, if they look at you they may think a famine has come to England."

"And if they look at you," retorted Shaw, "they would know whom to blame."

—The World in Anecdote

A routine order issued at a Royal Australian Air Force unit asked all personnel to search for a missing file. The file's title: "Losses and thefts."

—The Morning Herald, Sydney

He just had a check-up at the local hospital and the doctor told him that for a man well past middle age he couldn't find too much wrong. Then the doc went on to say: "But I do recommend that you give up about half of your romancing."

The patient: "Which half should I give up—thinking about it or talking about it?"

Winston Churchill, on his habit of missing trains: "I'm a sporting man and I always give them a fair chance of getting away."

The Returned Letter Office (RLO) of the Delhi Post and Telegraph Department received a letter addressed to "God, Heaven". When the letter was routinely opened to inform the sender that the "address was unknown", the Postal employees discovered a heart-wrenching plea to God asking for Rs 75. Moved, they collected Rs 60 and sent it back. Soon came another letter thanking God for sending the money and alleging that the postal employees had probably stolen the balance of Rs. 15.

—The Times of India

Overheard at a coffee morning: "My son's taken up meditation. At least it is better than sitting doing nothing."

Evening News, London

Editors of the Campbell Courier, British Columbia, Canada, write: "Getting out this newspaper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are being silly: if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we stick too close to the job, the boss says we ought to be out hunting up news. If we're out too much, he wonders where we were instead of being here to take phone calls and handle unannounced visitors."

"If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius. If we do, the paper is filled with junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical, if we don't we are sloppy."

"If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves, if we don't we are too stuck on our own stuff. Like as not, someone will say we swiped this from some newspaper. We did."

Two society matrons met in a department store. Said the first, "I met your husband the other day. Gosh! What a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

Said the second: "Don't be silly. He doesn't suspect a thing."

A man came home one night and found his wife crying. "The dog ate the cake I baked for your birthday," she sobbed.

"Well, don't let that upset you," he consoled her. "I'll buy you a new dog."

First motorist: "I just love these beauties of the countryside."

Second motorist: "So do I. Sometimes I give them a lift."

A man was charged with a petty offence. "Have you anybody here who can vouch for your character?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honour, the Police Commissioner here can."

"Why, I do not even know this man," exclaimed the Commissioner.

"Observe, your Honour," said the accused triumphantly. "I've lived twelve years in this city and the Commissioner doesn't even know me."

Everything in the modern home is controlled by switches except the kids.

Two small boys were swinging on a gate together, passing the time of day. In the course of their conversation one asked the other, "How old are you?"

"I don't know," said the other.

"You mean you don't know how old you are?"

"No."

"Do women bother you?"

"No."

"You're four in that case" observed his companion.





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Who says nothing is perfect?

There are some things before
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cliche, 'Nothing is perfect'
crumbles.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 6, 1980

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, April 6

Quite a lively and interesting year for most of you. Around May your income will increase. In August industrialists may face labour unrest. September may prove disturbing. Plan a journey abroad later this year.

★ ★ ★

Monday, April 7

A windfall can be expected by June. Don't change your job in October. January is excellent career-wise and you will be rewarded. Be consistent in April.

★ ★ ★

Tuesday, April 8

Despite overall improvement, a career crisis is foreseen this year. Be calm, calculating and discreet while changing jobs or initiating new ventures. Financially, early '81 is good.

★ ★ ★

Wednesday, April 9

Life will be peaceful if you don't upset the *status quo*. May and January are the best months as far as your work and family are concerned.

★ ★ ★

Thursday, April 10

The thought that your present circumstances are not congenial will worry you but by the end of 1980 you will make a break-through. June and January are good months.

★ ★ ★

Friday, April 11

There is a need to be careful about your personal well-being and career prospects. Don't make new alliances in April and November. Maintain the *status quo* till next year. May and December are good.

★ ★ ★

Saturday, April 12

Use your intuition, judgement and imagination to better career prospects. Handle seniors with care. Family members should be taken into confidence to secure their cooperation.

The Stars Foretell

by S.K. Kelkar

This Week For You



Capricorn
(Makara)

December
21
to
January 19



Taurus
(Vrishabha)

April 21
to
May 20



Virgo
(Kanya)

August 22
to
September
23

Unforeseen domestic expenses will arise. Reserve Sunday for domestic chores. Be cautious while making promises. You will shine at a public function.



Aquarius
(Kumbha)

January 20
to
February 18



Gemini
(Mithuna)

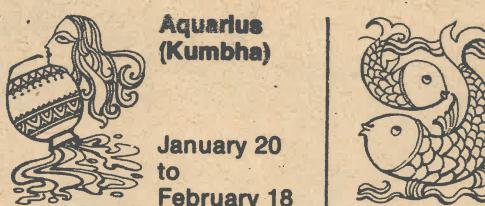
May 21
to
June 20



Libra
(Tula)

September
24
to
October 23

Curb any impulse towards eccentricity. Deal with your seniors tactfully. Plan a journey on Sunday. On Thursday your actions may prove embarrassing.



Pisces
(Mina)

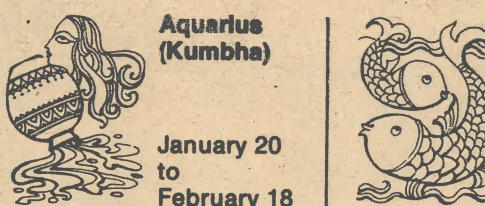
February
19
to
March 20



Cancer
(Kataka)

June 21
to
July 20

Don't be too individualistic or your friends will desert you. Try to resolve differences on Friday and seek a reconciliation on Saturday. Be discreet this week.



Aries
(Mesha)

March 21
to
April 20

Act discreetly or you may lose the support of an old friend. Guard against accidents during mid-week. On the business front you will do well early in the week.



Leo
(Simha)

July 21
to
August 21

While making new friends take care you do not get carried away emotionally. Also make sure that existing relationships are not disrupted.



Sagittarius
(Dhanu)

November
23
to
December
20

People opposing you may try to upset your plans. Be on guard on Thursday, and assess the situation on Friday. Money comes your way on Saturday.



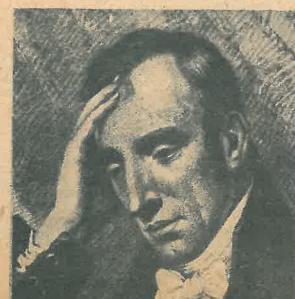
Ramanathan Krishnan

Born April 11, 1937. One of our ace tennis players. Has played in major tournaments in India and abroad. Received the 1979 Filmfare Best Actress Award for her role in *Naukar*.

You Share Your Birthday with

William Wordsworth

Born April 7, 1770. A pioneer of the English romantic tradition. A nature poet who conveyed his philosophy through his descriptive poems. Appointed England's poet laureate in 1843.



Ravi Shankar

Born April 7, 1920. Sitar maestro and well-known exponent of the Hindustani classical tradition abroad. Has also composed music for Hindi films and evolved the Indo-jazz form.



Jaya Bhaduri

Born April 9. Popularly rated as one of the top three female artistes of the Hindi screen. Received the 1979 Filmfare Best Actress Award for her role in *Naukar*.



Ramanathan Krishnan

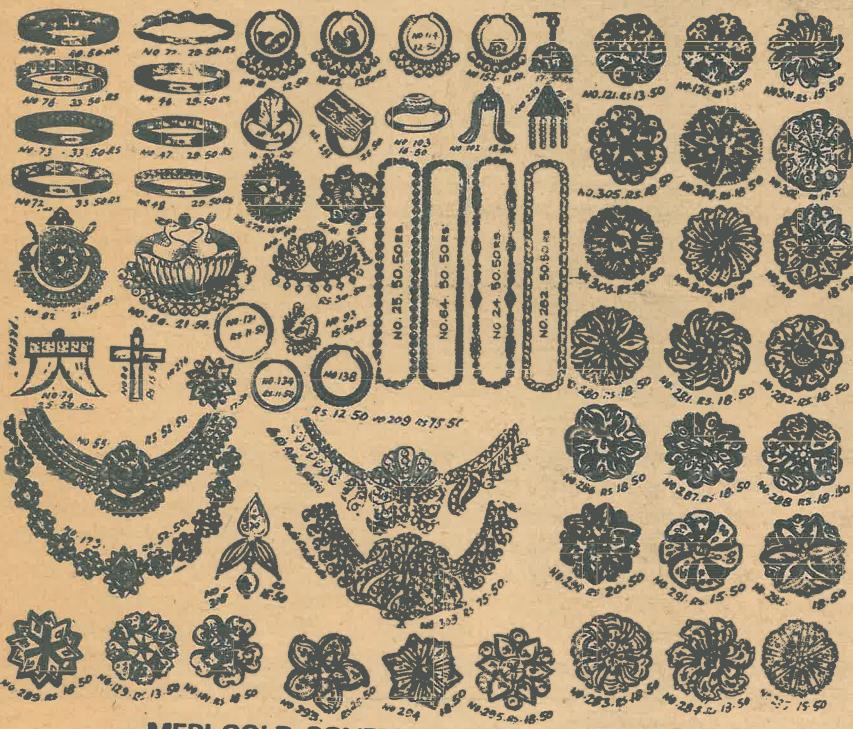
Born April 11, 1937. One of our ace tennis players. Has played in major tournaments in India and abroad. Received the Arjuna award in 1961 and the Houston Helms Award in 1966.



FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

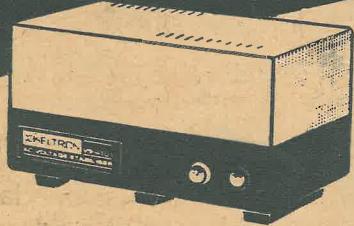
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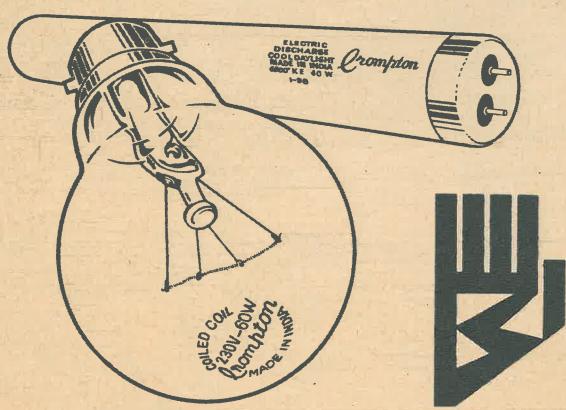
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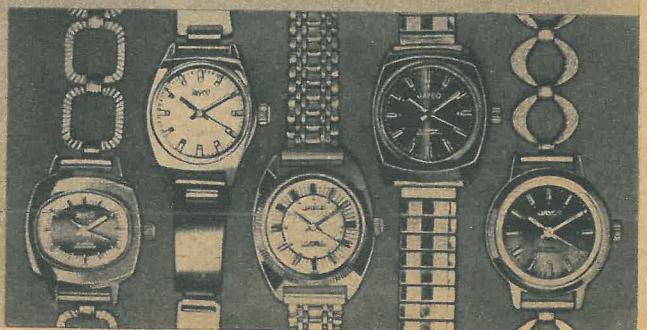
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TRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 6, 1980

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HMV STEREO SYSTEMS

FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST !

We are introducing a novel scheme of awarding Prizes for "QUOTES" No. 265, aimed at achieving a more equitable distribution of the Prize Money. At present the entrant's skill in solving a substantial number of clues correctly still falls short of a Prize due to a few stray errors.

We are therefore earmarking Rs. 2,000/- for the First five clues (marked as SET—"A"). Rs. 2,000/- for the Second five clues (marked as SET—"B") and Rs. 2,000/- for the last set of five clues (marked as SET—"C"). The Main Prize of Rs. 10,000/- will constitute the First Prize of the contest to cover all the fifteen clues.

These separate amounts of Rs. 2,000/- for each of the three "A", "B" and "C" sets are specially meant to reward solvers who: i)

CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 264 ON P. 64

solve any one ("A" or "B" or "C") set correctly, and ii) solve any two ("A" & "B" or "A" & "C" or "B" & "C") sets correctly.

All solvers who would have been One-Error solvers under the previous system will now naturally have any TWO of the other sets without error, and will share prizes in two sets. All solvers who have two-errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set. Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error-free sets. Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a

(Continued on Page 68)

NO READER MAY SEND MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES IN HIS OR HER OWN NAME.

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SET—"A": Rs. 2,000
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Here's "QUOTES" No. 265, OUR APRIL OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 10,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES : FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1980

CLUES ACROSS

SET "A"

- 1 Regardless of all protestations, the whiter you are, the better you live. Blondes have the — fun. (BEST|MOST)
- 2 "Come on," I called. "Jump. I'll — you." (CATCH|MATCH|WATCH)
- 4 And the whole planet absolutely — hysterical with panic. The way we like to see them. (FLAPPING|FLIPPING)
- 5 'You do that, please. I'm not going to get — in.' (LOCKED|SUCKED)
- 9 'What the hell do you want, —?' the man asked. (COP|POP|TOP)

CLUES DOWN

SET "C"

- 3 But the Captain had — on that, too, and when we got better acquainted people forgot about such things. (STAMPED|STOMPED|TROMPED)
- 6 The group of warships drew rapidly away southwards. The sun began to —. (DIM|DIP)

- 11 The twenty percent who actually enjoyed this task were given positions in the —. (BANK|TANK)
- 12 He is that most dangerous of men, the honest —. (FOOL|TOOL)
- 13 You're loyal to him. He's necessary to you and you are necessary to him. But "—" him? It seems most improbable. (LIKE|LOVE)
- 14 Again I nodded —, as I was not sure whether this was a compliment or an insult. (DUMBLY|HUMBLY|NUMBLY)
- 15 One always had to have a market for one's —. (PRODUCE|PRODUCT)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF MAY 4; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF MAY 11.
Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 265, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Bag No. 702, Bombay-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 265

"QUOTES"

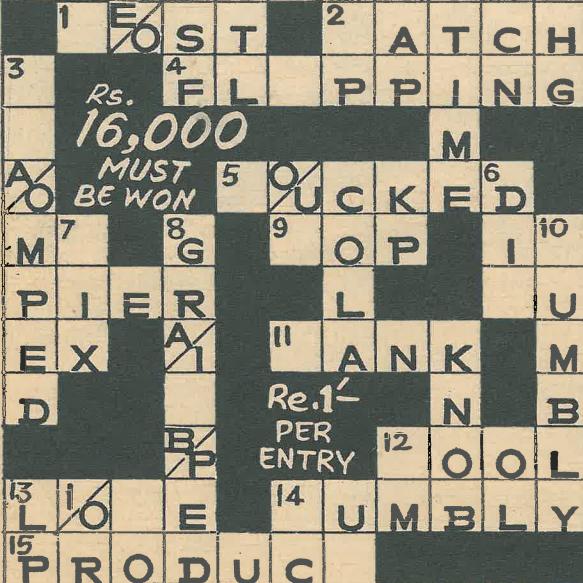
No. 265

CLOSING
DATE:

**FRIDAY,
APRIL 11,
1980.**

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

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Postal Order/
"Q" Cash Receipts
Nos.



I Entry Re 1/-

"QUOTES" No. 265



II Entry Re 1/-

"QUOTES" No. 265

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME } Mr.
IN INK & } Miss
BLOCK LETTERS } Mrs.
ADDRESS

CUT HERE

CUT HERE



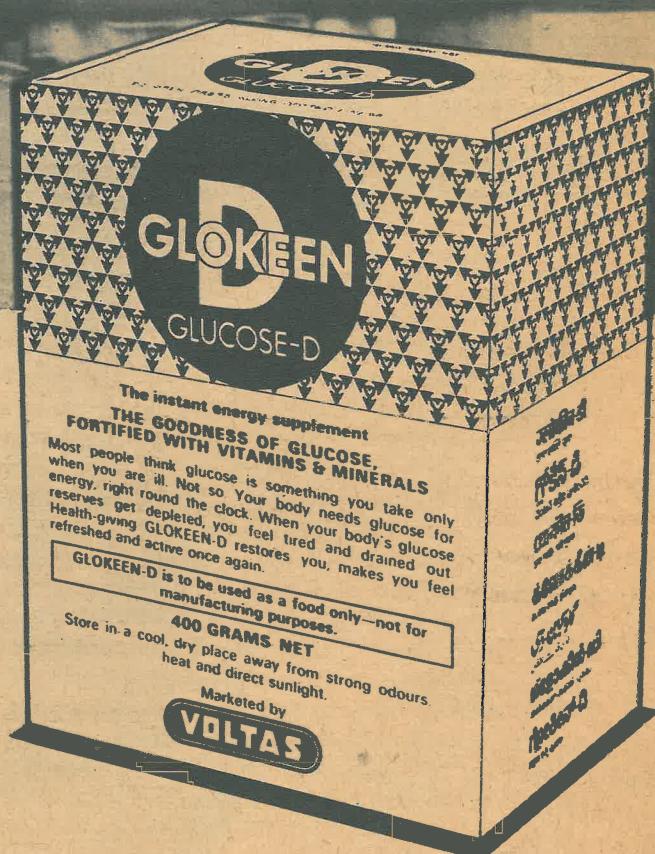
Glokeen-D Energy...

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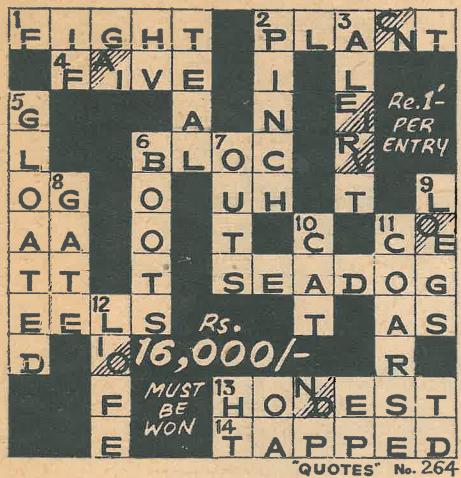
Fast-acting Glokeen-D is an invigorating energy supplement for everyone. It fights fatigue and provides more stamina. Glokeen-D contains all the goodness of glucose, fortified with calcium, phosphates and vitamin D ...to keep you in peak fitness all the time.

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CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 264



"SOURCES"

ACROSS : 1. De Vries; 2. Aldiss; 4. Miller; 13. Mayo; 14. Clarke.

DOWN : 2. Tiede; 3. Christie; 5. Bradbury; 6. Clarke; 7. Higgins; 8. Clifford; 9. Meyer; 10. Sturgeon; 11. Clifford; 12. Winspear.

(Prize-list in next issue)

Rs. 16,000
MUST BE WON IN "QUOTES" No. 265.

CLOSES: FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1980

IMPORTANT

(1) Please note that "QUOTES" Entry Forms can only be had in the Illustrated Weekly of India and Femina.
(2) Address your envelopes as follows:

"QUOTES" No. 265,
Competition Department,
"The Times of India" Offices,
Post Box No. 702,
BOMBAY-1.

IMPORTANT: If you send your Entry Fee by Indian Postal Orders please cross them and make them payable to "QUOTES" No. 265, at Bombay-1. If you send the Entry Fee by a Money Order, please address your M. O. to "QUOTES" No. 265, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1 and ENCLOSURE THE M. O. RECEIPT WITH YOUR ENTRIES.



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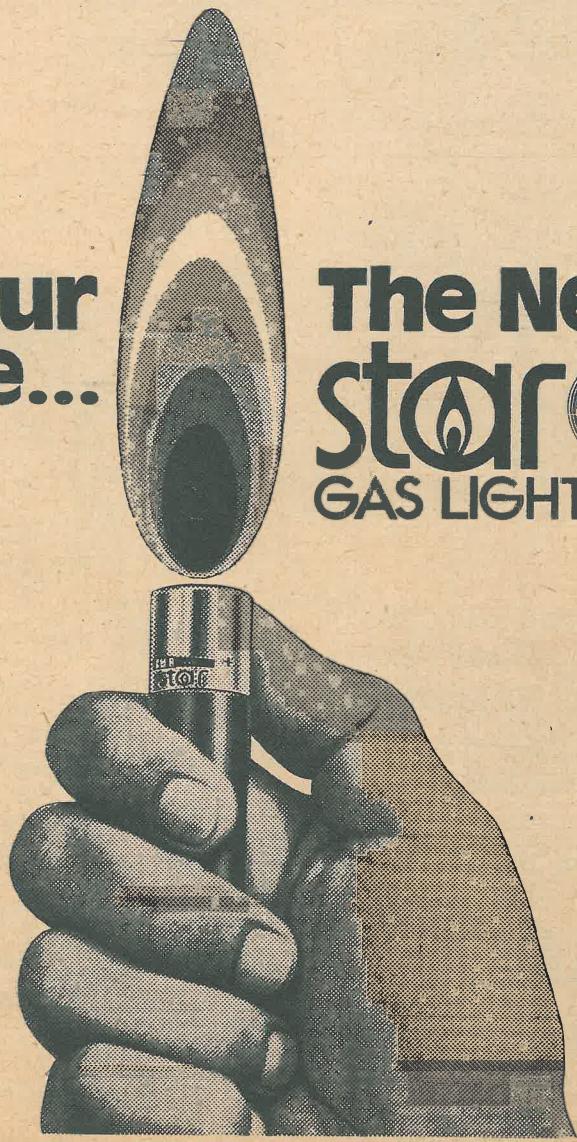
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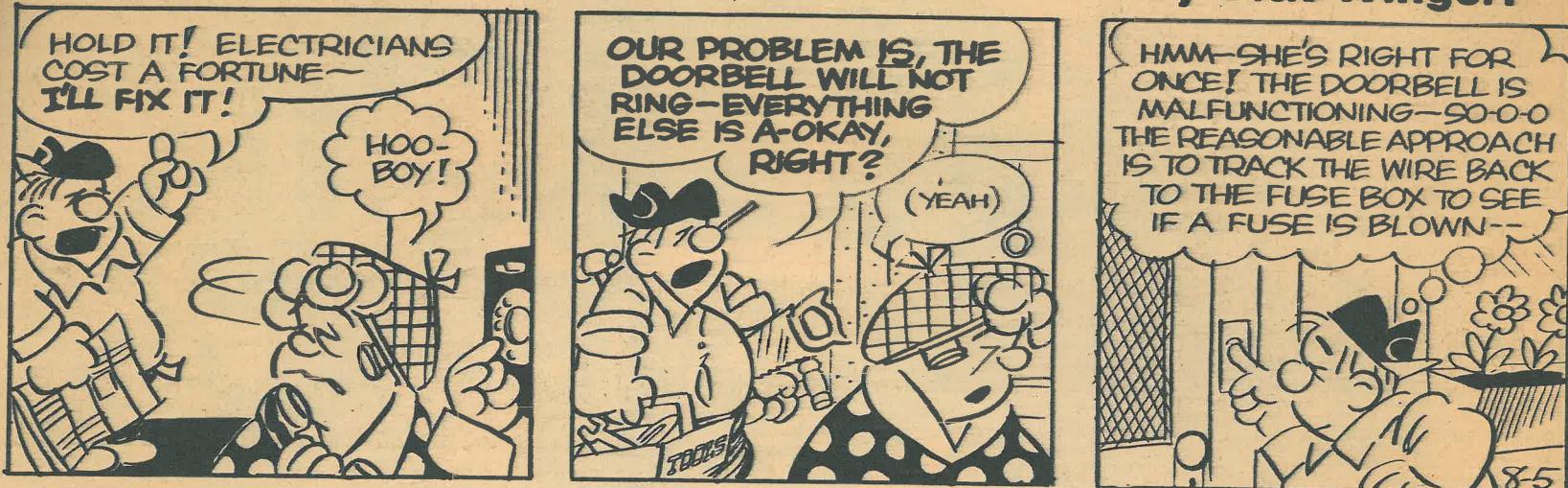
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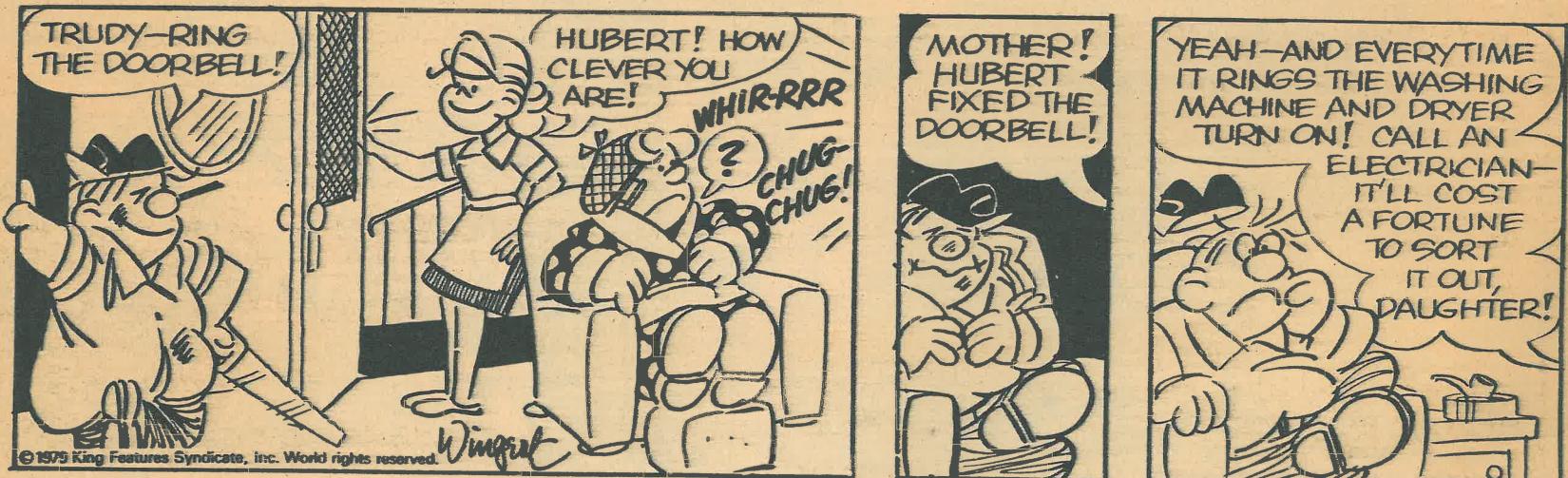
THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 6, 1980

HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

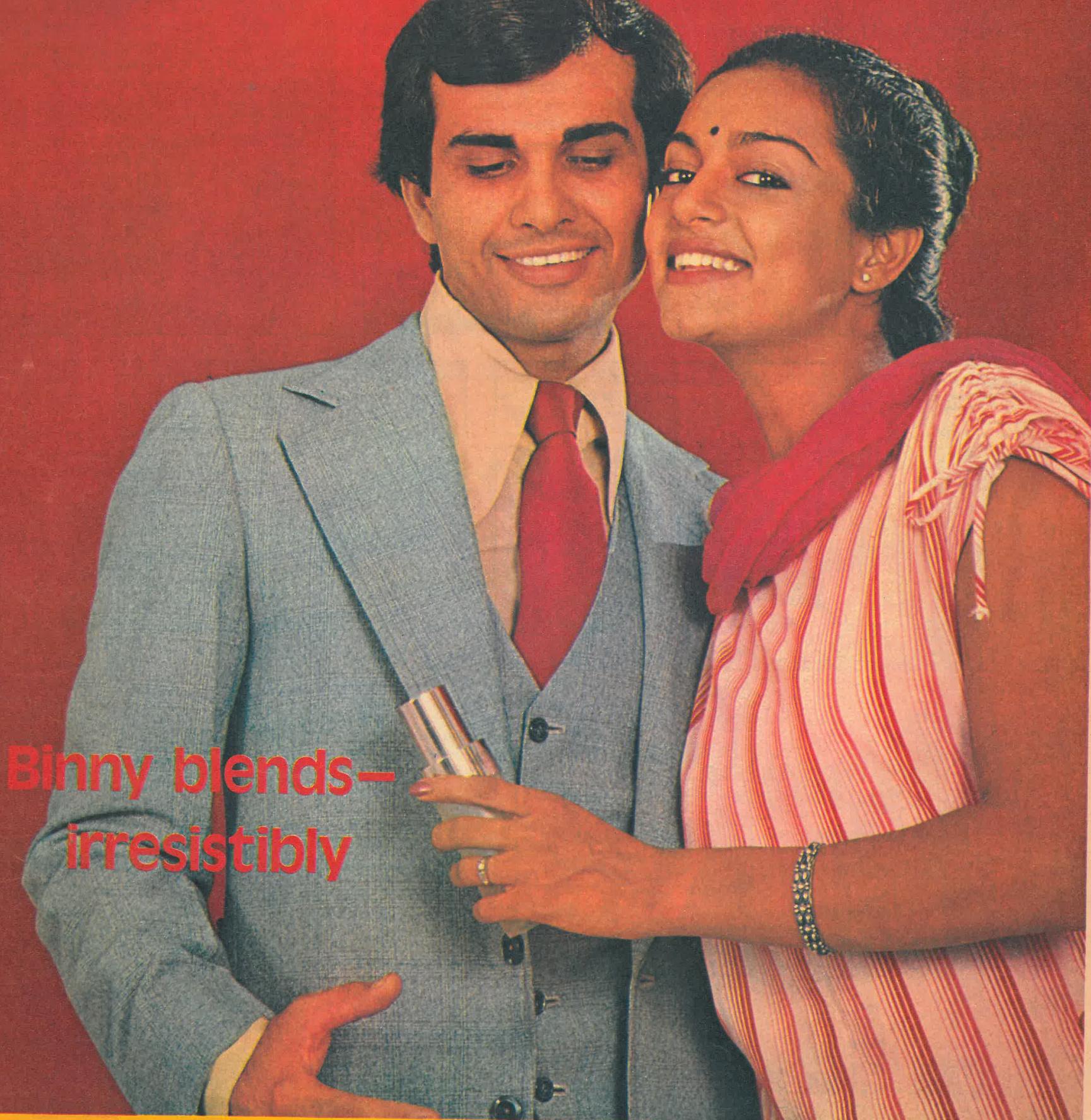


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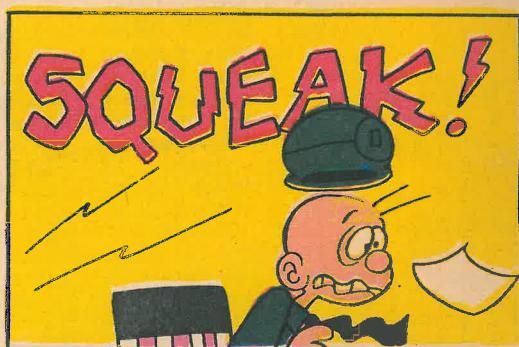
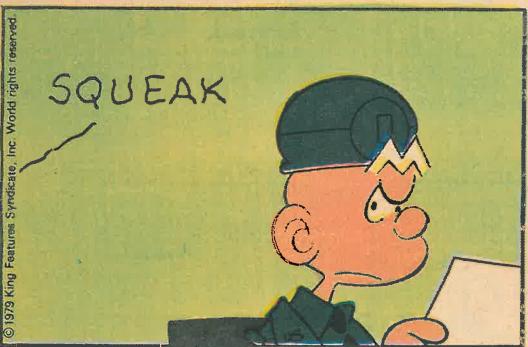
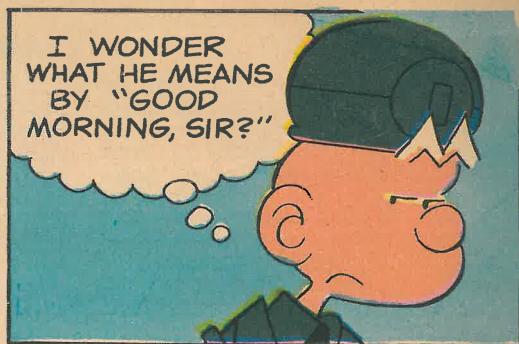
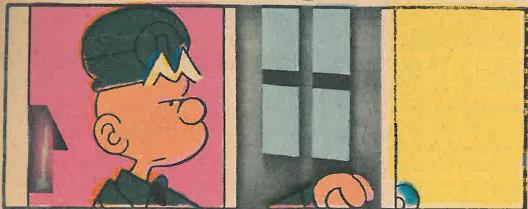
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RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON PAGE 62

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or typewritten. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 265, Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 265, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done,

IMPORTANT

PLEASE NOTE THAT IN "QUOTES" NO. 265 NO READER CAN SEND MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES IN HIS OR HER NAME.

the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Friday, April 11, 1980. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 10,000

will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 265, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, April 22, 1980.

NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST!

(Continued from Page 62)

Prize, even if they err in the other sets.

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set, as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes. Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A", one in SET "B" and one in SET "C". Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in:

1) An All-Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct) for the Main Prize amount of Rs. 10,000/-;

OR

2) A TWO-Set Second Prize (with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/-; AND/OR

3) A ONE-set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that re-

served Sub-Set Prize of Rs. 2,000/- only.)

Thus, if a Solver wins under (1) above he is not eligible to share in (2) or (3). If he wins in (2) he is not eligible for a share under (3) except for the one remaining Set. And if he wins under (3), his share in the Reserved Prize is protected from (1) & (2) winners.

It must be expressly noted that All-Correct Prize-Winners (those who in one entry solve ALL three SETS "A", "B" and "C" correctly) will qualify only for the Main Prize amount and are not entitled to share in the Reserved Prizes earmarked for the Sub-Sets (Rs. 6,000/-) which is intended to reward lesser efforts and near-succes only.

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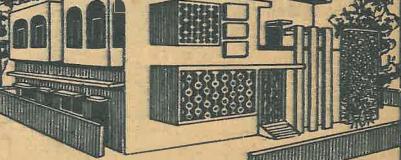
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The Last Word

Manager — Goan Style

There are as many definitions of a manager as there are people who write about management. Each one has his pet theory and his own jargon and his limited experience in managing people at work. In that sense the Goan, typical Latin that he is, outshines other Indians in his ability to talk about management at length without ever having managed people at work.

For the limited purpose of this piece I am discarding all definitions of a manager, including Goan definitions, and sticking to a very basic statement that a manager is one who is responsible for a task which he is unable to do entirely by himself and has therefore to get it done through others.

Under the Portuguese, the Goan managed almost nothing except his property. In a few cases he managed his shop with al-

most no restraints or controls with the result that many *posorkars* (shopkeepers) of yester-year have become industrialists of today through sheer hard work, shrewd investment choices and an elastic conscience. Though some still retain their *posorkar* mentality, others have learnt and practised their management lessons with outstanding success.

Debonair

But the salaried Goan manager belongs to the group of thousands who left the comfort of the mango-scented orchard or his coconut grove to seek an uncertain fortune in Bombay or Calcutta, or in far-off places in Africa, the Middle East and the Far East. There was a time one could travel all over the world and find versatile, extrovert Goans in managerial positions just as one finds today the hard-working, persevering, turbanned

Sikh. Therefore, the Goan manager is closely linked to the Goan emigrant.

In Bombay and elsewhere in India, the Goan arrived with his debonair personality, his taste for good food, his gift for music and art and a clerical mentality that prevented him from taking up tasks that might put grease on his manicured hands and sweat on his starched collar. While Goans made top-rate chefs and excellent orchestra leaders learning of necessity to manage their subordinates, it must be remembered that a large majority took up clerical jobs thanks to the fact that the British gave them preference like they did the Anglo-Indians. For a very long time business houses had Goan staff well liked for their honesty, their openness and relaxed attitudes, their Western habits and their sociability. Goans also entered industry via the sports field. Every well-known hockey, football and athletics team had more than its share of Goans. Till the onslaught of the Punjab and the Services on the sports-front, every Indian Olympic team boasted of Goans, some from the Central Services but mostly from industry.

It is from these clerical ranks that the first Goan managers came. Most of them remained at junior or middle management levels. Rarely did any of them make it to the top, although during the same period Goa produced brilliant educationists, doctors, engineers and journalists.

What were the reasons? In a typical Goan manner one could dismiss the question by saying

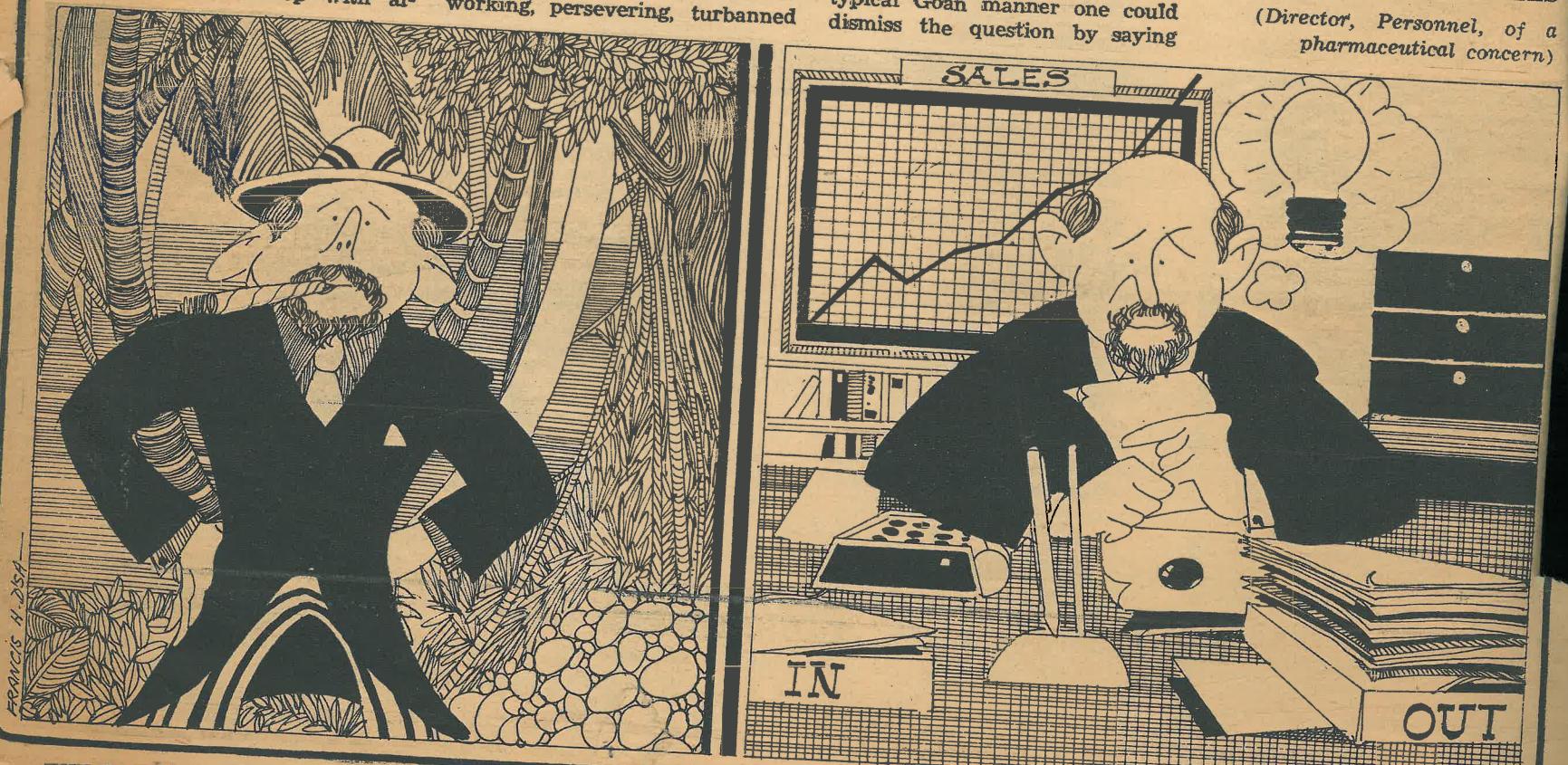
that organisational life in business involves politics; throat cutting and dishonesty at which the Goan is not adept. I can neither confirm nor deny this. There are crooked climbers in all communities. The fact is that long siesta culture inherited from the Portuguese gives the Goan a handicap in a hard-working competitive market. Moreover he is a poor risk-taker with the result that his ambition is tempered with caution, his zeal and natural dynamism watered down by unnatural fears.

Above all, the Goan is supremely emotional with the result that people like me have to be exposed to the "cold, icy winds of American or German management", "before being moved to the top" as my boss once told me prior to my departure on a training programme at Frankfurt and California. These are of course generalisations.

Today's Goan manager, schooled outside Goa, is hardworking, pragmatic and as willing to take risks as his next-door neighbour. Above all, the Goan is culturally creative and innovative making him greatly in demand in the area of publicity and advertising. The Bombay public relations and advertising scene is dominated by Goans. More important perhaps is that his honesty and dependability which was respected by the British is even today a major factor for his being given preference in jobs that require the utmost trust and confidence of the employer.

GEORGE MENEZES

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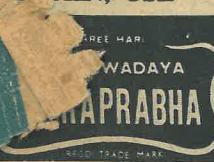
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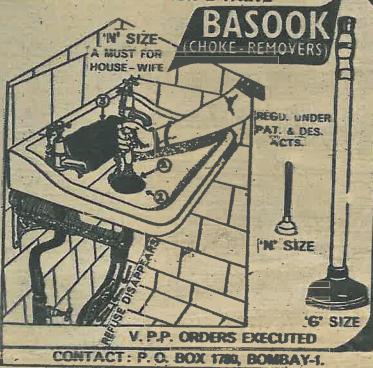
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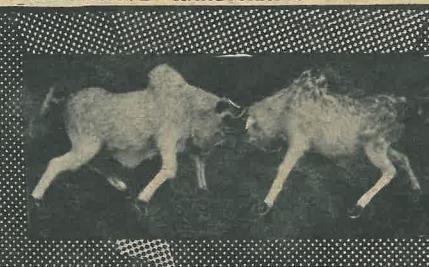
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